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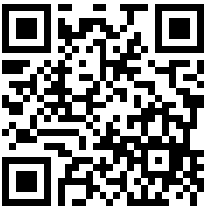

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LONDON
THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL, S.W.1

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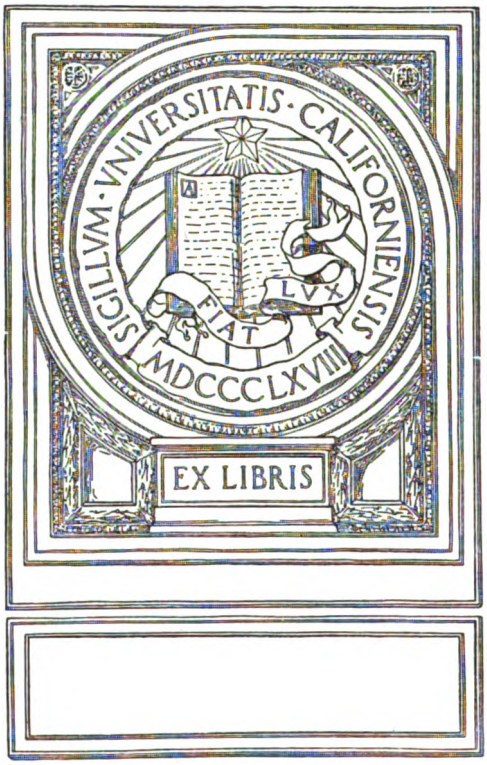

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THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

Vol. XXVIII

JANUARY to OCTOBER, 1938

Published at

THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL, S.W.1

LONDON

1938

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Published at

THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL, S.W.1.

Advertising Manager :

H. Clayton, 150, Strand, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 3966.

Printers :

J. J. Keliher & Co., Ltd., Marshalsea Press, Southwark, S.E.1.

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THE 2nd DRAGOONS (ROYAL SCOTS GREYS)

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

JANUARY, 1938

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE YEOMANRY AT ES SALT

(*April 30th—May 4th*, 1918).

By Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.,
Late M.O. Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars.

Before describing the part played by the Yeomen in the Second Trans-Jordan Raid, the last action in which a Cavalry Brigade composed entirely of Yeomanry fought, the movements and reorganization of the Yeomanry Regiments in Palestine which preceded this action after the Charge at El Mughar* will be briefly reviewed.

After the successful advance to the mountains of Judæa and their bitter hill fighting north-west of Jerusalem, the whole of the Yeomanry Mounted Division together with the 5th and 7th Mounted Yeomanry Brigades were withdrawn to Belah (near Gaza) in January, 1918, to rest and refit.

The "rest" consisted mainly of salvage work on the old Turkish defences outside Gaza, working parties being detailed daily to collect wood, wire and ammunition.

The wastage of war in men, horses and equipment also had to be made good, for many regiments had been reduced to two weak squadrons. Between October 31st and the end of December, 1917, Desert Mounted Corps (one-half of which consisted of Yeomanry Units) had advanced 80 miles, fought nine general engage-

*"Cavalry Journal," October, 1937.

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ments and had captured some 9,500 prisoners and 80 guns. The Yeomanry Mounted Division had actually covered 190 miles, the Australian Mounted Division (which included one Yeomanry Brigade, the 5th Mounted) 230 miles, and the 7th Mounted, being Reserve Brigade of the Corps and having fought with all three Cavalry Divisions (including the A. and N.Z.), considerably more.

Although salvage work, training and musketry took up a good deal of time, the Yeomen of 16 regiments (including the two Corps Cavalry Units) at Belah found time for other diversions. The horses began to improve with good grazing, and it was only natural that horse-shows, hunting and steeplechases followed in due course. In fact it could hardly have been otherwise, with some 8,000 Yeomen and their horses encamped in a grass country.

The Gloucestershire Yeomanry started the R.G.H. Hounds, which met twice a week south of the Wadi Ghuzze. Some of their best hunts have been described in their Regimental History and also in letters to *The Field* at this time. "On one occasion Corporal G. Castle* had a nasty experience while digging out a fox. Having got into the earth some considerable distance the sand roof fell in and buried him; fortunately the field were able to dig him out none the worse. . . ."

The 22nd Brigade (Staffords, Lincolns and East Ridings) hunted the country to the north of Gaza, while the 7th (Sherwoods and S. Notts.) hunted that to the east of the town.

Gaza was a "good centre" whence one could hunt six days a week, but a description of the country in *Bailey* would have made some curious reading.

The hounds consisted chiefly of terriers and native dogs, but the Sherwood Rangers actually possessed a couple of foxhounds.

Jackals were plentiful and ran well, making six-mile points and on more than one occasion swimming the Wadi Ghuzze (at this season in spate); while occasionally a light-coloured fox was hunted. As a rule the Jack had to be finally despatched by one of the Whips before hounds would break him up.

* 1st Whip to the Duke's.

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When hounds crossed the innumerable trenches south of Gaza and about Ali Muntar some curious country had to be negotiated, for the sandbags on both parados and parapet were rotten and it "took a goodish lep to get across."

With March the Point-to-Point season commenced, the two outstanding features being the 7th and 22nd Mounted Brigade's Meetings. Both these were held under the auspices of the Sinai Hunt Club, which had been inaugurated at Rafa the year before.

The 22nd Mounted Brigade's Races took place on March 7th when Captain R. F. K. Gooch, M.C., Warwickshire Yeomanry, the winner at Rafa the year before, again rode the popular favourite "Clautoi" to victory in the Palestine Grand National Steeplechase. This was the chief event of the day, open to all horses in the Desert Mounted Corps, to be ridden by officers, over a two-mile course.

On the 16th the 7th Mounted Brigade held their meeting at which the Grand Military Steeplechase was run under similar conditions and Captain Gooch for the third time brought the honours to his regiment, and gained for his celebrated horse* the distinction of being the best charger in the E.E.F.

Towards the end of March, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that nine Yeomanry Regiments would hand in their horses and proceed to France as Machine-gun Units.

This necessitated the breaking up of five Yeomanry Brigades, the Regiments of which had in most cases been brigaded together since 1908 and had been close comrades ever since.

The units detailed for France were: the Bucks, Berks, East Riding, Lincolnshire, City of London, 2nd County of London, 3rd County of London, Warwickshire and the South Notts.

The Official Historian referring to these, pays a high tribute to the Yeomanry in saying "Some of the Regiments, such as the Bucks Hussars, would doubtless not have been willingly exchanged by Major-General Barrow for any mounted troops in the world."†

* "Clautoi," it will be recollected, had been submarined once and wounded three times. For the history of this remarkable horse see "The Yeomanry at Gaza, I," "Cavalry Journal," Vol. XXV (1935), p. 513.

† "Military Operations, Egypt and Palestine," Part ii, Vol. II, p. 420

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Altogether the E.E.F. at this date lost the services of 27 Yeomanry Regiments as, in addition to the nine units mentioned above, the 18 dismounted Yeomanry Regiments which constituted that *Corps d'Elite*, the 74th Division, were also ordered to France; this Division being replaced by the 3rd (Lahore) Division.

The Regiments detailed to remain in Palestine, and destined to take part in " Allenby's Final Triumph," were to be posted as follows :—

The Dorset, Middlesex, Staffordshire, Gloucestershire and Sherwood Rangers, each to be brigaded with two Indian Cavalry Regiments and to form the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th Cavalry Brigades.

The Worcestershire to be XXth Corps Cavalry, while two squadrons of the Hertfordshire and one of the Duke of Lancaster's were to perform the same duty for the XXIst Corps.

Owing to the number of Indian Cavalry Regiments from France exceeding the number of Mounted Yeomanry Regiments despatched to that front, and to the fact that some battalions of the Imperial Camel Corps were converted back into Australian Light Horse, Desert Mounted Corps was now to consist of four instead of three Cavalry Divisions.

After the capture of Jericho, the Passage of the Jordan and the First Trans-Jordan Raid (at the end of March, 1918), Sir Edmund Allenby decided to carry out another raid in order to cut off the garrison of some 8,000 enemy troops entrenched about Shunet Nimrin, and to occupy Es Salt until friendly Arab forces could advance and relieve his troops. By this action he hoped to deny to the Turks the valuable store of barley and wheat which would soon be reaped, focus their attention on this flank and their railway instead of on the sea sector, and by establishing himself on the plateau east of Jordan to avoid keeping a large number of troops exposed to the tropical heat of the valley during the summer. He had intended to carry out the raid in the middle of May, when the reorganization of his Cavalry Corps would have been complete and the Indian Cavalry Regiments available. But fate willed otherwise.

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Envoys from the powerful Beni Sakhr tribe, which was encamped about Madeba, came in and said that their tribe (some 8,000 fighting men) could only assist our troops if the raid was made before May 4th; "after that date they would be compelled, owing to lack of supplies, to disperse to various distant camping grounds."

Unfortunately the envoys had little or no authority for their promises, and the C.-in-C. was deceived regarding the help of the Beni Sakhr; the greater part of the tribe may have been engaged in attacks on the Hedjaz railway some way south of Amman, or more likely they were bought off by the enemy, as the Turkish account maintains.

It was decided to commence operations on April 30th. The troops detailed for the raid were:—The A. and N.Z. Mounted Division, the Australian Mounted Division, two Brigades of the 60th Division and the 20th Indian Brigade.

As the Australian Mounted Division had not yet received its new 5th Australian Light Horse Brigade,* the Worcestershire Yeomanry (which had already taken up its duties as XXth Corps Cavalry) was temporarily brigaded with the Sherwood Rangers and Gloucester Yeomanries to supply the deficiency.

From the 4th and 5th Cavalry Divisions in process of reorganization, the Dorset, Middlesex and Staffordshire Yeomanries (temporarily renamed the 6th Mounted Brigade) and two Regiments of the Imperial Service Cavalry Brigade (Mysore and Hyderabad Lancers) were also available; and these units were to be utilized between the foothills and the Jordan during the raid.

On April 24th the Worcestershire Yeomanry, then stationed at Latron, suddenly received orders to proceed with the Gloucestershire Yeomanry and the Sherwood Rangers to Jerusalem on the following day. No official information about the reason for the move was forthcoming, but the C.O's were informed that they should make arrangements for pack transport

* This was being formed from Australians in the 1st, 3rd and 4th Battalions of the Imperial Camel Corps, and was to replace the old 5th Mounted Brigade which had been the only Yeomanry Brigade in the Division.

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as the country to be traversed later on would not permit of wheels.

Rumour had it, however, that two Divisions of Cavalry were being hurried across the Jordan on account of certain Arab developments and it was said that if a considerable number of mounted troops could join the Arabs on the Hedjaz railway, the Composite Force would be joined by all the tribes in the vicinity and have an open road to Damascus. This was good news for the Yeomen of Worcestershire who, although they had only been a Corps Cavalry Regiment for eight days, were already tiring of providing a few escorts and patrols for the XXth Corps. Besides there was a certain romance about an expedition into the (to us) unknown Trans-Jordan, and the Hedjaz railway was suggestive of the (then) mysterious Lawrence and his merry band of train-wreckers. After mess the C.O. of the Worcesters produced an old *Baedeker* and read us a few details about Damascus; as we should soon be in that town it was as well that we should know something about it beforehand![*]

It was good to be once again setting out with our old friends of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, from whom we had parted near Jaffa a few days before; and although the Warwicks, who had also fought with us in every action and who were commanded by a Worcestershire Yeoman, had left the country, their place was being taken by the Sherwood Rangers commanded by Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Wiggin, D.S.O., also a Worcestershire Yeoman.

In Yeomanry Brigades formed from units of neighbouring counties there was always a bond of friendship, much strengthened and cemented by the ordeals of the Great War. This was the more noticeable in the Near East, where Brigades remained intact till April, 1918.

At 6 p.m. on April 26th the Sherwoods, Gloucesters, and Worcesters left Latron and rode through Nakaba, Kulonie and Lifta to Jerusalem. It was a wonderful mountain road (now so well known to thousands of soldiers), parts of which our

[*] He was a little premature; the Worcestershire Yeomanry did eventually enter Damascus, six months later (Oct. 10th) with only three officers and 27 other ranks of the original Regiment which had left England in March, 1915.

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Brigade had traversed some months previously, and was in some places cut into the side of the mountain, with often a clear drop of hundreds of feet to some little village, whose lights could be seen twinkling in the valley below. Convoys of motor lorries coming down the pass made things rather uncomfortable for the mounted troops, especially when the precipice was on the left side. At that time the road was in considerable disrepair, it was not in the safe state which the writer found it when he visited Palestine after the war, and this had accounted for more than one fatal accident.

It was full moon and the effect as we climbed higher and higher, with the extraordinary shadows cast on the deep valleys, was very weird and beautiful. Miles ahead could be seen our column wending its serpentine or zigzag course as the road steadily mounted to the Jerusalem plateau. Although mounted Yeomanry patrols had been in the vicinity of the Holy City just before its capture, few Yeomen had actually been there and all were naturally anxious to see it.

At 9.30 p.m. the outskirts of the city were reached and, leaving the Jaffa gate on the right, the Brigade passed through the modern town just outside the ancient turreted walls. It seemed a pity that the Yeomen, who had been looking forward to seeing Jerusalem for the last three years, should at their first visit have to pass through the town at a sharp trot at midnight. But this was not a "Cook's tour," although personally conducted visits were arranged for the troops to see the sights at a later date.* The Brigade halted for an hour at Bethany which, owing to its exposed condition and altitude, was bitterly cold.

The change in temperature from the orange groves of Jaffa, which the three Regiments had recently left, to the heights of Jerusalem was very marked. Soon after midnight the descent towards the Dead Sea Valley was commenced, dropping 1,000 feet between 12 and 2 a.m.

The Brigade was now on the historic Jericho road, a marvel of ancient engineering—at times cut into the face of the hills,

* Officers being allowed to stay at the Fast Hotel, where they could enjoy all the amenities of the best hotel in the city; provided that they brought their rations, bedding and servants with them!

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and sometimes carried by a great causeway over a valley. The country grew bleaker and gloomier as the descent continued: the mountains appeared in the moonlight to have huge gashes and clefts, as if some giant had deliberately hacked pieces out of them. The Yeomen were in a sleepy condition and they had the weirdest impressions as they descended into a sort of inferno where nothing grew in the desolate surroundings.

Just before dawn the ruined caravanserai of Talaat Ed Dumm ("the hill of blood") known as the inn of the Good Samaritan, was reached; here the Brigade halted for a few hours and nearly everyone fell asleep on the hard ground. On waking a few hours later we found that our bivouack was on flat rocks just above the Jerusalem-Jericho road, with bleak mountains in the background. The enormous clefts of the night before had disappeared; they were evidently a delusion caused by the moonlight. On climbing up some 500 feet above the road a wonderful view of the Jordan Valley, the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab was obtained.

During the morning the Brigade continued its descent towards the Dead Sea level, dropping from 1,180 feet above sea level to 1,200 feet below sea level—a drop of nearly 2,400 feet in the last eight miles.

Soon after starting, the Regiments took the precipitous old Roman road to the left, while the guns continued by the new Turkish, and longer, route to the right. The old road was a rough one on the edge of a precipice, at the bottom of which could be seen dead camels and a G.S. wagon which had fallen over.

By 5 p.m. the Dead Sea plain was reached and, although it was only April 27th, the rise in temperature was at once apparent.

Before the Yeomen lay modern Jericho, a mere village, and on the right the Dead Sea, as blue as any Italian lake, with frowning mountains to the east and the Jordan estuary to the north. On the sea could be seen two motor boats. These were originally German and had been used for towing grain barges from the opposite side. One of these had been captured by a

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New Zealand Squadron on the beach, about a month previously. The New Zealanders had then mounted a machine gun in the bows, put to sea, had encountered another motor boat, sunk it and had captured two more intact. Subsequently these boats were taken over by the Royal Navy, being the first of His Majesty's ships to be navigated 1,300 feet below the level of the ocean.

As the Brigade proceeded northwards towards its bivouack near Tel Es Sultan just south of the Wadi Auja, it had its first experience of those clouds of acrid white dust which is one of the many curses of the Jordan Valley. On arrival it was greeted by a few small shells from one of our mountain batteries, who apologized next day for any inconvenience caused.

The night was a hot one, a great contrast to the previous one on the Mount of Olives; and after the sun had set, that unpleasant aroma, later to become so familiar and due to the sulphurous deposits in the ground, was very noticeable.

April 28th was spent in camp, the horses of the Brigade being taken back to water in the Wadi Kelt (Brook Cherith). Some of the Yeomen found time to walk down to the neighbourhood of the western bank of the Jordan, where the mud-coloured river flowed in a deep cleft bordered by rank sub-tropical vegetation, through a wilderness of stones, dust, thorn trees and barren clay mounds.

Obviously the poet Sylvester when he wrote of the Jordan's "blessed torrent of pure waters," "its chrystall currents" and "its fields so flowry sweet," was drawing on his imagination!

The best description of this famous river is that of one of our Yeomanry historians: "It is on the whole an unpleasant foul stream running between poisonous banks."

The Jordan Valley has been described as "a barren and awful wilderness of dust, stones and boulders, inhabited before the arrival of our troops, only by snakes and scorpions." The Yeoman* who wrote home during the Sinai campaign of 1916: "Dear Mother this war is a ———, the desert is simply miles and miles and miles of ——— all "†—must have found it difficult

* Read by a Yeomanry Officer who was censoring letters.
† Yeomen who served in the campaign will be able to supply the missing words.

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to describe the Jordan valley in suitable terms. However an Australian came to the rescue, for when asked by a Yeoman what the Valley was like he replied: "Well it is like this, first the Almighty made the Jordan Valley, but when He saw what He had done He threw stones at it!"

During the afternoon "Jericho Jane," the largest Turkish gun on the Jordan front, sent over some big shells which exploded harmlessly between the Yeomanry camp and the river.

On April 29th the general idea of our forthcoming raid was explained to regimental officers, but before describing this, the previous actions in the Jordan Valley and beyond may be briefly reviewed.

The advance on Jericho and the Jordan Valley had taken place during the third week in February, while the Yeomanry were in their camp at Belah. The 60th Division, the A and N.Z. Cavalry Division and the Imperial Camel Corps Brigade, had driven the enemy from their positions west of Jericho, had captured the town and had established a bridgehead over the Jordan at Ghoraniye. This pontoon bridge had been built under heavy fire after swimmers had got across with ropes. The enemy had retired northwards up the Jordan Valley and eastwards to the Turkish strongholds of Es Salt and Amman (a station on the Hedjaz railway), on the high plateau in the mountains of Moab, leaving detachments near the Jordan.

The first Trans-Jordan Raid along the Shunet Nimrin road, designed to capture Es Salt and Amman and destroy the Hedjaz railway, was commenced by the same troops during the last week in March. Although portions of the railway were destroyed, the raid proved on the whole abortive, owing to heavy rain affecting the roads and determined enemy resistance.

Two weeks later the Turks made a strong attack on the Ghoraniye bridgehead, while German battalions attacked our positions west of Jordan and north of the Wadi Auja. Some fierce fighting resulted and the enemy was eventually repulsed with heavy losses on both sectors.

Since then the high road through Shunet Nimrin had been closed by the Turks, who had assembled a garrison there and had

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WESTERN SIDE OF JORDAN VALLEY

IN THE FOOTHILLS EAST OF JORDAN

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converted the massif of El Haud into a mountain fortress. There was no other road to Es Salt, only a few tracks leading up the precipitous sides of the mountains.

The general plan of operations, as explained to the Yeomanry, was briefly as follows:—The enemy's position runs north and south across the Jericho-Es Salt road at Shunet Nimrin. His left flank (apart from one or two isolated posts further south) is on the Wadi Kefrein and his right is on the Arsenyet track curving backwards to El Haud. The 60th Division (less one Brigade) with the New Zealand Mounted Brigade on its right will attack the Shunet Nimrin and El Haud positions. The 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade will march up the east bank of the Jordan and engage the enemy in the plain at Jisr El Damieh and prevent him crossing by the bridge from west to east. Meanwhile the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigades and the 5th (Sherwood, Gloucesters and Worcesters) Mounted Brigade, all in rear of the 4th, will sweep round to the east, ascend the mountains (by certain allotted tracks) and capture Es Salt from the north and north-west. These Brigades will then be astride the only road by which the enemy can retire with his guns and wheels, and they will take him in rear while he is opposed to the 60th Division. The only other possible roads by which the enemy can retire are the tracks from Shunet Nimrin to Ain Es Sir and Naur. Both these will be blocked by the Beni Sakhr Tribe from Madeba.

It appeared that the enemy would be completely cut off, but it all depended on the integrity of the Arabs; for without them the Turks at Shunet Nimrin could be reinforced or retire at will; and that was the snag, as it eventually turned out, for the 8,000 warriors simply did not "report for duty."

At 8 p.m. on the same day (April 29th), completely enveloped in clouds of thick pungent dust, the Yeomen (each carrying three days' rations) rode out of the camp, leaving all lights burning, and joined the seemingly endless column of horsemen, guns, camels and ambulances wending its way to the bridge at Ghoraniye.

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As we approached the river bed, the road descended through weirdly-shaped rocks and white clay mounds. Ghoraniye bridgehead had an evil reputation since the enemy's attack a fortnight ago and the fact that snipers might be lurking in the surrounding thorn scrub. There was something sinister about the place with its almost obscenely ugly clay mounds, the clouds of choking white dust, the rank vegetation which bordered the muddy river and the stifling atmosphere in the deep cleft 1,200 feet below sea level, which made it as repellent as its medical pseudonym used by the troops.

The 179th and 180th Brigades of the 60th Division were already concentrated on the bridgehead when the Yeomen crossed, and, passing through the wire and outposts, they halted at 1 a.m. west of Tel El Nimrin near the stream of that name.

We were told that just before dawn the Infantry would attack the Shunet Nimrin position, and that while this diversion was in progress the Cavalry would gallop some eight miles along the east bank of Jordan, under cover of the hills held by the Turks, and would then turn right-handed up the mountains towards the Hedjaz Railway. Perfect silence reigned and we hoped that the enemy was not aware that two Cavalry Divisions lay massed under his very nose.

Somewhere on our right long columns of infantry were slowly and silently wending their way towards positions of readiness. However the Turks apparently suspected nothing, an occasional twinkling light being the sole sign of their presence on the hills above.

At 3 a.m. the infantry suddenly attacked the Nimrin and El Haud positions, and pandemonium broke out on both sides. The enemy sent up their Verey lights and star shells and the crack of rifles and the explosions of hand grenades added to the din caused by the guns.*

Just before dawn (April 30th) the order "prepare to mount" was given and a few minutes later, in extended order,† five

* According to the "Official History," the Artillery with the 60th Division consisted of the 91st Heavy Battery, its own 301st and 302nd Brigades, R.F.A., and the IXth Mountain Artillery Brigade less one Battery with the Australian Mounted Division.

† The New Zealand Brigade had remained to assist the 60th Division.

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Brigades of Cavalry trotted off northwards on their respective missions.

Fortunately the country between the left bank of Jordan and the foothills, at any rate for the first 6 miles north of Ghoraniye, presented no serious obstacles to the movements of mounted troops. Beyond the east bank, bordered by scrub and clay mounds, the ground is about 3 miles broad and is intersected only by some small wadis easy to negotiate.

With the 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade leading, for it had the furthest to go, followed by the 1st, 3rd, 5th Mounted (Yeomanry) and 2nd, some 8,000 horsemen broke into a gallop as soon as the Turkish gunners on the hills became aware of their presence in the half-light. Partly screened in the white clouds of their own dust, and broadening their front until they extended almost from the Jordan to the foothills, wave after wave of Australians and Yeomen surged northwards, sweeping up some enemy Cossack posts as if they had been chaff. "The pace, the dust, the shock to the enemy's nerves of this eruption, all contributed to make the casualty list very low," and the damage done by the Turkish artillery was almost negligible.

While the 4th, 1st and 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigades swept on to Jisr El Damieh (where the 3rd ascended the mountains), the Sherwood Rangers, advanced guard to the 5th Mounted Brigade, halted near the entrance to the Arsenyet track. Here they were held up by fire from small parties of Turks hidden in the rocks, losing Captain R. C. Layton, commanding "B" Squadron killed, and suffering some other casualties.

On the arrival of the Worcesters followed by the Gloucesters (who had their gallant Sergt. A. F. Roberts, four times previously wounded, killed), the opposition died down and the Sherwoods were enabled to commence their ascent. Meanwhile Brig.-General P. V. Kelly, C.M.G., D.S.O. (G.O.C. 5th Mounted Brigade) led the other two Regiments at the gallop another two miles under the hills, followed by the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade, to the Um Es Shert track. The entrance to this was successfully seized. Captain Freddie

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Mitchell, M.C. with "A" Squadron Worcester Yeomanry formed the advanced guard, followed by the rest of the Regiment, the Gloucester Yeomanry and the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade. The arduous ascent now commenced, dismounted and in single file. The ascent became steeper and steeper and for several hours every Yeoman had to lead his horse, in some cases hanging on to his tail, up the narrowest of goat tracks. During this ascent enemy snipers were troublesome and the adjacent heights had to be picketed. This made progress very slow as the Column was nearly four miles long, in single file, and an observer in the plain noted that it took three hours to pass a fixed point.

By the time we had climbed some 3,000 feet it was possible to mount again. Both the Gloucesters and the Worcesters had had a few O.Rs killed and wounded by snipers, but there had been little chance of retaliation.

The atmosphere now became clear and exhilarating, a pleasant change after the Jordan Valley. At this height a wonderful view of Jerusalem and the Dead Sea was obtained. Far below us, with the aid of glasses, could be seen the 4th and 1st Australian Light Horse Brigades near Jisr El Damieh and the R.H.A. Batteries which had been unable to follow their respective Brigades up into the mountains.

The writer happened to be with the officer commanding the Brigade Machine Gun Squadron, when he sighted an enemy Machine Gun Detachment. Coming round the side of some rocks we suddenly caught sight of the Detachment with its grey Arab ponies negotiating a narrow path on the side of the mountain. The distance was estimated at 1,000 yards, and a valley some 500 feet deep separated us from the Turks. They had not seen us, and in a few seconds they were wiped out, after Major G. N. Horlick (Gloucester Yeomanry) had directed one gun on the head and one on the tail of the little column.

After climbing yet higher we passed through numerous small valleys which were thickly studded with flowers, hollyhocks up to 12 feet high and large oleander trees in flower preponderating.

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It was now 10 a.m. and the enemy appeared to realize that he was being assailed by more than one column, for sniping increased. He did not appear to be in any very great strength, but was greatly assisted by the series of hillocks which overlooked the track along which the Yeomen had to advance. One of these detachments gave a good deal of trouble before Major H. C. Maydon (12th Lancers), Second-in-Command of the Worcestershire Yeomanry, outflanked them with "A" and "D" Squadrons, using his Hotchkiss guns with great effect.

At length we reached a fertile plateau, nearly 4,000 feet above the Jordan Valley, and here the Sherwood Rangers and a Mountain Battery joined us. The sturdy little mules carrying their guns and ammunition appeared to be less distressed by the climb than our horses. The Sherwoods who had taken the Arsenyet track, which passed within a mile or two of the right flank of the Turkish position at El Haud, had had several casualties caused by the automatic rifles used by small parties of cavalry; they had also lost some pack-horses which had fallen down the steep slopes.

On the plateau the Brigade halted for an hour to rest men and horses, while an aeroplane dropped a message saying that the country was clear three miles ahead; a statement which was received with reserve on account of the broken and partly wooded nature of the country in front of us.

Meanwhile away to the north, across a large intervening valley, a long column of cavalry could be seen advancing up the Jisr El Damieh—Es Salt track, parallel to the one taken by our Brigade, apparently unopposed. It was the 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigade heading straight for Es Salt on our left flank.

After watering the horses in the abundant streams, the advance on Es Salt was continued at 1 p.m. Before us lay a defile several miles long which, it was understood, led almost to the town.

B.H.Q. with the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, whose leading squadron had picketed the hills on either side, entered the ravine followed by the Worcesters and the Sherwoods. Unfor-

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tunately some enemy machine guns which had caused trouble in the morning had not been completely disposed of, and soon after the Brigade entered the defile it found itself under fire from the rear and right. For a time the Sherwoods were cut off from the rest of the Brigade, and the advanced guard also came in touch with the enemy and was heavily fired on. "The order to dismount was given, but as there was only room for two horses at a time it was no easy job to get the men up and they were all very exhausted." A squadron of the Worcesters and one of the Gloucesters climbed some 300 feet of almost perpendicular mountain and, reinforcing the Yeomen on either side, successfully dealt with this menace. Meanwhile those in the defile found a wire from Es Salt to Shunet Nimrin which they cut. The Sherwood Rangers soon joined up again; but a mounted bearer party of our Field Ambulance with some wounded, although cut off, miraculously managed to get back down the Um Es Shert track when night came on.

Further progress up the mountains to Es Salt was uneventful and, as it was now dark, the Brigadier decided to halt for the night. The brigade accordingly bivouacked in mass formation with its attached Mountain Battery in a large field of green barley and lucerne, which made it unnecessary to use the horses' feeds. In the immediate neighbourhood lay the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade, who had also been overtaken by night. No fires were lit but a comfortable night was spent lying in the luxuriant grass by the Yeomen, who had climbed, in full equipment and most of the way on foot, a height equal to that of Ben Nevis but by a much steeper and rougher route. The surrounding hills will be remembered by the unfortunate Yeomen on outpost duty, "for these hills proved to be almost the last straw after a tiring day in a country more suited to goats than men."

Orders were issued for the Worcesters and Sherwoods to attack Es Salt, dismounted, at dawn, while the Gloucesters remained saddled up ready to advance as soon as required.

At 4 a.m. (May 1st) the Sherwoods and the Worcesters advanced to the attack dismounted, climbing up the little terraced gardens which were built on the side of the hill. The Gloucesters

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A HALT DURING ADVANCE ON ES SALT, 1 P.M., APRIL 30

A CONFERENCE (L) ON THE ROAD SOUTH OF ES SALT

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stood to their horses ready for mounted action, on the main track, if necessary. It was somewhat of an anti-climax, when the first squadron to surmount the final ridge reported that Es Salt had already fallen to the 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigade several hours before. It appeared that the 9th and 10th Regiments of that Brigade, under cover of fire from the Hong-Kong and Singapore Mountain Battery, had made a brilliant dismounted assault on the enemy positions, which they had carried; and that the 8th Regiment, disregarding fire from isolated bodies of Turks on the hills, had then galloped into the town, pursuing the remnant of the enemy down the Amman road.

On riding into the town the Yeomen found dead and wounded Turks lying about and some overturned motor lorries encumbering the main street. The inhabitants were clustered on the flat roofs of their houses, watching the entry of the cavalry with stolid faces. It was evident that they viewed us with suspicion. They remembered that the British had captured the town a month previously, and then had been forced to evacuate it: and it was highly probable that those natives who had then openly sided with us had not been too well treated by the Turk on his return! The British were now in possession again, but this time the native was not going to take any risks, although he was told that he might come under our protection. So he sat on the top of his house and scowled at the Yeomen as they rode by.

After watering just below the town, the 5th Mounted Brigade rode down the main Shunet Nimrin road (which connects Es Salt with Jericho), and the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade, which had followed the Yeomen into the town, reconnoitred along the Amman road where they drove off a small force of the enemy.

Meanwhile the 3rd had taken up a position north and north-west of the town, while the 1st Brigade (who had recently arrived) held a line to the west across the Um Es Shert track.

After riding a couple of miles down the road towards Shunet Nimrin the 5th Mounted Brigade bivouacked on the side of the valley over-looking the Wadi Shaib. This was a mountain torrent which ran through Es Salt and then down along the

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valley on the left of the Jericho road, finally joining the Nimrin brook and flowing into the Jordan. Numerous small tributaries joined it on each side, and every mile or so one came across a primitive stone watermill. Brig.-General Kelly now ordered the Gloucester Yeomanry to advance to the point were the main road crossed the Wadi Shaib by an arched stone bridge at Howeij. This was the name of a strong position held by the enemy and completely dominating the road.

"Swiftly but carefully" the Gloucesters proceeded down the road, Lieut. Gilholme, O.C. "D" Squadron leading. Special care was necessary because, according to native information, the bridge itself was mined and other traps might be encountered. After going about four miles the squadron was held up by rifle and machine gun fire, at the point where the Turks had erected a barricade of stones across the road. At 8.40 a.m. Brig.-General Kelly and Lt.-Colonel A. J. Palmer, D.S.O. (O.C. Gloucester Yeomanry) reconnoitred the position, which by this time was not only under fire from machine guns on either side of the valley but was also under accurate shell fire from a 4.2 Battery whose F.O.O. was on the summit of a bold spur commanding the bridge, the road and a good stretch of valley beyond. The bridge itself could probably have been captured by the simple means of galloping down the road and over the stream (which was passable for mounted troops), but it could not have been held, as the gorge narrowed down at this point and the Turkish gunners had the range to perfection.

Brig.-General Kelly had just completed his reconnaissance, when an order was received from Major-General Hodgson, C.B., C.V.O. (at D.H.Q. south-west of Es Salt) to attack vigorously down the road towards Shunet Nimrin, taking in rear the Turks opposed to the 60th Division.

The Worcestershire and Sherwood Rangers Yeomanries came up and tried to picket the hills on either side of the road, when they were approached by local Arabs (probably some of the Beni Sakhr tribe) all armed with modern rifles, who would not disclose on which side they intended to fight. Quite passively these natives watched the operations, as if they had never dreamt

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of joining in, merely waiting to see which side was going to win before taking any part. It was an uncomfortable situation.

The line was advanced to within half a mile of the bridge. Brig.-General Kelly, under machine gun and shell fire, made another personal reconnaissance and, finding that the enemy's main position was on the top of a precipitous cliff, sent back a report to D.H.Q., some seven miles distant, on the extreme difficulty of his task and asking for further orders. Meanwhile, as he understood that the 60th Division was meeting with success, while awaiting orders he maintained a strong position across the road and waited for the Turks to force a way back for their guns. Casualties were now beginning to accumulate and the Gloucesters had had some men killed, while the led horses also suffered from shell fire. A captured motor ambulance with its complacent German driver was most useful in conveying the wounded back to Es Salt, where the bearer party of an Australian Field Ambulance had established a hospital in the great Mosque.

At 3 p.m. Brig.-General Kelly rode back to D.H.Q. where, as a result of his most emphatic description of the strength of the enemy's position, Major-General Hodgson decided to postpone the attack till dawn on the next day when the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade would co-operate with the Yeomen, and an extended reconnaissance of the position would be possible.

A night outpost line was taken up across the valley, Sherwoods on the left and Worcesters on the right; of the latter "A" (Captain Freddie Mitchell, M.C) and "D" (Major Lord Hampton) Squadrons climbed the highest mountains in the vicinity and spent the night on the tops. As the sun set heavy firing could be heard to the north and east, as well as to the south.

The situation now was a peculiar one. Apparently the infantry's attack on Shunet Nimrin had not been successful, the cavalry had captured Es Salt and occupied the high ground round the town and the Es Salt-Jericho road up to the point reached by the Yeomen, but the Australian Light Horse Brigades were now being attacked from the north, east and west. The Turks at Nimrin were facing two ways, one to repel the infantry

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from the west, the other to safeguard their communications from the Yeomanry from the north-east. The enemy was not cut off from supplies or reinforcements because the Beni Sakhr had not closed the Ain Es Sir track, but for the moment he could not get his big guns along. The position of the Australians and the Yeomanry was distinctly isolated as, until the infantry was successful, the enemy was astride the only road up which the waiting convoys could carry supplies to them: and both food and ammunition were running low. Sufficient men could not be spared to keep the goat tracks open, and the danger was realized that a Turkish counter-attack down the Jordan Valley from the north would, if successful, close all these tracks and compel the Australians and Yeomen to fight their way back to the Jordan as best they might.

We must now leave the Gloucesters, Worcesters and Sherwood Rangers holding their night outpost line a few miles from Howeij, and turn to the critical events which had been taking place in the Jordan Valley on the same day (May 1st), for these events had a direct bearing on the fate of these Yeomanry Regiments and also involved the Middlesex, Staffordshire and Dorset Yeomanries.*

While the events described above were taking place around Es Salt on May 1st, the 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade, whose rôle was to prevent the enemy from bringing up troops to threaten the rear of the cavalry in the hills and closing the tracks from the Valley, found itself in serious difficulties.

On the previous day this Brigade, with the help of the 1st Brigade (who later joined the Es Salt Force) and three batteries of R.H.A., after capturing Red Hill had prevented a strong force of the enemy from crossing at Jisr El Damieh, although unable to seize the bridge itself.

At 7.30 a.m. on May 1st the 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade, which was watching the bridge and guarding the entrance to the Jisr El Damieh-Es Salt track, was attacked by 4,000 Turks who had crossed by an unseen pontoon bridge

*On the morning of April 30th, while the 5th Mounted Brigade was struggling up the mountains, these Regiments (temporarily reorganized as the 6th Mounted Brigade) arrived three miles West of Ghoraniye as Corps Reserve, the Staffordshires being detached to act with the Imperial Camel Corps Brigade.

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between Red Hill and El Damieh. The Turks were making for a gap between the left of the 4th Brigade and two squadrons on Red Hill, this gap being watched by two armoured cars. One of these was destroyed and the other put out of action, but for a time three R.H.A. Batteries, "A" H.A.C., "B" H.A.C. and the Notts inflicted severe casualties on the enemy. While this action was taking place on the 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade's left flank, its right was attacked from the north by 1,000 infantry and 500 cavalry.

Our force was outnumbered by 5 to 1, and some bitter fighting ensued. By 11 o'clock our right flank was driven in and the entrance to the Jisr El Damieh-Es Salt track was open to the Turks, a very serious menace to the Australians and Yeomen up in the mountains. While a Turkish cavalry regiment (later followed by the rest of their 3rd Cavalry Division) advanced towards Es Salt, parties of the enemy entered the foothills and worked round in rear of the 4th Brigade. Meanwhile the large body which had crossed by the pontoon bridge pushed southwards, trying to obtain possession of the Um Es Shert track. The gunners put up a heroic resistance, nearly all their horses were shot and most of them became casualties. It then became impossible to move the guns, which were now amongst the rocks in the foothills, and nine of them had to be abandoned.

While the Australians were retiring, fighting doggedly, they were reinforced by two regiments of the New Zealand Mounted Brigade with the Leicester Battery R.H.A. and by the Middlesex Yeomanry. The Yeomen galloped up from the Ghoraniye bridgehead and, arriving at 2 p.m., took up a line north of the Um Es Shert track in the plain, covered by the Berks Battery R.H.A. and the 17th Machine Gun Squadron, on the left of the 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade. Fresh enemy attacks developed, but they were beaten off.

Meanwhile the Staffordshire Yeomanry with the Imperial Camel Corps Brigade was holding the Turks west of Jordan and covering the approaches to Um Es Shert from the west, and the Dorset Yeomanry with the Mysore Lancers remained at Ghoraniye ready to cross at short notice if required.

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During the day the second attempt by the infantry against the strong main Turkish position had failed. When night fell the Jisr El Dameih track had, as mentioned above, passed out of British hands and was being freely used by Turkish reinforcements hurrying to attack Es Salt. The Arsenyet track also was now commanded by the enemy at El Haud. But the vital Um Es Shert track, which was now the only way of communication with Es Salt, was still open, and this was but barely covered.

The state of affairs described above was not known, on May 1st, to the Yeomen in the mountains; and it was not until 5 p.m. that Major-General Hodgson heard of the catastrophe in the Jordan Valley and learnt that the Jisr El Damieh-Es Salt track was open for the enemy.

During the night of May 1st-2nd, while the Worcesters, Gloucesters and Sherwoods were holding their outpost line opposite the Howeij position, which with El Haud and Shunet Nimrin was being steadily reinforced, the 3rd Turkish Cavalry Division and part of an Infantry Division were closing in on Es Salt from the north-west, and another force was advancing on the east from Amman.

At 7 a.m. on May 2nd orders were received for the Yeomen to assault the Howeij position in order to open the high road to the Jordan Valley, while the two regiments of the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade (the 3rd Regiment was on its way up the Um Es Shert track) assisted on the right flank. That morning the Yeomen had to eat their iron rations, and ammunition was beginning to run low.

From the Yeomen's outpost line one had a good view of our objective, a steep grass-covered hill some 300 feet high with a large open valley before it. Someone remarked that it would be difficult enough to climb even if there were no Turks at the top, but that in any case the enemy could defend it by rolling down stones without wasting any ammunition.

The Worcesters and Sherwoods were told off for the actual frontal attack; while the Gloucesters were to advance on the right of the road and distract the enemy's attention from the main attack, by making a demonstration a few hundred yards

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LT.-COL. WILLIAMS POINTING OUT HOWEIJ OBJECTIVE TO MAJOR HORLICK (GLOUC. YEO. & M.G. SQ.) 8 A.M., MAY 2

A REGIMENT OF THE 3rd TURKISH CAVALRY DIVISION

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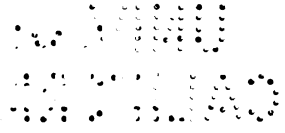

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from the bridge, assisted by our attached Mountain Battery and Machine Gun Squadron.

As far as could be seen the only way to approach our objective was to make a wide detour to the east of the road, get into the valley below it and clamber up the glacis.

At 8 a.m., leaving all their horses except Hotchkiss packs on the side of the road where they were more or less under cover, the little column of Sherwoods and Worcesters was launched into the blue. At first proceeding under the cliffs of the Wadi Shaib for half a mile and then striking due east, it followed a track for some six miles, climbing up and down the mountain sides and crossing many beautiful glens and streams bordered by flowering hollyhocks, oleanders and rose trees. This continuous climbing, in full equipment, over rocks and boulders was exhausting work as the sun got hotter and hotter.

Meanwhile the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade (two Regiments) had also advanced on the right of the Gloucesters, but they had hardly covered a mile when Brig.-Generals Ryrie (2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade) and Kelly received a message from Major-General Hodgson ordering the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade to despatch a regiment to Es Salt at once in order to assist in holding the enemy attack from Amman.

The regiment was despatched, and at the same time the two Brigadiers informed Major-General Hodgson at Es Salt that in view of the strength of the Turkish position at Howeij there was little hope of capturing it. Major-General Hodgson, who had no troops to spare and was hard put to it to hold his own at Es Salt, replied that the attack must continue.

At midday, as the result of a helio message from the O.C. Worcestershire Yeomanry, Brig.-General Kelly informed Major-General Hodgson that his left flank was in danger from a force at El Fuheis, south-east of Es Salt. There was a distance of 6 miles between the 5th Mounted Brigade and our troops at Es Salt, and once this gap was penetrated the position of the Yeomen would be hopeless.

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An hour later Major-General Hodgson telephoned to the Corps Commander asking that the attack of the 5th Mounted and 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigades should be broken off, so that these troops might be available to assist in the defence of Es Salt, against which large numbers of the enemy could be seen advancing.

Lieut.-General Sir H. G. Chauvel, K.C.M.G., C.B. (down in the Jordan Valley) however refused to abandon the attack on Howeij, which if successful would solve the difficulty of the 60th Division, but gave permission for the remaining Australian regiment to be withdrawn for the defence of Es Salt! This left the 5th Mounted Brigade to carry out with three regiments an operation which its Commander had considered impossible with five.

Meanwhile, quite oblivious of the fact that their fate was being discussed by Brigade, Division and even Corps, the Worcester and Sherwood Rangers Yeomen were plodding on steadily towards their objective, their officers still under the impression that the 2nd Australian Light Horse Brigade would co-operate in the attack. There had been no casualties so far except one man wounded by shell fire before the column turned east, but one Hotchkiss gun and mule had been lost over a precipice.

By 1.30 p.m. the Sherwoods and Worcesters had reached a plateau facing and some 2,000 yards from Howeij hill; the guns on which were dropping 4.2 shells on the Gloucesters on the right of the road. Occasionally we could also see the pathetic little bursts from our mountain guns near the bridge.

On a ridge to the east we could see the led horses of a Circassian Cavalry Brigade, part of the force advancing on Es Salt from Amman. The presence of these troops was flashed by helio to Brigade Headquarters, as it was realized that if they cut across country they might capture our led horses and take us in rear.

There were two ways of approach to the Turkish position. The first entailed a scramble down the south side of the plateau into the valley beneath and a very stiff climb up the opposing

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face, all under rifle and shell-fire. The second necessitated a descent into a bottle-shaped valley, 600 yards long by 200 yards wide, which led to the foot of the spur upon which the main enemy position had been located. The latter seemed to be the least of two evils, "but it was doubtful in view of the exhaustion of the men and the extreme heat of the day whether, quite apart from the enemy fire, the physical power remained for such a precipitous climb."

To the writer this attack appeared to be doomed to failure. We were only two regiments, far below strength owing to casualties and horse-holders, about to cross a valley without a vestige of cover and then to ascend a glacis which was so steep that it would be difficult to obtain a foothold.

However, the Brigade had been ordered to attack and the attempt had got to be made. The descent from the plateau was too steep for the Hotchkiss-gun mules, so these had to be left behind.

The deployment of the leading squadrons at the entrance to the valley was the signal for a salvo of 4.2 inch shells which burst with wonderful precision along the front line, killing Captain Freddie Mitchell, M.C. (Squadron-leader) and Lieut. K. L. Turner, both of "A" Worcester Yeomanry. A few minutes later Lieut. R. H. Allen, commanding "C" Squadron Sherwood Rangers, was seriously wounded, and other casualties occurred amongst both Regiments: however the little party of Yeomen, led by Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Williams, D.S.O. (K.D.Gs.) commanding the Worcesters, and Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Wiggin, D.S.O. (Worcester Yeomanry), commanding the Sherwoods, never faltered but continued their advance under machine gun and rifle fire both from the heights above and from an unsuspected force of the enemy holding a small wadi at the foot of the hills. The ascent of the glacis under this fire, however, presented an impossible proposition. No sign could be seen of the Australian Brigade (which by this time was busily engaged in action against the enemy outside Es Salt), and the two Yeomanry regiments were quite alone in that deadly valley which had already cost us the lives of many Yeomen.

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The writer collected his first batch of casualties in a little cave in the side of the hill, which we were assaulting, and with some difficulty slid them down a steep grassy bank some hundred feet to a stream below. This turned out to be the Wadi Shaib, and here he established a R.A.P. in a small stone water-mill. Unfortunately the enemy noticed the concentration and dropped a shell on the roof of the mill. But such is human nature that a badly wounded Yeoman burst out laughing when his neighbour's head was covered with flour!

Meanwhile our attack was continuing, but it was obvious to the meanest intelligence that no one could ever reach the top of Howeij hill alive. It was also evident that nothing could be gained by persisting in an attempt which by the small number of troops employed, the lack of artillery support and the conformation of the ground, had from the start been doomed to failure. The commanding officers of the two units therefore decided, on their own initiative, to break off the engagement. They knew that the Gloucesters were in action by the bridge, where they could not leave their post and the road open, and that even if a handful of Sherwoods and Worcesters had reached the top of the hill there were no troops within five miles to support them!*

The mill and its bridge had now been wrecked by a second shell, so the wounded had to be transferred through the mill stream, three feet deep, to the opposite side. Although we only had our short cavalry stretchers, these were invaluable, and the wounded were carried by relays up to the main road just behind the stone barricade held by the Gloucester stalwarts. Here they were placed in captured German motor cars, whose drivers much to their disgust had been brought into the firing line, and evacuated to Es Salt.

When all the wounded had been collected the two regiments, "beat to the world" and so tired as to be quite oblivious of the

* In 1929, together with the author of the "History of the Worcestershire Yeomanry in the Great War," and Colonel W. H. Wiggin, D.S.O., the writer visited the Palestine Battlefields. On arrival in Jerusalem by car from Haifa, Howeij was, by universal consent, the first place to be visited. It was realized then how hopeless was the Yeomen's task, as even had a few survived, they would have had to face five miles of road, to Shunet Nimrin, lying in a deep ravine, bordered by jagged mountains occupied by the enemy.

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following shells, staggered back to the place where they had left their horses some ten hours previously.

The Yeomen had now come to the end of the three days' rations which they carried, and no more were sent owing to an exaggerated account of the difficulties of the Um Es Shert track having reached Corps Headquarters in the Jordan Valley. That night, however, they enjoyed a meal of goat (freshly killed) and green figs, while the troops in Es Salt procured some mutton and raisins. Bread or biscuits were unobtainable but of good water there was plenty. The horses suffered least, as there was good grazing.

Meanwhile an aeroplane had dropped a supply of medical comforts for the wounded in Es Salt, and at sunset a convoy of 200 donkeys arrived, carrying 100,000 rounds of S.A.A. and 300 rounds for the Mountain Batteries. This ammunition was most welcome, and the feat performed by the officers and other ranks in getting this convoy through intact, in spite of snipers above the Um Es Shert track, was much appreciated.

At night the Yeomen remained in observation of the enemy 3,000 yards north of Howeij bridge, the Gloucesters providing the outpost line, while five miles away to the north could be heard the almost continuous crash of bombs and rattle of musketry outside Es Salt.

At 3 a.m. (May 3rd) a troop of Turkish cavalry was allowed to approach within a hundred yards of the stone barricade, when Sergeant R. H. Bromhead, "D" Squadron Gloucester Yeomanry, put 50 rounds from a Hotchkiss gun into the enemy. A few hours later a half company of Turkish infantry made a determined attempt to get round the Yeomen's left, but was frustrated by Sergeant R. Insoll, who with only ten men was holding an observation post overlooking the bridge.

During the morning the Sherwoods were withdrawn to Es Salt to reinforce the 3rd Australian Light Horse Brigade, while the Worcesters provided mounted patrols on the heights east of the road between that place and Howeij hill. From these hills they reported the presence of a Turkish cavalry regiment on a ridge near Ain Es Sir, and watched a German aeroplane bomb-

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ing their bivouac and inflicting some damage on the Gloucesters' led horses.

An uneasy feeling now prevailed, especially when it became known that the troops now attacking Es Salt from Amman had recently arrived by train from Damascus: and at 3 p.m. Divisional Headquarters received a message from the Corps ordering the cavalry to withdraw altogether from the hills (to the Jordan Valley), *if able to do so*.

Meanwhile down in the valley, all day long, the enemy was continuing his attack opposite the entrance to the Um Es Shert track. But officers and men of the 4th Australian Light Horse and New Zealand Mounted Brigades knew that the fate of the Australians and Yeomen in the hills depended upon keeping this open, and they were prepared to fight for it to the last.

All the wounded, except a few moribund cases which had to be left in the hospital at Es Salt, tied on to camels and horses, commenced to descend the Um Es Shert track under guard early in the afternoon. It was a ghastly journey for these casualties: most of them eventually reached the valley, but some died in their cacolets and others, whose camels fell down precipices, were killed.

At 6 p.m. the Sherwood Rangers, who were in Es Salt, marched out and rode to a point on the Um Es Shert track known as K.21; here they reported to the 2nd Australian Brigade in order to act as reserve to the rearguard.

Two hours later the Worcesters and Gloucesters, who had received secret orders to make the best of their way from the neighbourhood of Howeij to a point in the Um Es Shert track, called down their patrols from the opposite hills and, leaving all fires burning, rode westwards across country by a route which Major H. C. Maydon had reconnoitred during the day.

By 2.30 a.m. (May 4th) the 5th Mounted Brigade was assembled in a cup-shaped depression off the Um Es Shert track, the Sherwoods having joined up after having assisted the 1st Brigade in covering the final withdrawal from the town under long range machine-gun fire. At dawn the other Australian Brigades could be seen assembling, and soon afterwards the

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whole Division passed through the Sherwoods (who were picketing the hills on both sides of the track). An Australian regiment then replaced the Sherwoods, whose "A" Squadron only just got away before the Turks captured their rearguard position, and took its turn in picketing the heights.

In this way the steep descent continued, each regiment taking its turn at rearguard. The enemy, emboldened by our retreat, was out in small parties which continually harried our flanks, and they even brought out some mountain guns which, however, did little damage. The Yeomen had only a few casualties: these were strapped on to their horses. A few horses were hit and had to be destroyed, their riders continuing the descent on foot. There were now twelve regiments alternately galloping, walking and sliding down the track in single file; and there was no time to waste as a strong enemy force might at any moment overwhelm our rearguard. Much equipment was lost, and the tracks in our wake were strewn with tin hats, sun helmets, gas masks, water buckets and occasionally a dead horse, and anyone who attempted to halt was hustled on by those behind. It was a disorderly retreat carried out (it was subsequently reported) according to plan. As the sun rose and the descent continued into the oppressive Dead Sea atmosphere, German aeroplanes added to our discomfiture by dropping a few bombs and using their machine-guns, but with little effect. Two Yeomen were wounded just as the Brigade debouched into the plain, and it was characteristic of Brig.-General Kelly that he would not gallop out into the open himself until he had seen these men fixed up and his whole Brigade clear of the foothills.

An attempt by the enemy to prevent the tail of the column from getting out into the plain was frustrated by the New Zealanders, who had advanced to meet the retreating troops, and by a squadron of Dorset Yeomanry, while the 4th Brigade held the enemy back to the north.

By the time the Turkish gunners on El Haud and Shunet Nimrin, whose attention was being especially diverted by an attack made by the 60th Division, realized what was happening, the mounted troops were galloping in extended order hard for

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the Jordan and Ghoraniye, which the Yeomen reached by 2 p.m. At Ghoraniye bridgehead a party was met which had actually been despatched to catch loose horses, which it was expected would find their way back in considerable numbers, for so serious was considered the position of the mounted troops in the hills by Corps Headquarters, that only a small portion of the Division was expected to escape to the Jordan Valley!

During the afternoon (May 4th) the three Yeomanry regiments reached their camp at Tel Es Sultan, which they had left five days previously, well aware that had it not been for a "forlorn hope" carried out by the 60th Division and the dogged fighting of the 4th Australian Light Horse and New Zealand Brigades, the Turks would have reached the Um Es Shert track and all the Australians and Yeomen in the hills would have been cut off.

The writer has based the above account* on his book *The Diary of a Yeomanry M.O.* (1921), but he wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to *Military Operations Egypt and Palestine* (Official), Part II, Vol. I., *The Yeomanry Cavalry of Worcestershire* (by Colonel the Viscount Cobham, T.D.), *The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry* (by Sir Frank Fox, C.B.E.), and *The Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry* (by Major H. Tallents, D.S.O., T.D.); also to *Desert Mounted Corps* (by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. R. M. Preston, D.S.O.).

* Being the seventh and concluding article of a series which he has contributed to the CAVALRY JOURNAL on the Yeomanry in Palestine.

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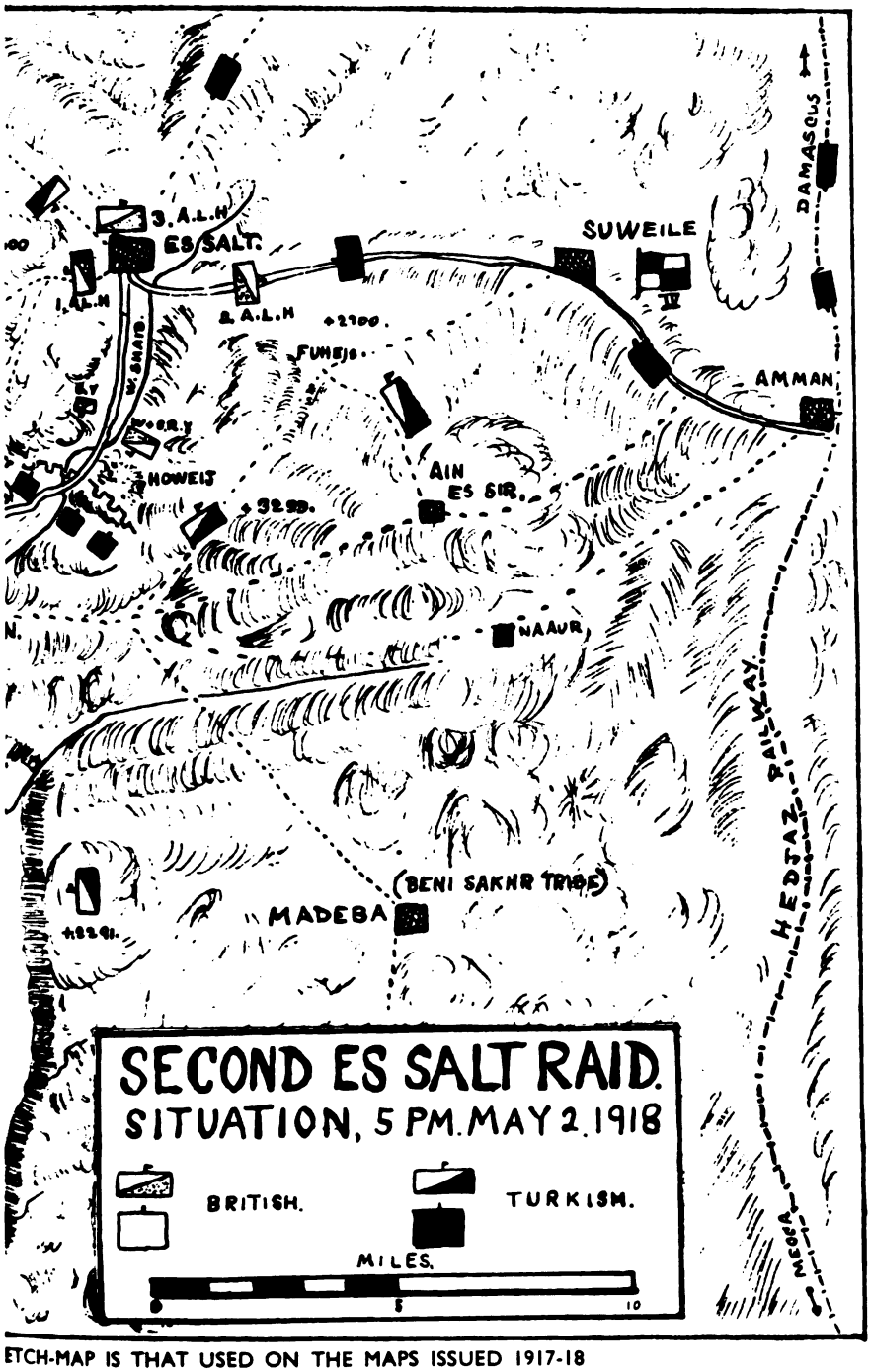

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OIL AND OATS.

By ANON.

WHEN discussing the composition of mobile troops it has become an accepted fact that "oil and oats" cannot be mixed. Catch-words, as their name seems to suggest, are often used to cover a fallacy. The motive of this article is to show that the impossibility of mixing oil and oats is a fallacy and that a horsed cavalry and light tank formation has advantages which have not been given the consideration which they merit.

It will be necessary to discuss at some length the limitations of the tank. This, however, does not mean that any attempt is being made to make out a case for the abolition of the tank. Light, medium and infantry tanks are a necessity in any army. Their effectiveness will not however be enhanced by employing them on tasks for which they are not suited. This article deals only with cavalry units and any reference to tanks applies only to their role with such units.

The tank was invented because un-armoured men could not advance against machine gun fire. It achieved some success in the last war against an enemy who failed to produce an efficient anti-tank weapon. Today, in at least one European army, every section is reported to have an anti-tank rifle which will penetrate the light and medium tanks. In addition there is the special anti-tank artillery as well as the normal artillery, which was the tank's only danger in the last war. It would seem then that there are as many anti-tank weapons today as there were machine guns twenty years ago.

At the end of the last war it seemed that a tank force could achieve results acting independently. We must not, however, start the next war where the last one ended. Today against a first class enemy armed with numerous anti-tank weapons the

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independent use of light tanks will be both costly and ineffective and they will be easily held up.

One of the duties of mobile troops is still reconnaissance. Negative air reports cannot be relied upon and identifications cannot be obtained by aeroplanes. The essence of the tank is concentration—the concentration of mobile power in a small space. The essence of reconnaissance is dispersion and it is only by dispersion that it can be carried out economically and effectively. The blindness of the tank, its susceptibility to ground and its inability to disperse, makes it a bad reconnoitring implement. In fact a reconnaissance carried out by tanks must necessarily be overloaded. It will be wasteful in power and costly in losses, besides being inefficient where the ground is unsuitable. And all this will especially be the case in densely wooded country where ground reconnaissance will be essential.

Ground affects all arms, but it affects no other arm to the same extent as the tank. For this reason we describe country as tank or anti-tank. In the British Army the one has been looked upon as the fighting ground for tanks, the other as the refuge for troops not supplied, or badly supplied, with anti-tank weapons.

If mechanized cavalry are to accomplish their tasks, they must be able to operate not merely in the wide open spaces of the world. It will even be insufficient that they can fight in average country. It is essential that they can work wherever the British army is fighting a civilized or semi-civilized enemy.

It is not, however, possible to divide the world into tank and anti-tank districts, as it is not the ground by itself which will normally stop the tank. If the ground forces tanks to advance along certain channels, it will be in those channels that the anti-tank weapons will be massed. If the ground is open and tanks can attack in many places, then the anti-tank weapons will be more dispersed, the tanks will have liberty of action, can use their speed and can attack in large numbers. The efficiency of the anti-tank defence in combination with the ground must be taken into consideration before labelling any district as tank or anti-tank country. The better an enemy is equipped the less it will be dependent on the ground obstacles to hold up a tank

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attack. The worse he is equipped the more must he rely on ground obstacles.

It is, therefore, difficult to discuss whether the mechanized mobile troops can accomplish their tasks unless it is known where and against whom they will fight. The commitments of the British Empire are, however, world wide, and we have guaranteed the frontiers of Belgium and the Franco-German frontier. It is therefore interesting to consider how tanks would have fared against an enemy equipped with some modern weapons in those countries where there have recently been disturbances, and then to glance at the districts adjacent to the frontiers which we have guaranteed.

It can hardly be maintained that a tank force could operate successfully against modern arms in Jehol, Abyssinia or Palestine, and tanks have failed rather surprisingly in Spain.

The operations in Jehol have been claimed as a triumph for mechanization and so indeed they were. As however, the enemy was non-existent, the operation was one which would be more easily solved by a manager of a bus company than by a modern Napoleon. On account of the hilly nature of the country tanks would be confined to the valleys, where they would meet a concentration of anti-tank weapons.

Mechanised forces were used recently in Palestine. If rumour is true, the Commanders on the spot did not find them completely satisfactory and asked for horsed cavalry. A correspondent in the press recently asserted that, as he had motored from Dan to Beersheba, it showed that Palestine was suitable for tanks. As, however, it is difficult to employ tanks tactically along a road and it is easy to train a succession of anti-tank weapons down a road, this argument was unconvincing. There are, however, parts of Palestine which are suitable for tank tactics.

Tanks were not used much in Abyssinia even against an unarmed enemy. Against an enemy armed with anti-tank weapons their employment in an independent role would be out of the question owing to the nature of the country. Their use would be confined to supporting other arms in the role of armoured

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machine guns, as we use them on the North-West Frontier, which is quite different to an independent role.

It is difficult to understand why tanks have not done better in Spain. In the early stages at least neither side can have been well trained or equipped and in such a war tanks might have been powerful weapons. We are told, however, that the anti-tank weapons were more efficient than the tanks, with disastrous results for the latter. We must conclude then that it is easier to organize the anti-tank defence than it is to organize the attack by tanks. This surely is ominous. It is true that much of the fighting has been done in towns, but by no means all, and the smaller towns should have been outflanked and surrounded according to the normal tank tactics.

This quick glance at the areas where there has been recent troubles, shows us little, which will convince us, that this world of ours is a fit place for tanks to operate by themselves.

When the British army thinks of fighting in Europe its mind harks back to the open rolling uplands between the Vimy Ridge and the Oise. It forgets the enclosed country of Belgium and the many other parts of Europe where it has fought. Thus fighting in Europe has come to be looked upon as fighting in open country. At home on Salisbury Plain we have a fair replica of such ground with occasional woods taking the place of villages. Here is the happy hunting ground of the independent tanks. All the circumstances are favourable, their usefulness is immense, and they are prepared to take on any role. This would be very satisfactory, if we were to fight on Salisbury Plain or the Somme Uplands, but there is really no particular reason to suppose we ever will.

The Franco-German frontier runs in a quite different type of country. On either side of it the ground is hilly and heavily wooded and these conditions continue to a depth of more than thirty miles to the West and still more to the East. There is, therefore, in this area a vast district which must be called anti-tank country if defended by a minimum of modern weapons. The defence of this district, whether from East or West, will not, however, be undertaken by a minimum of weapons. In the

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channels, along which nature will shepherd the tanks, there will be ranged the anti-tank weapons of a modern army.

We consider England to be a very enclosed country. Belgium, however, is still more enclosed. The hilly, wooded country of the Ardennes runs up to the line of the Sambre. The densely populated industrial areas run into one another to form vast barriers of bricks and mortar. The flat country is drained by deep dykes and the agricultural land is heavily enclosed. Here is difficult ground to fight over for any arm, but no arm will find it so difficult as the tanks will find it.

A well known military writer has lectured us on our slowness to adopt the idea of armoured men. As an idea it is good, but not new. In the past it has been tried and at times adopted with success, but always circumstances have arisen, when the armoured man has found that he was as good as naked. He has then, either discarded his armour, or brought in less armoured men to cover his nakedness. The projectile in the end has always beaten armour.

There is no force that can fulfil the principal of concentration to the same extent as an armoured force. In addition to enormous hitting power partially protected, modern invention has given it speed. Surely the true role of the tank should then be the decisive attack. This is only launched with due consideration and reconnaissance and should go in with breadth and depth and at speed. Before, during and after such an attack the other arms must co-operate and must shield their powerful brother in his nakedness against his own particular enemies.

The attributes which make even the light tank suitable for the decisive attack, makes it an unsuitable weapon with which to arm the bulk of the mobile forces. Reconnaissance requires dispersion and an ability to cross most types of ground. The hostile advanced detachments must be located and rapidly outflanked and overcome. They will be posted in selected anti-tank areas, which will not be difficult as most of the world seems to be of such a character. To advance frontally with tanks against even these weak detachments will be an expensive affair, as support from other arms will be meagre. The ground over which the decisive

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attack is launched is carefully reconnoitred and chosen, but mobile troops cannot select the ground over which they must operate. Without the ability of carrying out a quick reconnaissance and without the ability to make outflanking movements in anti-tank areas, small enemy detachments will hold up light tank cavalry more easily than they can hold up horsed cavalry.

A Continental military writer stated recently that in every tactical exercise blocking forces were employed to stop armoured fighting vehicles moving round a flank. These forces were invariably mechanized. He advocated that a definite composition for such forces should be laid down on the basis of each unit covering twenty miles of front. If there are many such mechanized units opposed to a tank force, the policy of always going round the flank will be a slow one. After many efforts to find the flank, each resulting in casualties, such a force will be apt to find itself still far from its objective. If the country channelises the tank advance, the task of the blocking units will not be a hard one against mechanized cavalry. This seems to have been realized in foreign armies and anti-tank blocking tactics are practised more than in our own army.

In order to redress the "debtor balance" against the light tank units, un-armoured carriers containing a section each have been introduced. These sections will be useful for mopping-up purposes and for protection at rest. They cannot assist the light tank units in reconnaissance, except on their feet, which will be too slow. When tanks are held up in a channel in anti-tank country, the carrier sections will be slow to find and work round the flanks of the tank block and the enemy will have time to make counter moves, or to retire and take up another position. The carrier sections cannot disperse and move quickly over bullet-swept ground. To use their speed the ground must be suitable and they must concentrate on their vehicles. Their usefulness is limited by the fact that they lose their mobility too far from the enemy and that dispersion can only be carried out on their feet.

The embussed infantry battalion is another attempt to enable tank units to perform their duties as mobile troops. The bus

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column will have excellent mobility on the roads, off which, however, it cannot move. The same limitations will arise as with the carrier sections, except that co-operation with the tanks will be slower but stronger. When strong opposition is met in anti-tank country the embussed infantry will greatly increase the attacking power of the mobile troops. Can we be so unorthodox as to suggest that on such occasions the infantry will restore momentum to the tank attack?

The utility of the bus column would be enhanced if a satisfactory reconnaissance of the enemy positions and the lines of approach were made by mobile troops. This would be impossible by a tank unit in unsuitable country, which is where the assistance of the infantry will be required for forward movement. With a poor reconnaissance unit in front of it, such a column may find itself in some difficult situations. We will not discuss its vulnerability from the air. For defensive purposes the infantry would be invaluable and it would be for holding ground and outpost work that it would be mostly used.

In the tasks which mobile troops have to perform it is the quick locating and outflanking of minor opposition which brings success. A weak attack put in quickly from an unexpected direction will be more telling than a stronger attack put in later. If tank units are going to rely on embussed infantry or carrier sections to assist them in the advance it will only require minor enemy forces, helped by ground, to slow down the pace to a prohibitive degree.

There is one solution to the composition of the modern cavalry brigade which has been cast aside without a trial. This may be called the "oil and oats" brigade.

Horsed cavalry is still without a rival for reconnaissance. It remains mobile in more different types of country than any of the other mobile troops. It fights dismounted with 75 per cent. of its strength and on occasions it can live on the country. It is the only arm which can disperse and remain mobile. These are definite advantages which must be considered in relation to the limitations of the tank. Horsed cavalry has, however, always

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lacked hitting power. With the introduction of a tank regiment into the cavalry brigade this defect would be rectified.

It was unfortunate that in the early days of the Armoured Force at Tidworth the cavalry and the Tank Corps became rivals. Owing to the inability of the Germans to produce an anti-tank weapon in the last war, the Tank Corps felt justified in claiming to be able to perform all roles in the next war. The cavalry disbelieved this, but as the anti-tank weapons in our own army were always coming, but at that period never came, they could not prove their contention. The result was the destruction of horsed cavalry in peace and may result in the destruction of the light tank cavalry in war. If co-operation had existed it would soon have been realized that the two arms were complementary. The mobile dispersion of one would have made the concentrated power of the other all the more potent. The hitting power of the tanks would have given the cavalry what they lacked. This, however, was not to be and the tank corps went off on their imaginary cruises through Europe and the cavalry followed reluctantly in their wake.

In the "oil and oats" brigade the horsed cavalry would normally cover the advance. It would be their duty to carry out the necessary close reconnaissance and to overcome minor enemy resistance. When they were held up the tanks would be brought up to attack the hostile positions. These would have been previously reconnoitred by the horsed cavalry, who would have also found the best line of approach. The cavalry would co-operate in the attack for mopping-up purposes and for holding the positions when captured. Mechanized R.H.A. would of course cover this attack.

Under these conditions the tank attack would go in under the most favourable circumstances. The strength of the tanks would not have been frittered away on duties for which they were not suited, but would have been reserved for their true role, the decisive attack over reconnoitred ground.

If enemy were located in anti-tank country, the cavalry would start the normal outflanking movements. Quick reconnaissance and fire from an unexpected direction would often solve the

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problem. If the resistance was stubborn, the tanks would follow the cavalry through the difficult country in the hope of finding more suitable ground further on. With a protective screen in front tanks could pick their way through areas through which they would not attempt to advance against a possible enemy.

Thus the amount of anti-tank country would be reduced. The presence of horsed cavalry will in fact widen the channels into which nature would force a purely tank unit. In this way the task of a hostile blocking unit would be made more difficult. Its blocks would be in the channels through the difficult country, but these blocks would be outflanked, first by cavalry and then by tanks picking their way in safety over bad ground through which the cavalry had already passed.

There would be occasions when the tanks might be used as forward troops. If the country was open and the time factor was urgent, this would be a method of increasing the pace of the brigade. It would have to be recognized, however, that each gaining of contact would mean the loss of tanks, which might be used to greater value later.

The composition of an "oil and oats" brigade can best be decided by trial, but it is suggested that its fighting troops should consist of two horsed cavalry regiments, one light tank regiment and two batteries of R.H.A. (mechanized). The cavalry regiments must certainly have anti-tank rifles on the scale of one per troop and anti-tank guns must also be supplied. It is suggested that these guns should be mechanized and should form a third battery under the R.H.A. commander, but that sections of four guns should be freely allotted to forward regiments. It would probably be necessary for the battery to consist of three sections of four guns each.

The totally mechanized divisional cavalry units will suffer from the same limitations as the mechanized cavalry brigades. In tactical exercises a mobile force is frequently collected together for one purpose or another and there is always a difficulty as to who will command such a force. If divisional cavalry were done away with and corps cavalry under a brigadier substituted, this difficulty would not arise. The corps cavalry

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would be normally allotted to the leading division in an advance. The composition of this corps cavalry brigade would be the same as the cavalry brigade. In both cases they might often be reinforced by the attachment of a machine gun battalion or an embussed rifle battalion.

It is not suggested that the above organization of a cavalry brigade has no drawbacks, but we maintain that at the moment it is the best fighting unit to carry out the duties assigned to mobile troops. It will be a difficult unit for which to write orders. It will test the skill of the staff officer and turn the hair of the Staff College student prematurely grey. It will be difficult to handle before contact with the enemy is gained, but from that moment onwards it will be a good flexible fighting force which can do its job. This surely is the main test of a military formation.

There are some criticisms of the "oil and oats" brigade which will immediately arise. Much tactical training is now based on the idea of long and rapid mechanized approach marches. If they are to take place up to seventy or eighty miles a day, a horsed unit cannot operate with them. Are they really going to become a fact in modern war and where are they going to take place? Europe has not increased in size. In fact several small countries are determined to keep out of the next war, thus diminishing the size of the possible theatre of operations. Armies, however, are bigger than they have ever been. The use of mechanized columns may be possible, but they will not advance many miles without opposition. The picture of these columns bowling along the tar-mac roads in advances of eighty miles a day is surely a case of the wish being father to the thought. The operation would normally have to be done at night and this must pre-suppose absence of any opposition, for it would be asking a lot of any troops to expect them both to gain contact and overcome in the dark an enemy in any sort of prepared position. If the movement is carried out by day it will have to be done by means of bounding one or two lorries at a time from one covered or protected area to another. This method will reduce the daily mileage to something with which horsed cavalry could compete.

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Is it not more likely that these mechanized columns will move up behind a protecting screen? The screen moving forward by day and the bus columns by night. The task of the screen would be protection and the overcoming of any opposition from enemy blocking troops. The "oil and oats" brigades would be the best units for this purpose. They could not advance eighty miles a day, but, if opposition is met, as it surely would be, they are the best formation to deal with the situation. If necessary they could be reinforced with a limited amount of embussed infantry.

If these long advances do occasionally take place the tank regiments must protect them by themselves. Horsed regiments must, however, recognize the fact that they must be prepared to do advances of forty or fifty miles a day in order to carry out their duties and to continue to do these marches for three or four days at a time. This is quite possible if the system of weight-off the horse lorries is further developed. With a tank regiment included in the brigade the handling of these lorries will be easier and those containing essentials can be further forward.

Wire covered by hostile fire has always been the bugbear of horsed cavalry. When an attack has got to be driven home against an enemy protected by even a thin wire entanglement, the tanks will have to perform the task. This, however, is just the role in which they will be used in a mixed brigade. They are the hitting power of the brigade and the horsemen are their servants whose task it is to introduce their masters to the enemy under the most favourable circumstances.

We hear little as to what progress has been made in gas protection for the horse. It may well be that gas and not the tank will render the horse out of date in modern war. It is believed, however, that a horse gas mask has been produced and means of dressing the feet have proved satisfactory. There still remains the problem of sprayed mustard gas on the horses' skins.

This article has looked at the subject from the point of view of minor tactics. The work of mobile troops, however, consists almost exclusively of minor tactics. They are the forerunners preparing the way for heavier bodies coming up behind them.

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Their success or failure will be brought about by the results of comparatively small engagements.

Some day, no doubt, the efficient one man tank will be invented. Only then will it be time to eliminate the horse. Until that time arrives some horsed cavalry should be retained if mobile troops are to carry out the tasks which are now allotted to them.

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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS.

The Peninsular War—Part 2.

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

"*Douro*"—*12th May*, 1809.

The last article in this series* brought the story of Cavalry battle honours down to the end of Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna. The main authority for the history of this war is Oman's monumental work† wherein the account may be read in much greater detail than in these brief articles which deal mainly with the Cavalry aspect. Oman's work is supplemented by the personal narratives, as recorded in their memoirs and journals, of officers who were eye-witnesses of the operations dealt with. In view of the fact that there does not exist any history of British cavalry in the Peninsular War, as many details as possible dealing with this aspect are included in the text or footnotes of these articles.‡

The operations proper recommenced with Sir Arthur Wellesley's return to the Peninsula as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, but before dealing with that it will be necessary, in order to appreciate correctly later events, to touch upon a few developments during the period between Corunna and Wellesleys' arrival.

It will be remembered that Napoleon went to Spain with the dual purpose of driving the British from the Peninsula and of subduing Portugal. Although the first part had been achieved, Moore had frustrated the other and the Emperor had to return to France with his work incomplete. Before leaving Spain, however, he sent to his brother, King Joseph, then at Madrid, a

*See "Cavalry Journal" for April, 1937, pp. 207-230.
† "A History of the Peninsular War," by Charles Oman, Vol. II. See also Fortescue, Vol. VII.
‡ To assist the identification of regiments their modern titles are given in brackets.

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complete detail of the operations to be undertaken by him to accomplish the original plan. Soult, after chasing the British into the sea at Corunna, was to march southward and take Lisbon, a mere trifling affair of about three weeks' duration. This done, Southern Spain, as yet untouched by the French, was to be overrun. To Joseph he wrote: "This is an operation which will make an end of the war: I leave the glory of it to you." This was another of the great man's miscalculations, due to some extent to his poor intelligence service, but mainly to his habit of failing to appreciate at its true estimate the British character and resources, a habit which eventually brought about his downfall.

As soon as Napoleon's back was turned, his Marshals in Spain relaxed some of the energy with which they had recently carried out their duties and this gave Spain a breathing space which was fully exploited. The coffers were replenished, the Army re-armed and re-clothed and factories were set up to maintain future supplies.

In November, 1808, Lord Castlereagh, then Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, had enquired of Sir John Moore the practicability of defending Portugal to which the latter replied that it could not be defended and gave his reasons for that opinion. Four months later Castlereagh put the same question to Sir Arthur Wellesley, then in England, who gave a reply in the affirmative. In view of the fact that it was upon this opinion that Castlereagh acted, it is given here:—

> "I have always been of opinion that Portugal might be defended, whatever might be the result of the contest in Spain, and that in the meantime measures adopted for the defence of Portugal would be highly useful to the Spaniards in their contest with the French. My notion was that the Portuguese military establishment might be revived and that in addition to those troops His Majesty ought to employ about 20,000 British troops, including about 4,000 cavalry. My opinion was that, even if Spain should be conquered, the French would not be able to overrun Portugal with a smaller force than 100,000 men. As long as the contest

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may continue in Spain this force (the 20,000 British troops), if it could be placed in a state of activity, would be highly useful to the Spaniards, and might eventually decide the contest."* (Oman, ii, 287.)

Towards the end of March, 1809, Castlereagh informed Wellesley privately that his opinion had been accepted and that the experiment of a second expedition to Portugal was to be tried and that he would command it, thus superseding Sir John Craddock, already commanding in Portugal. This appointment was notified to him officially in a letter dated 2nd April, 1809. On reconsideration Wellesley increased his estimate of the number of British troops to 30,000.

As regards the Portuguese, an agreement had been made in February, 1809, with the British Government that their troops should be placed under the command of a British officer who would have power to appoint additional British officers to his force. Major-General William Carr Beresford, who had commanded a brigade under Moore during the Corunna retreat, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese army, an appointment which caused much comment, because Beresford was a comparatively junior Major-General at the time. As a general he was not brilliant, but he was a good organizer, a hard worker and knew the Portuguese language well. He went to Portugal towards the end of March and was at once gazetted a Portuguese Field Marshal.

The British troops ordered to embark for Portugal about this time were just over 9,000 all ranks, made up as follows :—†

CAVALRY.

3rd Dragoon Guards	672
1st Royal Dragoons...	672
4th Dragoons (now Hussars)	672
16th Light Dragoons (later Lancers)	672
1st Light Dragoons, King's German Legion ...	606
	3,294

* See Fortescue's comments on this in a footnote on pp. 126 and 127 of Vol VII.
† Fortescue, Vol. VII, p. 129.

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INFANTRY.

2nd Battalion 7th Foot (The Royal Fusiliers) ...	576
2nd Battalion 24th Foot (The South Wales Borderers)	780
2nd Battalion 30th Foot (The East Lancashire Regiment)	630
2nd Battalion 48th Foot (The Northamptonshire Regiment)	717
2nd Battalion 53rd Foot (The King's Shropshire Light Infantry)	699
2nd Battalion 66th Foot (2nd Battalion The Royal Berkshire Regiment)	667
2nd Battalion 83rd Foot (The Royal Ulster Rifles)	850
	4,919

There were already in the Peninsula a number of regiments which Moore had left behind when he advanced to Salamanca as well as others which had come out as reinforcements. These, together with those enumerated above, totalled about 26,000 all ranks.

Wellesley landed at Lisbon on 22nd April, 1809, and besides the British forces just mentioned, he had thirty guns. (Eighteen British and twelve German): Beresford was busy reducing the Portuguese troops to something like law and order, and a depot had already been established at Santarem by Craddock. Altogether he had about 50,000 men of all sorts at hand. As far as the French were concerned, the nearest were Soult at Oporto and Marshal Victor at Llerena, about sixty miles north of Seville, with no effective communication between the two. Soult was also being worried on his left flank by the Portuguese General, Silveira, on the River Tamega in Tras-os-Montes. Wellesley's first problem to be dealt with was whether he would await the attack of either or both of these French forces or assume the offensive himself against them; he decided upon the latter. Dealing with this phase Fortescue (vii, 147) states:—

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"It remained for Wellesley to decide whether to drive Soult from Portugal or to lead his army against Victor, in conjunction with Cuesta, who was now at Llerena, midway between Merida and Seville, nearly ready to take the field with some 25,000 men. Judged from a purely military standpoint, the movement against Victor was preferable, for the defeat of the First Corps would not only relieve Seville and Lisbon, but remove all possibility of Soult's further advance, and indeed tell greatly in all quarters to the disadvantage of the French. But, on the other hand, though the reason was not directly put forward by Wellesley, the organization of his transport and supply service must still have been very imperfect; Cuesta was known to be a difficult colleague; Wellesley's instructions limited him strictly to the defence of Portugal; there was some probability that the British Government would make its principal effort on behalf of Spain from Cadiz; and lastly, since Soult was in possession of the city of Oporto and of the most fertile province of Portugal, there were strong political reasons in favour of expelling him. Within forty-eight hours, therefore, Wellesley decided to advance against Soult, and, having pushed him outside the frontier, to stand on the defensive in that quarter, and to return to the Tagus and deal with Victor. He did not expect Soult to await his coming, but, on the other hand, he did not propose to follow him into Galicia; and here must be noticed Wellesley's penetrating insight into the true conditions of the War."*

In dealing with Wellesley's campaign two points must be borne in mind if his tactics and use of cavalry are to be correctly appreciated. Napoleon had won his victories by the use of columns. "From the first," writes Fortescue (vii, 151) "the revolutionary armies had gained their victories by covering their front with swarms of skirmishers, whose fire shook the ranks of the opposing infantry and made them yield readily to the subsequent assault of dense columns with the bayonet. Napoleon applied the principle for the express purpose of bewildering the

* See also Oman, Vol. II, pp. 291-2.

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commander opposed to him. He would worry the enemy's line from end to end with artillery and skirmishers until a weak point discovered itself, and then launch his bayonets upon that point. This system served very well against generals who allowed themselves to be flustered, but it had the great defect of assigning too important a part to shock action to the neglect of missile action."

On the other hand Wellesley opposed skirmishers to skirmishers in order to keep his infantry line intact and then to meet the columns of bayonets with musketry. In a footnote Fortescue states: "Mr. Oman was the first to discover and to point out this most important feature in Wellington's tactics."

In regard to the mounted arm, it was an old criticism that Wellesley was pre-eminently an infantry general and that when he had won a battle he did not always utilize his success to the full legitimate end. Oman illustrates this by comparing Wellesley's and Napoleon's employment of cavalry, and concludes, "The very distrust which Wellington expressed for the capacities of British cavalry, who after all were admirable troops when well handled, is but an illustration of the fact that he was no true lover of the mounted arms." (ii, 302).

Having settled upon attacking Soult and containing Victor, Wellesley had to decide upon the division of his force for these operations. For the containing force he appointed the following, under the command of Major-General Mackenzie:—

	Strength.
3rd Dragoon Guards	698
4th Dragoons (now Hussars)	716
3rd Battalion 27th Foot (now the 1st Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers)	726
2nd Battalion 31st Foot (now 1st Battalion The East Surrey Regiment)	765
1st Battalion 45th Foot (now 1st Battalion The Sherwood Foresters)	671
2nd Battalion 24th Foot (now The South Wales Borderers)	750
One Battery (Capt. Bayne's) Field Artillery ...	120
Total	4,446

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Mackenzie was ordered to hold the line of the Tagus at Abrantes if Victor advanced on the south of that river, and the line of the Zezere if he advanced on the north. On arrival at Abrantes he was to be reinforced by some of Beresford's reorganized Portuguese regiments,* viz :—

	Strength.
CAVALRY—	
5 Squadrons of the 4th and 7th Regiments ...	700
INFANTRY—2nd Brigade—	
1 battalion 1st Foot	
1 battalion 3rd Foot	
2 battalions 4th Foot	
2 battalions 5th Foot	6,000
1 battalion 15th Foot	
1 battalion each of 1st, 4th and 5th Cazadores...	
ARTILLERY—	
3 Field Batteries	400
About	7,100

The Tagus was in flood at this time and Cuesta was in front of Victor, circumstances which made it difficult for the French Commander to make a raid along the Tagus.

For the attack on Soult the following was the order of battle :—†

CAVALRY BRIGADE—under Major-General Cotton.

	Strength.
‡14th Light Dragoons (later Hussars)	490
16th Light Dragoons (later Lancers)	710
20th Light Dragoons (2 squadrons)	243
3rd Hussars K.G.L. (1 troop)	60
	1,503

* See Oman, Vol. II, p. 317.
† Fortescue, Vol. VII, p. 149.
‡ One squadron with Beresford.

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INFANTRY.

Guards Brigade—Brigadier F. Campbell.
1st Battalion Coldstream Guards.
1st Battalion Scots Guards.
1 Company 5th Battalion 60th Foot (K.R.R.C.).

1st Brigade—Major-General Hill.
1st Battalion 3rd Foot (The Buffs).
2nd Battalion 66th Foot (2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment).
2nd Battalion 48th Foot (1st Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment).
1 Company 5th Battalion 60th Foot (K.R.R.C.).

3rd Brigade—Major-General Tilson.
2nd Battalion 86th Foot (1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers).
1st Battalion 88th Foot (1st Battalion Connaught Rangers).
5 Companys 5th Battalion 60th Foot (K.R.R.C.).

4th Brigade—Brigadier-General Sontag.
97th Foot (Disbanded).
2nd Battalion Detachments.*
1 Company 5th Battalion 60th Foot (K.R.R.C.).
2/16th Portuguese Regiment.

5th Brigade—Brigadier-General A. Campbell.
2nd Battalion 7th Foot (The Royal Fusiliers).
2nd Battalion 53rd Foot (1st Battalion K.S.L.I.).
1 Company 5th Battalion 60th Foot (K.R.R.C.).
1/10th Portuguese Regiment.

6th Brigade—Brigadier-General R. Stewart.
29th Foot (1st Worcestershire Regiment).
1st Battalion Detachments.
1/16 Portuguese Regiment.

7th Brigade—Brigadier-General Cameron.
2nd Battalion 9th Foot (Royal Norfolk Regiment).
2nd Battalion 83rd Foot (Royal Ulster Rifles).
1 Company 5th Battalion 60th Foot (K.R.R.C.).
2/10th Portuguese Regiment.

* Composed of men left in the Peninsula after Moore's retreat to Corunna

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King's German Legion—Major-General Murray.
von Langwerth's Brigade.
1st Line Battalion
2nd Line Battalion
von Low's Brigade.
5th Line Battalion
7th Line Battalion

ARTILLERY.

British—Lawson's battery—light 3-pounders.
Lanes' battery—light 6-pounders.
German—Rettberg's battery—light 6-pounders.
Heise's battery—long 6-pounders.

In connection with this Order of Battle Fortescue calls attention to the distribution of the riflemen and light troops, each brigade being furnished with a proportion. "This novel distribution of riflemen," he writes, "formed part of Wellesley's tactics for meeting those of the French."*

Wellesley's plan, as finally worked out in detail, was to push forward his main body upon Oporto with all possible speed, while sending a flanking column under Beresford to cross the Douro near Lamego, join Silveira, and intercept Soult's line of retreat upon the plains of Leon by way of the Tras-os-Montes. If he could move fast enough, he hoped to catch the Marshal with his army still unconcentrated. His design, as he wrote to Castlereagh, was "to beat or cripple Soult," to thrust him back into Galicia; he doubted whether it would be possible to accomplish more with the force that was at his disposal, but if any chance should occur for destroying or surrounding the enemy he would do his best. (Oman). He had already ordered his force to concentrate at Coimbra, and a few days later arrived there himself.

On the 3rd May Wellesley received the unwelcome news that Silveira had been beaten by the French, and was compelled to retreat south of the Douro. Thus Soult had removed the threat to his left flank and Wellesley had to alter his original plan, and ordered Beresford to act according to circumstances but if

* See Fortescue, Vol VII, pp. 149-151.

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possible to do all he could to compel Soult to withdraw northwards.

Beresford's flanking column comprised the following :—

3rd Brigade under Tilson.
1 squadron (the 4th) 14th Light Dragoons.
3 squadrons Portuguese Cavalry.
5 battalions Portuguese Infantry.
2 battalions Portuguese Field Artillery.

On the way he was ordered to pick up Sir Robert Wilson's small force of Portuguese at Vizeu. Beresford was to make his way towards Lamego and join forces with Silveira: his further movements would be dictated by circumstances towards the attainment of the object Wellesley had set him. He joined Silveira on 10th May. Wellesley's parting advice to Beresford was, " Remember that you are a Commander-in-Chief, and must not be beaten; therefore do not undertake anything with your troops unless you have some strong hope of success."

At this point a certain character that flitted across the stage might be dealt with, viz. : the conspirator Argenton. He was a Captain in the French army and had been aide-de-camp to General of Division Lefevre. Wellesley first met him in Lisbon where Argenton told him that there was great discontent among French officers, of both high and low degree, with Soult who, he said, proposed to make himself King of Portugal, on account of which they proposed to seize him and lead his army back to France. Argenton proposed, in order to further this plot, that Wellesley should direct the Portuguese to fall in with Soult's idea of assuming royal power and at the same time that he should attack the Marshal. Wellesley paid no attention to this and Argenton returned to the French camp at Oporto. On the night of the 6th May he again met Wellesley, between Coimbra and Aveiro, and urged instant action on the lines he had previously suggested, but obtained no satisfaction. These visits were arranged in such a manner that the conspirator should see as little as possible of the dispositions of Wellesley's force. The British took Oporto on 12th May, and the next day Argenton turned up again and told Wellesley that he had been arrested on inform-

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ation supplied by Lefevre, who had disclosed to Soult the plot against him, but that he had escaped that morning. What Argenton did not tell Wellesley was that he had warned Soult of the coming attack upon him, which robbed the British Commander-in-Chief of the power of surprise. Soult acted with promptitude, concentrated his scattered force and made arrangements for retreat. Argenton went to England and some months later he secretly visited France where the traitor was recognized, captured and shot.*

Two roads lead north from Coimbra to Oporto—one via Albergaria, and another to the west of this via Averio and Ovar. Wellesley disposed his force upon them thus :—

The one via Albergaria—

Cavalry Brigade under Cotton.
6th Infantry Brigade under Stewart.
K.G.L. Infantry under Murray.
Guards Brigade under F. Campbell.
4th Infantry Brigade under Sontag.
5th Infantry Brigade under A. Campbell.

The Aveiro-Ovar Road—

1st Infantry Brigade under Hill.
7th Infantry Brigade under Cameron.

The idea was that Cotton should move off before dawn on 10th May and try to surprise Franceschi's advanced posts at Albergaria Nova, supported by Stewart's and Murray's brigades. Meanwhile Hill's brigade was to embark at Aveiro† early on the 9th and time its movements so as to land at Ovar (8-10 miles in the right rear of Franceschi's posts) on the morning of the 10th, taking care not to be seen until Cotton had reached the French outposts. Hill and Cotton were then to attack Franceschi in front and on his right flank, join forces on the main road in his rear and, by pressing hard on his heels into Oporto, attempt to seize the bridge there before it could be destroyed.

On the night of the 9th the British Advanced Guard reached the Vouga : after only a few hours repose the cavalry mounted

* Argenton's story is dealt with in detail in Appendix VI, to Oman's Vol. II.

† Between Aveiro and Ovar is a great lagoon at the mouth of the Vouga : by taking boats and keeping to the seaward side the force would be out of sight of the French.

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again at 1 a.m. and pushed forward in order to fall upon the enemy at daybreak. The night march had turned out a failure, as such enterprises often do in an unexplored countryside seamed with rocks and ravines. (Oman). But here is the account of a cavalryman who took part in the operation—Tomkinson of the 16th Light Dragoons.* "We moved about eleven at night, and immediately on passing the Vouga the road ascends through a narrow pass, only admitting one horse at a time. The men, from the constant halts and delay, fell asleep; and what is but too common, lost the man before them, and so the road. On thinking the halt rather long, I got up to the dragoon asleep, and finding we had missed our way, I rode on, attempting to make it out; and on perceiving a Portuguese vidette standing near the road with a peasant boy near him, I made the boy, by threats, show me the road, and was by him conducted to the top of the hill, where I found the regiment formed on a heath waiting for the rear, which had been delayed by the circumstance above-mentioned. We then moved forward, marching through the night. The boy was excessively frightened, and could only be made to proceed by my drawing my sword and threatening to kill him if he did not show the road. Every yard he advanced he fancied he was going close up to the French piquet, and on my perceiving the rest of the regiment and releasing him he set off back again in the greatest haste."

Cotton arrived before the French piquets about dawn (10th May) and drove them back. He then came upon the whole of Franceschi's division drawn up in battle array, which he could not venture to attack with only two cavalry regiments so waited until the supporting infantry should arrive. As soon as Franceschi saw the British infantry he withdrew, leaving four squadrons of the 1st Hussars as a rearguard, which were charged by the 16th Light Dragoons. Tomkinson took part in this affair and writes (p. 5)—"We then moved to our left, and by going round the wood, advanced with it on our right. Here we found four squadrons of French light cavalry formed, for the purpose of covering the retreat of their main body. . . . There were two

* "Diary of a Cavalry Officer," by Lt.-Col. W. Tomkinson. See p. 4.

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squadrons in advance (of the enemy's), with the other two in support. The 16th passed a small ravine, and on forming moved to the brow of a small hill, from the top of which, about two hundred yards distant, on an easy declivity, the two squadrons were formed. The squadron I belonged to, and another of the 16th, were the two in advance. These were the two which charged. The instant we saw the enemy from the top of the hill, the word was given. The men set up an huzzah, advanced to the charge. The enemy fired a volley at us when about fifty yards from them, and then went about, setting off as hard as they could ride, we pursuing, cutting at them, and making all the prisoners in our power. Their other two squadrons in support went about, and the whole retired in no small confusion. The affair was more like a skirmish at a field day than an affair with an enemy. From the enemy being in such haste with their fire, all the shots went over our heads, and no accident appeared to us to happen to anyone. The enemy retired with their four squadrons over a ravine the banks of which were very steep, and a couple of guns were brought up to fire a few shots, but without any execution, as they ascended the opposite bank by a winding road in single file. Thus ended our day's affair."

As regards the column on the left: Hill reached Ovar at the appointed hour but instead of seeing the French troops being harried in disorder across his line, he saw nothing, they having defied Cotton, as we have just seen, until the infantry arrived. Hill learned that three battalions of the 31st Leger of Mermet's division were at Feira, not more than six miles away, and this made him hold his ground until Cameron's brigade could join him. These three battalions advanced against Hill and although nothing serious took place, the demonstration served to allow Franceschi's troops to escape from the trap Wellesley had laid for them, and they retired, with little loss, to Grijo, to the shelter of Mermet's division.

The French stood at bay again at Grijo where Wellesley attacked them on 11th May, the cavalry under Cotton being with the troops opposing the centre. When Mermet learned that Wellesley intended to turn both his flanks, he withdrew his

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force, leaving the three above-mentioned battalions of the 31st Leger to cover the withdrawal. These battalions were badly handled and two squadrons (one of the 16th (Swettenham's), and another of the 20th Light Dragoons) were sent to attack them. Tomkinson belonged to Swettenham's squadron and here is his account of the affair.* "The two squadrons, on entering the wood, were obliged to proceed in file; and we had not gone half the distance through it, before we were met and turned back by Dashwood of the Adjutant-General's Department, saying that the enemy were so posted as to render it impossible to act. We were retiring, when someone in our rear ordered us to go about and proceed in advance. Dashwood again ordered us to retire, repeating what he before said. We, however, advanced to the edge of the wood, where the road became so narrow that the troops got into single file. The 16th were in front, and Captain Cocks' troop (Cocks was not with it, being on Cotton's staff) being on the right of the squadron, was the one in advance. The road was very deep, and as we stood in it the enemy kept firing in the direction of where we stood, causing the leaves of an oak tree to fall on us in great numbers. The person who had given the orders from the rear was Captain Mellish, who had come from the rear with orders from the Hon. General Stewart (Adjutant-General) for us to advance. Captain Mellish, without seeing the position of the enemy, called out that it was the positive order of General Stewart for us to advance, and Dashwood stood at the head of the lane saying it was impossible. Here we stood in the lane, and I rode away from my own troop in the rear of our squadron to see what was going on, Dashwood still standing at the head of the lane forbidding our advance.

In this position we remained; and Captain Mellish, on coming past the dragoons in getting to the front, was heard to say, without seeing the position of the enemy (I heard him myself), that if no one would head us that he would himself (Dashwood was not in the attack). Dashwood and myself were the only two officers in front at the head of the lane. On hearing this, we could not avoid advancing; and in single file, along a

* See his journal, p. 7.

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narrow, bad lane did we proceed to attack these 3,000 infantry so posted. Captain Mellish did not head us, nor did he leave the wood with the advance. We galloped about 100 yards down the road, and then turned into the enclosures to the right, through a gateway in a stone wall, sufficiently wide for one horse. I was nearly off, my horse turned so suddenly. On getting into the enclosure we rode at a gallop up to the enemy who, strange to state, ran away. They were scattered all over the field, and I was in the act of firing my pistol at the head of a French infantryman, when my arm dropped without any power on my part to raise it." Tomkinson was, in fact, wounded in three places by musket balls during this affair. The charge, if somewhat reckless, proved successful for the French rearguard retired. The French main body continued to fall back all day and during the night crossed the river and entered Oporto. This done, Soult blew up the bridge.

The Passage of the Douro—12th May, 1809.

Having blown up the only bridge across the river for many miles and removed all the boats to the northern bank, Soult settled down to a couple of days comfortable rest, estimating that Wellesley would take that time to bring up the fishing smacks from Ovar which Hill and Cameron had previously used. Of course, he reckoned without his far-seeing and energetic opponent. Moreover, he considered that the British would pass over the water somewhere between the town and the mouth of the river, and he had that area watched with vigilance but the other side was neglected. With their customary lack of respect for Wellesley as a general, no French Commander even dreamt of the possibility that he would deliver an attack against them in broad daylight across the, presumably, impassable barrier of the Douro.

At 2 a.m. on the 12th May the British camp was roused by a loud explosion: it was the blowing up of the bridge by the French. Wellesley got the troops under arms soon afterwards and advanced towards the river under cover of Villa Nova, a suburb of Oporto on the south side of the river, and the orchards

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and vineyards along its bank. Standing on a dominating height to the east of Villa Nova is the Convent of Serra, and mounting this Wellesley obtained a fine view of the town and the French dispositions. He saw Mermet's division move off towards Amarante, escorting the sick and the reserve artillery park: he saw French piquets near the broken ridge; but up stream to his right he saw no enemy. Right opposite on the northern bank was the bishop's Seminary, a large isolated building in an unfinished state, surrounded by a high wall. Intelligence officers were searching the southern bank for boats that had been overlooked by the enemy. Colonel Waters, one of the best scouts in the army, found a barber who had crossed over in a skiff from the northern bank that morning. He pointed out four unguarded barges on the northern shore and, collecting a few peasants, Waters crossed over and brought them to the southern shore without mishap. He ascertained that the Seminary was unoccupied by the French, and on this being reported to Wellesley he said, "Well, let the men cross." To cover the crossing three batteries were brought up to Convent Hill and General Murray was detached with two squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons, two guns and a portion of the German Legion to the ferry at Avintes to the east of the town, which had been damaged but not beyond repair.

The honour of being the first troops to cross the Douro fell to a company of The Buffs. To and fro the barges went and and although this was done in broad daylight it was not until they were taking over their third load that they were observed by the French, which gives some idea of the slackness with which the duty of observation was carried out by them. The Seminary was seized and strengthened against the attack which was bound to come. The barges kept on crossing and recrossing, each time augmenting the garrison in the Seminary. The Buffs were followed by the 48th and 66th, all of Hill's Brigade. French guns were rushed to the water's edge to dislodge them. but the three batteries on Convent Hill practically annihilated these. Soult launched two infantry attacks but both failed. He then ordered up to the attack the brigade guarding

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the quays, and as soon as their backs were turned the inhabitants hurried down, seized the boats and took them to the southern shore for the use of Wellesley. Full use was made of them immediately, and soon the French were taken in the rear by those that crossed in them. On perceiving this Soult gave the order for a general retreat and within a short time a confused, disordered mass of French soldiery was streaming along the road to Vallongo and Baltar, right across the front of Murray, who had crossed the ferry, and had advanced to a position which commanded this road. "But," says Fortescue of Murray, "the unhappy man, as useless and inefficient in Portugal as in India, simply stood and looked at them." When the last Frenchmen had passed, General Charles Stewart, Wellesley's Adjutant-General, came dashing up, took a squadron of the 14th Light Dragoons "with the gallant Colonel Hervey of the 14th,"* and chased the retreating Frenchmen. Galloping in column of threes they soon caught up the enemy. "Warned by the dust and clatter the French commander had faced his rearguard about in close order with bayonets fixed, and lined the walls for some distance on each side with sharp-shooters. Under the immediate command of Generals Foy and Delaborde the troops on the road stood firm until the horses were nearly upon them, when they broke and fled, and the Dragoons, plunging into their midst, engaged them furiously with sword and bayonet. Delaborde was unhorsed, and for a moment a prisoner; Foy received a sabre cut in the shoulder. But the 14th had suffered heavily from the sharp-shooters; three out of four officers had been wounded; and out of 52 men in the leading troop, ten had been killed and eleven severely hurt. Hence it was only with difficulty that they could cut off and secure about 300 prisoners." (Fortescue). Colonel Hervey lost his arm.

The honour "Douro" was granted to the 14th Light Dragoons and the three infantry regiments of Hill's brigade, as follows:—

14th L.D. (later Hussars) now forms part of the 14/20th Hussars—Horse Guards letter dated 22nd July, 1837.

* "Narrative of Peninsular War," by Marquess of Londonderry (formerly General G. Stewart).

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The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment)—Royal Authority dated 10th September, 1813.

48th (now 1st Battalion, The Northamptonshire Regiment)—London Gazette dated 2nd June, 1837.

66th (now 2nd Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment)—London Gazette dated 23rd August, 1823.

No medals or clasps were issued to commemorate this action.

With the loss of Oporto Soult's troubles were far from over. Whilst making off north-eastwards Beresford barred his passage. Behind him was Wellesley, now superior in numbers. From Oporto two roads lead northward to Braga and he knew that Wellesley would use these. Thus hemmed in he took to the mountain passes (due north of Baltar) and, by forced marches, eventually reached Galicia, after a retreat which must have sadly reminded him of his own business of chasing Moore to Corunna. "But," writes Fortescue, "there was a broad difference between the two: the British were rather mutinous from disappointment of their wish for a fight than demoralized by failure. Soult's troops were disheartened and even cowed. Both armies degenerated in great measure into mobs, but Moore's was at least fighting whereas Soult's was a flying mob." (VII, 170).

During Wellesley's operations to the north of Lisbon Victor had struck from the east and as soon as news of this reached the British Commander-in-Chief he set out for Lisbon.

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THE CAVALRY OF GHENGHIS KHAN AND TIMUR (TAMERLANE).

By THISTLE.

THE campaigns of Ghenghis Khan and Timur are of particular interest to cavalrymen, as the mounted armies of the Mongols and the Tartars were, in cavalry tactics, far in advance of anything in contemporary Europe. It is doubtful however whether sufficient accurate data for a full history of these wars could ever be accumulated.

To most Europeans the names of Ghenghis Khan and Timur are those of robber chieftains who devastated great tracts of Asia and North Eastern Europe; but if both had not of their own accord checked their Western advances, it is difficult to see what could have prevented either of them from subjecting Central and Western Europe also to the terrors of an Asiatic Conquest.

Both Ghenghis Khan and Timur really rank with Alexander and Napoleon as Great Captains. As conquerors, generals and leaders of cavalry they are equalled by few. Neither Alexander nor Cæsar have had their characters depicted by those they conquered, or we might hear more of their grim deeds. Ghenghis Khan and Timur are mainly known to history from accounts of their enemies. Neither of them from an Eastern standard seems to have been particularly cruel to their own subjects. They do not appear to have indulged in unnecessary barbarity, or to have put to death either their own relatives or their ministers—according to normal practice in ancient autocracies. All conquerors are cruel. If monarchs were not indifferent to sufferings, they would not attempt conquests. Ghenghis Khan and Timur appear to have governed their own dominions efficiently

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according to Asiatic ideas. An Eastern autocrat, to protect his people from corrupt officials, must at times punish without mercy. In dealing with sedition and rebellion he must be ruthless.

Temuchin (afterwards known as Ghenghis Khan) was born in 1162 A.D., and in 1175 A.D. succeeded his father in the nominal overlordship of a number of Mongol tribes of the Gobi desert, although many of his subjects disregarded the new boy chief. He gradually recovered his hereditary authority and extended it, so that by the time he was fifty years old his rule embraced the whole of the Mongolian plains. He then assumed the name and title of Ghenghis Khan, and determined to still further extend his authority. First conquering Northern China, he turned to the West, and at his death in 1227 his empire extended from the Pacific to the Persian Gulf. He stopped the advance of his armies in the West in the middle of their victorious career; if he had not done this, his dominions might have extended from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

As it was Ghenghis Khan conquered an Empire larger than those of either Alexander or Napoleon; he was the most powerful monarch of his time. Conquests were continued by his son Ogotai and at the time of the death of the latter in 1241, the Mongol dominions embraced both Russia and Hungary. The empire reached the greatest extent and glory in the reign of Ghenghis Khan's grandson Kubilai Khan (1259—1294).

Timur born in 1325, (known to history as "Timur-i-lung" or Timur the Lame, corrupted into Tamerlane), from even smaller beginnings founded an empire which would have been even more extensive than that of Ghenghis had he lived long enough to have carried out his projected conquest of China.

After years of vicissitudes and misfortune, he finally set up a small principality at Samarkand. From this humble beginning, he subdued in turn the rival states of Kabul, Balkh, Herat; and then chased the Mongols of the lands lying North-West of his dominions, into the desert. Turning farther afield, he subdued Northern India and Persia and then defeated the great Golden Horde,—the last remains of the Mongol dominions in Europe.

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The Khalif of Baghdad, the Sultan of Egypt and Bayard Sultan of the Othmani Turks, attempted to combine against him, but the Khalif and the Sultan of Egypt were easily destroyed before the alliance could become effective. The Turks were then attacked; Bayazid was taken a prisoner, and for the time being, the Turkish power was destroyed.

Timur died on the march to China aged seventy years with his dominions intact and his army undefeated. The quarrels of his heirs caused his Empire to fall apart. About one hundred and twenty-five years after Timur's death, his great-great-great-grandson Baber (who by the female line was also a descendant in the fifteenth generation of Ghenghis Khan), founded in India the great dynasty of Mongol Sovereigns. Their fame and glory is still kept alive by those wonderful tombs and palaces to which the world still flocks to see.

The inherent genius of Ghenghis and Timur exploited to fullest extent the warlike qualities of their subjects, and those qualities were one fundamental cause of their success. While the Tartars and Mongols were different tribes, their characteristics were almost indentical; and it was these characteristics that made them almost invincible in battle. They were accustomed to perpetual inter-tribal fighting; this was a pastime as well as a necessity. To them human life, whether their own or that of others, was of little value; their mode of life was so hard that death had no terrors for them.

Another fundamental cause of the continuous success which followed their standards, was their mobility. Brought up in deserts (under conditions where only the most hardy of the race could survive), accustomed from boyhood to supporting existence on very little food, habituated to cover daily great distances on horseback, they were able to undergo for long periods hardships which would have destroyed the armies of any civilized race. The Mongol and Tartar armies were almost identically similar to those of the Parthians, which had destroyed the Romans under Crassus at Carrae in 55 B.C.

Their horses were of quite a different stamp to the chargers of the European cavalry; of course as their conquests proceeded,

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the tribesmen obtained supplies of better bred horses, but animals capable of much hard work on little food, were a necessity for their mobility. Growing up in a country where horses and other animals represented the main source of wealth, animal management was inherent in them. They understood how to look after horses and how to get the most out of them. Besides, the Mongol soldier on campaign was not (as is the normal case in regular armies) limited to one horse; he usually had two or more. None of the fighters marched on foot.

Apart from mobility, endurance, and disregard of death, the struggle for existence both individual and tribal had taught them practically the principles and practice of reconnaissance. During the period of their great victories in Europe, while their generals had always full knowledge of what their enemies were doing, the location of the Mongol armies remained a mystery to the European chivalry. This was partly due to the speed at which the Mongol armies moved,—(during the invasion of Hungary, Sabutai with his force covered two hundred and ninety miles in three days),—but the clouds of Protective horsemen covering their movements was an important factor in preventing these from becoming known. It is a mistake to look on the Mongols and Tartars as merely hordes of robbers and raiders. No doubt they did rob and raid, for their object in leaving their desert homes was the acquisition of wealth; but in military organization and in tactics, they attained a standard far superior to those of the feudal levies of the West. Discipline may have been lacking in many of those respects which we now consider important, but there is no doubt that iron discipline of a sort existed, and that the tribesmen paid implicit obedience to their rulers and to his officers.

Each of Ghenghis Khan's campaigns was carefully planned, and the details settled in advance. His intelligence service was of a high order, and information about the enemy was carefully collected prior to commencing operations. His armies did not move in a single mass. Like Napoleon he dispersed to feed and concentrated to fight.

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In latter years he did not take the field himself; but remained at his capital and directed the strategy of the campaign. His generals Sabutai, Muhuli and Chepi Nayon, together with his sons commanded the field armies. These commanders all appear to have been men of exceptional ability: the barren deserts of Siberia suddenly produced leaders who proved masters of war. They defeated and destroyed the mail-clad knights of Hungary (at the Mohi plain on the banks of the Sajo river) and the chivalry of Poland (at Szydlow), and the German Army (combined with the Templars and Hospitaliers) at Leignitz: they reduced the Russian Grand princes to the position of vassals.

The Mongol armies were organized in units approximately the equivalent of modern troops, squadrons, regiments, and divisions: these contained a mixture of light and heavy cavalry. The armies were accompanied by portable missile-throwing machines (caried on pack animals), which took the place of artillery. It seems probable that the technical personnel of the military machines which accompanied the Mongol armies in the invasion of Europe, was recruited from the Chinese subjects of the great Khan. The Chinese are credited with being the inventors of gunpowder and other similar compounds, but although the Mongols seem to have carried with their armies some fire producing explosive it is extremely doubtful as to whether they understood the use of gunpowder in connection with the projection of missile from cannon.

The Chinese well understood the theories of war, the systems of the manœuvre of cavalry, and the management of military machines. The Mongols turned theory into practice.

A portion of the tribesmen was equipped with protective armour; originally this was made of lacquered leather, but as their conquests proceeded their arms and armour improved in quality. They all appear to have carried bows (usually two, a long and a short one). Ghenghis "Ordnance Department" was well organized. After the conclusion of a campaign his armies returned their armour and arms to store. Ghenghis, in all probability, did not desire that they should be exposed to the temptation of using these for rebellion.

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The mobility and endurance of the Mongols and Tartars should not be allowed to obscure their tactical skill. At the beginning of an action light cavalry operated in front; its tactics were to harrass and disorganize the enemy with missiles, but to avoid shock. When sufficient disorder had resulted, or should hand-to-hand fighting become imminent, the light cavalry fell to the rear and were replaced by heavily armed troopers who had remained in reserve. A mobile force was usually specially detailed to carry out a surprise flank attack, in co-operation with the heavily armed horsemen who employed shock. These, in substance, are the universal principles of cavalry tactics.

Should success not attend the first attack, a feigned flight followed; this normally caused in the opposing army, that disorder which comes about when undisciplined soldiers break their ranks in the excitement of a pursuit. The Mongols trusted to their own mobility and discipline to avoid disaster during such retirements. Such retreats on occasions lasted for considerable periods, even extending for several days; the Mongol commander patiently waited until he considered that the opportunity for counter-attack had arrived; then the army was ordered to stop retreating and counter-attack. These tactics usually led to decisive victory.

Captain Nolan, commenting on the defeat of the Poles by the Mongols, says that the initial success lay with the Europeans, and that the Asiatic left wing was defeated, the Poles following in pursuit. He then quotes the Polish historians who state that "a spell, the effect of enchantment, began to work." Nolan explains that this "spell" merely was the quick rallying of the Mongols, and their sudden and unexpected return to the charge at the time when their enemies had become exhausted through pursuing them. He mentions a second instance of a "spell" in this battle when the Christian reserve was finally defeated. Here the Polish horsemen were wrapped in clouds of dust raised by the retreating Mongols and were deprived of sight and strength! He comments that we understand this "spell" well, and the Mongol also understood it.

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In composition Timur's armies were almost identical with those of Ghenghis. The tactics, organization, discipline, and general arrangements of the Tartar armies differed little from those of the Mongols. Both were mobile mounted levies of Central Asia tribesmen. Perhaps the tribes of Tartars (which formed the core of Timur's power) were not quite as accustomed to great physical hardships as the Mongols of the Gobi Desert; nevertheless the Tartars, after marching the deserts for months, proved themselves the better soldiers, by defeating the Golden Horde in its home on the Steppes.

While Timur's success, like that of the Mongol leaders, was partly due to the mobility of his army, there can be no doubt that he was a military genius of no mean order. His military policy was different to that of Ghenghis Khan. Ghenghis Khan moved his army in widely dispersed corps; Timur delegated little authority, either in political or military matters. Apart from his sons and grandsons he does not seem to have relied greatly on anyone but himself. Perhaps circumstances prevented his doing otherwise.

Timur, like Ghenghis, laid his plans in advance. He also acquired in advance an exact knowledge of the country in which he proposed to operate, with full particulars of its water supply, resources and military power. His intelligence was collected by spies and by reconnoitring bodies composed of special scouts. He also obtained much information from merchants of caravans, and from such learned men as had made a study of geography.

His supply arrangements may have been perhaps primitive, but they certainly were efficient; he led vast armies of mounted men over tracts where any European army would have starved. He defeated the Mongols in battle and destroyed their empire. This is enough to establish his claim to tactical ability. The results of his various campaigns have had a far-reaching effect. But for him Russia would have in all probability remained a Mongol dependency for centuries. But for him the Turks might have conquered Europe.

The practical difficulties of manœuvring such comparatively small forces of horsemen as modern cavalry divisions are appar-

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ent, even in peace. In war, the difficulties of control in a mobile force increase beyond all measure; and necessitate intensive training of units and leaders. It is somewhat of a mystery as to how the vast numbers of these Asiatic horsemen were harmoniously controlled in the preliminary advance, in deployment for battle, or in movements on the battlefield. Timur seems to have moved and camped on a front equal to that of his battle line. At the beginning of a campaign, his "divisions" and "corps" were allotted their relative posts in the battle array, and they remained in these relative positions throughout the campaign. Such an arrangement went far to meet the problem. An enormous kettle-drum and huge trumpets of brass, were employed by Timur for giving signals. Captain Liddle Hart says the Mongols employed a form of flag signals. It is probable that on the battlefield the reserves were moved by following the banners and standards of leaders; these could be marshalled and moved to indicate the general direction of any proposed movement. The various subordinate commanders then conformed as best they could in the movement indicated by flags. The system of command was perhaps made simple by the open plains of Northern Asia, but Timur did not only operate on open plains and his leaders must have had great practical difficulties to contend with in hilly, mountainous, or wooded country.

Timur seems to have adopted a form of oblique advance in battle similar to that afterwards used by Frederic the Great. His normal procedure was to advance his right wing and to refuse his left. His reserve had a position behind his centre corps: it was therefore so situated that he could conveniently employ it either to exploit success or to retrieve disaster. A formation of this nature had previously been made use of by Alexander, who apparently imitated Epaminomdas. It seems remarkable that a similar solution of the problem of attack should have been spontaneously arrived at on the plain of Asia. Timur is unlikely to have studied the campaigns of Alexander.

Even if Timur had no other great victory to his credit, his defeat of the Golden Horde entitles him to be recognized as a

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great cavalry leader. Both sides were in great force, both were entirely mounted, mobility was common to both. Timur had to march eighteen hundred miles before he brought the Horde to a pitched battle. This confederation of the Mongols—(under the rule of descendants of Ghenghis),—had up to this time maintained its authority over Russia, and a portion of Northern Asia. With its defeat disappeared the last remnant of the Empire founded by Ghenghis. The Grand Princes of Moscow availed themselves of this opportunity to establish their independence. Eventually they became Czars of all Russia.

Timur's defeat of the Golden Horde proved his ability as a cavalry leader, but his destruction of the Turkish army of Sultan Bayazid showed his capacity in a general action. And also it proved that the Central Asia horsemen could defeat an organized force of "All Arms." Bayazid, prior to his defeat by Timur was considered the greatest monarch in the world. In 1396 at Nicrapolis, he had defeated and destroyed the European army which had been organized by the Hungarians to arrest the advance of the Turks into Europe. The Hungarians on this occasion were reinforced by a considerable force of the chivalry of Western Europe. The Turkish army defeated by Timur, while largely composed of trained and disciplined regular infantry, contained also a large force of regular cavalry.

At the time of Timur's advance into Asia Minor the Sultan, preparatory to a systematic conquest of Europe, was engaged on the siege of Constantinople—(where the remains of the Roman Empire was still maintaining a precarious but independent existence). Abandoning this siege, he moved towards his Eastern frontier, and chose ground which he thought would prevent the Tartars from effectively employing mounted action. But Timur avoiding Bayazid's army, turned south, and moved rapidly on Angora. Here he captured the Turkish base camp, and diverted the course of the stream on which the water supply depended. When Bayazid, hurrying westward, arrived, he found his army cut off from both supplies and water.

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The Tartar horsemen drove the Turkish cavalry from the field, and then attacked the Turkish regular infantry. This, left without cavalry support, was defeated and destroyed.

The Empires created by Ghenghis and Timur passed away with the rise of material prosperity amongst the Tribes of the Steppes. With wealth the tribesmen lost the simplicity and hardihood which made them the formidable soldiers they were. In any race, riches go far to stop the urge for conquest and to destroy the military qualities of a race. It is "those that have not," the "lean and the hungry," who are ever ready and eager to risk their lives and to undergo cheerfully hardships inseparable from great campaigns, to take the good things of the world from "those who have." The wars of Ghenghis and Timur had tended to make the inhabitants of the Steppes wealthy. In the end the "lean and the hungry" were eliminated for the time being.

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THE LANCER CAP.

By Lieut.-Colonel J. E. N. Ryan, T.D.

As most soldiers are aware, the distinctive full-dress of British Lancers as worn recently at the Coronation, is of Polish origin. What is not so generally known however, is how and when it came to be adopted, and that it differs considerably from the original Polish model.

Although the lance vanished from Western Europe with the exit of the mediæval knight, it was retained by the light irregular cavalry of the East, amongst them the Cossacks. The Poles also remained faithful to it, and it was the Lancers of King John Sobieski who took the foremost part in the Relief of Vienna in 1683. During the century which followed, these Polish Lancers became a national institution corresponding to the contemporary Hungarian Hussars, and their uniforms assumed a distinctive national character. But this period which opened with the struggle against the invading Swedes of Charles XII, closed with the complete disaster of the final Partition of Poland between Austria, Prussia and Russia. So towards the end of the eighteenth century regiments of Polish Lancers were to be found in the Austrian service wearing their typical national dress.

Their head-dress called a *czapka* (literally "cap") was a circular fur band without a peak and having on one side a hackle-feather plume. Fitted loosely inside was a cloth portion, the top of which was square and separated from the crown of the cap by a flexible neck so that it could be pushed up and down like a concertina. The jacket which went with this cap was green with no front or "plastron" but simply the lapels buttoned back to show the coloured lining, and instead of our modern blue pantaloons or overalls there were white breeches with braided hussar

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boots. Polish caps resembling those first worn in the Austrian cavalry are to be seen today in the Army Museum of the Arsenal in Vienna, those displayed having been used during a revival of the original form between 1867 and 1869.

During the mid-eighteenth century both the French and Prussians had tried a "come back" of the knightly weapon but the old prejudice was still too strong and it was quickly abandoned. The French Lancers of Maréchal de Saxe had a small helmet bound round with a "turban," in shape like that worn later by Light Dragoons. Those of Frederick the Great affected the Cossack style with red tunics and baggy trousers. They were not then officially dubbed "Uhlans," but "Bosniaks" or "Towarcys," the latter a Slav word signifying "Comrade."

It was not till 1807 that Napoleon as champion of Poland recruited his first regiment of Polish Lancers at Warsaw, and in the following year Frederick William III on the reorganization of the Prussian army raised his first *Ulanen*, but only the Guard squadrons wore the Polish *czapka* till the year of Waterloo. By now this had developed from the native soft comfortable cap into a rigid one of much larger dimensions with a peak and festoons of braid but without any fur border. The square top was no longer loose but supported on a stiffened neck. Napoleon's first Polish regiment called "Chevau-légers Lanciers" formed part of the Imperial Guard Cavalry; their *shapskas*—the French phonetic form of *czapka*—were of the national crimson with an upright white plume and the Polish white eagle on the cap plate. With them were worn blue coatees with crimson facings and crimson booted-overalls. A second Guard regiment, the famous "Lanciers Rouges" was formed after Wagram in 1810 and, before the campaign of 1812 nine other Line regiments were raised for the "Grande Armée," six of these being converted from Dragoons.

So great was the reputation earned by the Napoleonic Lancers at Waterloo, where they cut up the exhausted Union Brigade of Royals, Inniskillings and Scots' Greys, that in 1816 it was decided to have British Lancers. These were formed from detachments of the 9th, 12th, 16th and 23rd Light

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I

a—DRESS CAP
17th Lancers

b—DRESS CAP
City of London Yeo.
(Rough Riders)

c—"FOUL-WEATHER" CAP
Lancers

II

a—"CZAPKA"
German Guard Uhlans-Band

b—"CZAPKA"
14th Hanoverian Uhlans

c—"CZAPKA"
Austrian Uhlans

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Dragoons, who were issued with the lance and what was considered inseparable, the Polish uniform. Their dress cap, of which the skull part was covered with gold or silver lace, was nearly a foot high all round and had a " trencher " top ten inches square in cloth of the same colour as the facings of the uniform, which were crimson for the 9th and 23rd and red for the 12th and 16th after the Napoleonic pattern. The cap had a straight bottom line and false peak turned up behind. The plume of drooping cocks' feathers which for officers measured no less than twenty inches in 1826, was red and white for all regiments till 1828 and then black till 1857.

After the Crimean War in 1857, the lance cap which had been gradually growing lower reached its present dimensions. The shape had meanwhile in 1846 become like now, higher behind than in front, and the false peak had disappeared. Diminished gold lace on the skull part was then finally altered to the present design and the coloured top followed facings similar to those of the present day, except in the 9th Lancers* who had from 1830 the upper part of their cap matching the blue facings of their then scarlet coatee, instead of their later red facings. The plume—which for officers was changed (except for attending Levées) from feathers to horsehair in 1859—has since the Crimean War† differed in colour for each regiment, but those of the present time were not introduced till 1883, the 16th having earlier a red and white and the 17th a black plume. Olive ends also replaced the former tassels on the cap lines. The " Dress Regulations " of 1934 shows the cap plates of the two amalgamated regiments, 16th/5th and 17th/21st Lancers, as now without their battle honours.

Illustration Ic. shows the black leather cap called " foul

* The dress cap of this regiment has since 1846 differed from that of other Lancers, in having brass ornamentation instead of the usual braiding and until recently, a special cap plate of regimental design. The top is also of leather (instead of cloth) for officers.

† At this epoch there were four Lancer regiments—9th, 12th, 16th and 17th—the 23rd Lancers having been disbanded in 1817 after a year's existence, and the 17th Lancers converted from Light Dragoons in 1822. The 5th Lancers were subsequently re-embodied in 1858 as successors to the old 5th Dragoons disbanded in 1799 and the 21st Lancers were converted from Hussars in 1897. Another regiment, the 19th Lancers had been raised in 1817 and disbanded in 1821; they had the distinction of being the only British Lancer regiment with yellow lance caps, and had also the Prussian scale chin-strap. The number of Lancer regiments is now the same as when they were first formed 120 years ago.

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weather cap" worn by British Lancer officers in marching order before and during the Crimean War; the men wore black waterproof covers over their dress caps.* The officer's dress cap of the City of London Yeomanry "Rough Riders" (illustration Ib) —now joined with the H.A.C. gunners as an R.H.A. brigade— has the top covered with French grey cloth as for the 21st Lancers, but the plume—which in 1900 was again altered from horsehair to swan feathers, for officers of all Lancer regiments— is light blue. On the gilt radiated cap-plate is, instead of the Royal Arms, the City Arms in silver with the honour "South Africa 1900-1902." The man's cap of the 17th Lancers (illustration Ia) has a white patent leather top with no lines of braid across; it was so altered from the black leather cap-top of other Lancers in 1890.

The other illustrations contrast the modern *czapkas* of German and Austrian Uhlans with the British cap. Up to the eighteen-forties these were in general very similar to ours. Thenceforth the Prussian Uhlan *czapka* started growing smaller and developed into a plain patent-leather cap, with a separate cloth upper part hooked on in review order only. Inscribed on scrolls round the Prussian "spread-eagle" badge on the officer's cap of the 14th Hanoverian Uhlans (illustration IIb) is "Peninsula, Waterloo, Garzia Hernandez," these honours of the Dragoons of the King's German Legion having been handed on to it and another Hanoverian Uhlan regiment, by Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1899. The horsehair plume was universally white, with black underpart for officers. German Guard Uhlans had a cap (illustration IIa) with the old Frederician "flying-eagle"— which has now by-the-way, been revived as the national badge for the whole Reichswehr—and the Guard star, the plume for the band being always red. Austrian Uhlans—who did not carry lances,—wore a cap (illustration IIc) with an even narrower neck and smaller top than the German one and the characteristic horsehair plume drawn down on one side. The badge was the

* German Uhlans used similar *feld-grau* covers over their caps on manœuvres and during the Great War, the officers having grey felt *czapkas*. Officers of Austro-Hungarian Uhlans and Hussars wore on service plain leather lance caps and shakos of different colours corresponding to those of the full dress head-dresses.

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double eagle of the Holy Roman Empire, and the braiding was similar to that on the British cap. German Uhlans had cap lines with tassel ends, while Austrians wore none.

Russian and Belgian Lancers also had till the war variations of the Polish cap, the whole dress kit of the former being copied from that of the German Uhlans, while the Belgian cap was a replica of the *shapska* of the French Second Empire which was smaller than that of the First Empire with a falling cocks' feather plume. There were, as well, two regiments of Portuguese Lancers with lance caps.

Lancer head-dresses with traditions owing nothing to the Polish one, include the *pagri* of Indian Cavalry and the felt hat of New South Wales Lancers now Australian Light Horse. The Cossacks who after the Russian Revolution were disbanded by the Bolsheviks as reactionaries, have during the past year (1936) been reconstituted as four Red Cavalry divisions with their former picturesque national costumes. The wilder Kuban and Terek Cossacks of the Caucasus wear with the lambskin cap (*papácha*) their typical long cloak adorned with cartouches (*tcherkésska*), while the Don Cossacks, mostly farmers and fishermen, have a tunic (*kasakin*). The oriental turban, the original headgear of the Turks, was changed during the last century to the fez for the Turkish Infantry and for the Cavalry who were Lancers, to a fur cap or *kalpak* resembling the Cossack cap. Both of these head-dresses have now been suppressed. Bulgarian Lancers also had a lambskin *kalpak* worn with Prussian Uhlan uniform, whilst the headgear of Italian and Spanish Lancers was for the former a Hussar busby and for the latter a spiked Dragoon helmet.

Now-a-days, although the lance has everywhere been again judged obsolete, the most recently created Lancers are descendants of those whose forbears gave to Europe the Lancer uniform. Some thirty regiments of Polish *Ulanow*, risen phœnix-like with the new Poland, wear today with their service kit a cap, whose square top carries onward the tradition of the first *czapka*.

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SONS OF ISHMAEL.

By Reginald Hargreaves.

"The journalist is an assumptive, consumptive and presumptive liar; and the war-correspondent is simply an individual who goes one better!"—C. Ranger Gull.

"And above all, my son,"—it was the Old Hand unloading a few words in season to the neophyte on the eve of taking the field for the first time as a war-correspondent,—"above everything else in the world, see to it that you're provided with a darn' good horse. Not an ordinarily darn' good horse but a superlatively darn' good horse. A horse that will turn the G.O.C. green with envy and send the D.A.D.V.S. scurrying off to cast a suspicious eye over his 'returns'; a horse with the speed of a Bucephalus and the wind of a Braemar piper; the soundest horse, the swiftest horse, and the horse with the finest staying power in the whole bloomin' outfit!"

And then, in answer to the other's growing look of bewilderment; "In the ever-possible event of a retirement, it is not for the war-correspondent to hang on with the rearguard and sell his life and his carbon copies dearly: his job is to get well in advance of the first ebb of retreat, streaking on a dead run for those telegraph wires that will carry his news to the world of readers who pay him to gather it in for them. And finally, always remember, as Baron Reuter put it, that there's only one bad kind of war-correspondent, and that's a *dead* war-correspondent!"

The worthy Baron's dictum is certainly one with which the first war-correspondent ever to go *en campaign*,—if we except

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Froissart,—would have most heartily agreed. This lone pioneer in an arduous and frequently hazardous calling, was that curious admixture of pedant and adventure-seeker whom his vast circle of friends and acquaintances knew as Henry Crabb Robinson.

Son of a prosperous tanner and himself originally intended for the law, Robinson's first connection with the Press came about through his appointment, in 1807, as Foreign Correspondent in Altona for *The Times*. As it so happened, the new recruit took up his work at a time of peculiar tension and disturbance. Napoleonic machinations had finally succeeded in bringing England and Denmark to loggerheads; a British fleet was thundering at the gates of Copenhagen; Germany cowered helpless under the Little Corporal's shadow; the French soldiery swarmed everywhere; and "our special representative" was fortunate in escaping their clutches and making a precarious way back to England, after something under a year at his post.

With the resurgence of Spanish patriotism which brought British troops swarming into the Iberian Peninsula to aid in the overthrow of the Gallic invader, Robinson hastened to Coruña, wherefrom to forward first-hand reports of the progress of the operations to which the redcoats were now committed, under the command of Sir John Moore.

It was while the newspaperman was completing his preparations to join the British contingent up country, that Moore,—shamelessly abandoned by his Spanish coadjutor,—was forced into his precipitate and difficult retreat across the barren mountain barrier which separated him from the sanctuary of the troopships, ordered round from Vigo to Coruña to ensure the evacuation of his forces. As will be recalled, contrary winds delayed the arrival of the vessels; and the rearguard turned to face their pursuers in the rugged foothills three miles or so beyond the town.

In the hotel where Robinson was snatching a hurried midday meal, the room was suddenly emptied of weatherworn scarlet jackets as the half-starved officers hurried, as one man, to where the crescendo of firing betokened that the enemy attack was rapidly developing. Eager for news and tenaciously skirting

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the fringe of the action in its search, the newspaperman continued to hang on in the town through the hours of darkness which saw the embarkation of the main body of the troops; and the next day dawning found him still ashore. It was only with the sound of firing within the limits of the town itself, where the British troopers were busy shooting their horses lest they fall into hostile hands, that the conscientious scribe turned his footsteps towards the harbour and the craft he had been careful to engage against the possibility of hurried departure. For, intelligently anticipating Baron Reuter's subsequent apothegm, *The Times* man had prudently secured his line of retreat in advance; and, amidst all the peril and confusion of the French bombardment of the harbour, he put out to sea, his passage lighted by the glare of the abandoned store ships, blazing in his wake.

With this one illuminating excursion into the actual field of martial operations, the active career of the first regularly-appointed war-correspondent came to an end. It was not until the Crimean expedition blundered into being that a daily newspaper was once more authoritatively represented in the field. Again it was the enterprise of *The Times* which secured for its readers those first-hand accounts as to the progress of events, from the vivid pen of Dr. William Howard Russell, by which the public were made aware of the appalling conditions under which the devoted soldiery were condemned to carry out the tasks assigned to them.

Perhaps a certain measure of truth may lurk in Gortchakov's cynical remark that Russell, in his zeal to better the lot of both officer and man alike, gave away so much information that, in effect, he proved of more use to the enemy than the finest spy in the whole of the Russian Secret Service. However that may be, the fact remains that, failing his untiring efforts, the fate of the "exiles of the Peninsula" would have been more miserable even than it was. Moreover, in awakening the public conscience to the justice of the fighting man's claim to reasonable care and humanity of treatment, Russell's pen, no less, materially strengthened the campaign for hospital reform to which

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Florence Nightingale had devoted herself with such unquenchable enthusiasm and tenacity.*

That the activities of both Russell and the Lady of the Lamp were a source of continual embarrassment and vexation to the Home Authorities goes without saying. But if anything, the newspaperman was regarded as the principal offender. It is safe to affirm that throughout the ranks of the Government,—and here and there, of course, amongst the more costive moribundities of the Higher Command,—the heartiest and most emphatic endorsement would have been found for the belief, to which Wolseley was subsequently to give such blunt expression, that "the war-correspondent is the curse of modern armies": a view, by the way, in which the late Lord Kitchener most unequivocally concurred.

For all that, as an institution "our special representative" had come to stay; although Archibald Forbes, one of Russell's most able successors, was constrained to confess that, "From the military point of view, . . . I should only accept command on condition that I should have a charter to shoot every war-correspondent within fifty miles of my headquarters. The most careful correspondent cannot write a sentence that may not give a hint to Intelligence Officers on the other side." None-the-less, the innumerable campaigns which the years between the Crimea and the end of the century witnessed, invariably found Forbes,—together with those other *doyens* of the craft, Melton Prior and Bennett Burleigh,—accompanying the army in the field, and withal, fulfilling the delicate mission with which they had been entrusted with as careful a regard for their obligations towards the military authorities as they maintained for the duty they owed to the readers of the journals they so ably represented. But then they had, one and all, become, by virtue of the practise of their profession, men of sound military experience: a qualification which Napier would have hesitated to accord, one

* It may be forgotten that the Lady of the Lamp possessed a crisp if somewhat mordant sense of humour. For instance, when one worthy Officer complained to her that the smells of Constantinople had given him a bad attack of delirium tremens, without turning a hair she promptly advised him to transfer himself to the hospital at Scutari, where, as she assured him, "neither she nor any of the lady nurses were ever troubled by it"!

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thinks, to H. M. Stanley, the erstwhile explorer, who, for some inscrutable reason, was selected to accompany the expedition to Magdala.

Curiously enough, it was Forbes,—who of all his tribe possessed the clearest comprehension of the dangers inherent in the industrious practice of his calling,—who was able, on one occasion, to render the expedition to which he was attached a service of some considerable military value.

It was after the decisive success gained over the Zulus at Ulundi, on July 4th, 1879, that Forbes found himself in the Umvaloosi laager, where the battle-weary and exhausted troops had made their temporary camp. To the experienced war-correspondent no difficulty arose in knocking out a brief description of the fight: but the victorious General found himself in no such happy case. Certain minor but—as he considered them—relevant details had still to come to hand. Pending their arrival, Lord Chelmsford's sense of obligation to the particularities of red tape deemed it advisable to delay the transmission of his despatch. For all that, as both the G.O.C. and Forbes were perfectly well aware, Wolseley was awaiting news of the outcome of the action with considerable impatience and anxiety, since tidings of the day's work must inevitably exercise an influence upon the formulation of his immediate plans. But, while official intimation of the success achieved must abide its completion in due form, there was nothing to debar the forwarding of the welcome tidings through the medium of a private message!

In those days there were no telegraphic communications between England and South Africa; and from the newspaper-man's point of view there remained ample time for his despatch to catch the ordinary outgoing mail. But, without a moment's hesitation, Forbes volunteered to make his way *ec dum* with the news to the nearest telegraph office, situate on the far-distant frontier of Natal, and separated from his point of departure by many miles of lonely bush, swarming with hostile natives. Laying hands on the best mount he could commandeer, the intrepid courier plunged off into a night only faintly illumined with the iridescence of star sheen and the waning light of an early moon,

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searching hopefully for the faint, half-obliterated track along which he must hold his course. It was a long ride and a weary one, haunted by a hundred doubts and hesitations, and the ever-present possibility that death would reach out at him from the darkness, swift and unerring. But, despite the innumerable perils which dogged his passage, the venturer's luck and skill brought him safely through; although that same night, not five hundred yards from the path he had so doggedly pursued, two other lonely riders, Lieutenant Scott Douglas and Corporal Cotter, had met their death with every circumstance of unspeakable barbarity.

From Landmann's Drift, just over the frontier, Forbes' telegrams to Sir Bartle Frere at Cape Town and to Sir Garnet Wolseley, *en route* for Port Durnford, evoked messages of most grateful thanks; while that same privately-forwarded intelligence formed the basis of the first Ministerial intimation of the success of Chelmsford's operations to be given in both Houses of Parliament.

For a soldier in the course of his duty, the ride from Ulundi to Landmann's Drift would have been a performance upon which he could always have looked back with justifiable pride, and for which it is almost certain that he would have received official recognition. For a newspaperman, under no obligation to assume the risk, but—if we recall the Baron's dictum!—rather to be at some pains to avoid it, it was a feat which the words of unstinted praise the Commander-in-Chief accorded it were no more than well-earned tribute.

II.

The end of the 19th century saw newspapers multiplying with amazing speed and prodigality. And with their appearance came a corresponding expansion in the number of specialist writers that war's strident trumpet called into the field. Readers of the newer journals soon became familiar with the names of H. W. Nevinson, Charles Hands, Alfred Pearse, Seppings Wright and others of this later school; many of whose despatches

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were accompanied by rough but graphic sketches of the events described.

The South African War of 1899-1902 found some, if not all, of the older generation missing. But sound precepts had been created, wise precedents evolved, to guide the footsteps of those in whom the contemporary responsibility had been invested; and with the ebullient Winston Churchill to set the pace, the standard of the work accomplished was of an excellence that left small room for complaint either by the public or the Military Command.

The Turko-Balkan campaign of 1912 saw the last great gathering of war-correspondents, as the term was originally understood, that the world is ever likely to witness. With the dreary wastes of Thrace dotted with such alert and vigilant observers as S. J. Prior, Martin Donohoe, Ward Price, Allen Ostler, Philip Gibbs, Bernard and Horace Grant, J. M. N. Jeffries and the indefatigable Ashmead Bartlett brothers, not to mention such veterans as Charles Hands, Nevinson and Lionel James, the torch which had been handed on by Forbes, Prior and Burleigh burned with an even brighter flame.

Nor must mention be omitted of the inevitable queerly-comic element provided by the intrusion amongst these well-salted professionals of an admitted amateur, in the person of that quaint eccentric, the late Frank Otter. Man of wealth, position and standing, erstwhile Officer of Yeomanry Cavalry, admitted connoisseur of champagne,* the complete man-about-town, for some lunatic reason Otter had taken it into his head to "go and have a look at the darned war," as he himself expressed it. In need of some kind of authentication, yet in no possible way qualified to represent a responsible journal, his passport was finally visé'd by a gullible underling at the Turkish Embassy on the plea that he had been appointed to take the field as the official representative of *The Pink 'Un*, of all things in the world! This *geste* did not embody an admission that the weekly referred to was the

* On one occasion, Otter attended one of the ever-to-be-remembered Covent Garden Fancy Dress Balls. He arrived, arrayed, in a perfectly stupendous costume, and headed—straight for the "bubbly-water" buffet! Many friends greeted him, and one of them went so far as to enquire what character he represented. "Well," replied Frank, taking a thoughtful draught, "I arrived here as Louis XIVth, but I expect I shall leave as Louis Roderer!"

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somewhat volatile sporting print it was generally esteemed, but rather left it to be implied that a military journal was in question, which owed its somewhat colloquial title to its affinity with the scarlet of the soldier's full dress tunic!

It must be admitted that it was greatly to the regret of the more orthodox scribes that the genial Frank's sojourn amongst them was of such short duration. But Otter, to whom the cholera, the tireless activities of the Turkish flea, the infected water and the inadequate rations, were trifles hardly worthy of consideration, fled in swift horror from the sickly-sweet brand of his favourite beverage, which was the only variety that local resources could be relied upon to supply!

Otter was not the only *type extraordinaire* to provide a welcome touch of humour in an otherwise peculiarly drab and discomfortable campaign. Amongst the motley collection of representatives of half the journals in the world, there were bound to be one or two individualists whose reaction to a condition of things ineluctably mutable took the form of a strict and almost morbid adherence to things as immutable as—well, as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Thus at such a height did the scribe of one Gallic publication rate the standing of the organ he represented, that he took the field in all the awful dignity of a top hat and complete "gent's frock coat suiting"!* As for a horse—! Scorn the thought! Nothing less than an automobile of the most opulent aspect would serve to transport from place to place this repository of such grave responsibilities. The vehicle in question was something in the nature of a venerable Panhard, no doubt impressive in appearance but of somewhat antique vintage. For all that, its purchase, with the prohibitive prices then prevailing, must have made Monsieur's current "Expenses Account" look peculiarly hollow.

When the assembled correspondents eventually obtained their official "permission to proceed," the departure of this magnificent turn-out rivalled in popular acclaim the Sultan's weekly state progress from the Yildiz Kiosk to the Mosque of St. Sophia.

* A costume also favoured, as it so happens, by Lord Haldane when attending the German Army manœuvres.

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More modestly, the balance of the Sons of Ishmael followed in its wake, on such "screws" as they had been able to come by. For twenty miles Monsieur and the Panhard proudly, if a trifle erratically, led the van. Thereafter, since the last decent roads through Thrace were made by the Roman legionaries, the gallant son of Gaul and his over-tried equipage had regretfully to be abandoned by the wayside, and progress resumed by those who, if initially of slower gait, in the long run proved to be a trifle more reliably mounted. It is a matter for the present writer's undying grief that, owing to the immediately urgent problem of dodging bellicose Bulgars and steriotomic Serbs, he was unable to stay and witness the further odyssey of this magnificent apostle of the grand manner, nor to be present at its ultimate climateric.

The Turko-Balkan imbroglio was the last campaign in which the war-correspondent was permitted to function with even partial freedom. The days when the man-in-the-street could determine whether he preferred news to victories were over. In the past the licence "our special representative" had been permitted, or had contrived to snatch, had proved—with the best will in the world on the part of the scribe—altogether too costly. With the outbreak of the World War, the crisis was too deadly serious to permit of even the remotest chance of leakage. Under the genially sardonic sway of that quiet humorist "Ole-Luk-Oie," the official "Eye-Witness," the Press was fed with all that the authorities were, for the moment, prepared to disclose. A public, avid of authentic news, was gently but firmly fobbed off with amiable accounts of "Tommy Atkins," invincible bias towards the lavish use of soap and water, and his readiness to perform mellifluously upon the penny whistle in whatever circumstances of harassment he might happen to discover himself. Yet who shall say that, under the prevailing conditions, the official narrator erred on the side of caution?

As the war progressed, however, the public demand for a greater candour of revelation brought the war-correspondent again into the field. But it was a very modified rôle that, under the strict supervision of the military censorship, he was now

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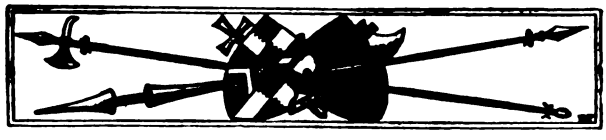
permitted to perform. Yet, despite all handicaps, the work of the men who represented the great London dailies on the respective fronts,—men such as Perceval Phillips, Ward Price, W. Beach Thomas, Philip Gibbs, J. M. N. Jeffries and Ashmead Bartlett, to name no others,—attained such a high standard of combined "news value" and military discretion that, very rightly, the conclusion of the conflict saw several of their number admitted into a Senior Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

Since those not-too-distant days, such opportunities as the war-correspondent has had presented to him have been exploited with a daring, an intelligence, and withal, with an integrity entirely worthy of the best traditions of his difficult calling.

But whether the Old Hand's advice, to fit himself with the best horse in the whole outfit, still remains good, or should yield place to the exhortation to supply himself with his own "baby tank," must remain a matter for debate. That the profundity of Baron Reuter's sapient dictum remains as unassailable today as when it first found utterance, no reasonable Son of Ishmael would ever be so foolish as to deny!



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THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

WITH A MOUNTED COLUMN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, Late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

The Old Ikonas.

That is what we are known as—We are the beggars that got
Three days to learn equitation 'an six months of bloomin'
well trot?
Cow-guns an' cattle an' convoys—an' Mr. de Wet on the fly.
We are the rollin' Ikonas. We are the B——y M.I.
Mount-march Ikonas' stand to your 'orses again,
Mop off the frost on the saddles,
Mop up the miles on the plain.
Outgo the stars in the Dawnin', up goes our dust to the sky.
Walk-trot Ikonas! "Trek jou" the old M.I.!

—*Kipling.*

I WAS fortunate enough to get out to South Africa for the last part of the Boer War in 1900 and 1901. To me it was all amazingly interesting,—the soldiering, the new country, the riding, and the sport which one got when the Mounted Column with which I was serving was resting. The best sport was obtained with a shotgun in the evening, when one of us was told to go out and get something for the pot. One of the best birds we met with was the Pau or greater bustard, a large and graceful bird and very good value on the Mess table. They weighed up to twenty pounds. Then there was the Caranne or lesser bustard, a small edition of the Pau. These birds of the bustard tribe were very wary and difficult to approach. I had a steady old

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horse that I was very fond of and from whose back I could shoot. When I was out by myself I used to locate the bustard, and ride round in circles, getting nearer and nearer to the birds, who did not seem to mind horses. I used to get a good many in this way.

I used sometimes to go stalking buck with a rifle. When almost within range I dismounted and using the old horse as cover approached to within shot.

The smaller birds were wild guinea fowl, partridges and quail. Sand-grouse were also there. We used to wait by water holes for them in the early morning or evening. Duck and snipe were to be found where there was marshy ground.

I often used to take with me my soldier groom, Private Michael Muldoon. There was very little that he didn't know about shooting and foraging of all sorts. He came from a famous Irish regiment, and had been through two or three years with the mounted infantry, the "Old Ikonas" as they were called. I think he must have been a poacher at one time, so well was he acquainted with the habits of game birds. It was not only to them that he confined his attention. He would, during a "trek" manage to collect tame ducks, chickens, and geese, and as he rode in the rear of the column, leading a spare horse, we never knew what he was up to, and asked no questions. The Mess, of about eight of us, always appreciated fresh meat and game to relieve the monotonous fare of bully beef and biscuits.

Once after a long trek, when we were very tired, and had halted for the night on Quaggas Neck, just below Majuba of first Boer War memory, Muldoon was conspicuous by his absence until he was observed approaching, with a leg of mutton in one hand and trailing the greater part of a sheep behind him with the other.

"Where did you get that sheep, Muldoon?" we enquired. "Don't you know that it is forbidden to interfere with sheep in this Colony?"

"Well, Sir, to tell you the truth, I didn't interfere with him; the old horse stumbled over him and broke one of the poor beast's

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legs, so what could I do but put him out of his pain? This is for the Officers' Mess, Sir!" said he, proffering the leg of mutton.

There was a story of killing sheep which Muldoon told me one evening, the hero of which may possibly have been himself. There was a very strict order against killing sheep in a certain district. A certain Private who hailed from "John Bull's other Island," was posted as sentry. He was standing still, probably thinking of his next hot meal and tot of rum, and wishing there could be a change from the everlasting "bully" beef, when round the corner of a small rocky hill came a fat young sheep. This was too much for human nature to stand, and the sentry bayonetted the sheep. Just as he was wiping the blood from his bayonet, the Column Commander and Staff Captain came round the corner of the hill. Pretending not to have seen them he again wiped his bayonet, and looking at the sheep exclaimed,—"Now you beggar? That will teach you not to try and bite me again."

"From the account it must have been you, Muldoon," said I.

"Not at all, Sir," said he, "that lad was in the Connaught Rangers, and there's no knowing what those "mountainy" fellows would do. I was born in Cork, Sir."

Muldoon was a most attentive servant and an entertaining companion. There were wet nights when the rain came down in torrents and the only protection from the elements obtainable was our saddles, which we used to put over our heads, and then roll up in all the blankets and bedding we could raise. Even then we should have spent many a miserable night had not Muldoon produced hot mugs of tea, laced with a ration of rum. This kept us warm inside, and was a splendid sleeping draught. We became very hardy in those days, always full of life and energy.

So we trekked along co-operating with other columns in pursuit of the elusive Christian de Wet. Never was an old fox more wily. Often we thought we had him in the net, and driven on to the block-house line wire which was supposed to be impenetrable; but he had got through at night, sometimes by driving large herds of cattle into the barbed wire entanglements

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until they were crushed by sheer force of weight, making an outlet for him and his commando. On one occasion patrols got as far as locating him and his "Commando," watering and feeding at a "spruit"; but by the time the information was sent in to headquarters, he was off into the blue. It was a grand open-air life on the open veldt—with an occasional scrap, and enough excitement to vary the monotony.

One early morning when we were on trek Muldoon mysteriously disappeared, a fact which was only found out when we reached a place on the block-house line where we were to halt a couple of nights. The post was held by a small detachment of infantry under a subaltern, a very keen young soldier just out from England. After lunch I found him lying down behind a rock firing every now and then at a small dark object in the distance. I asked him what he was firing at.

"A Boer? Can't you see him? He is getting much closer now," said he.

I looked through the glasses and thought the figure looked familiar to me. Surely I knew that walk; but how slow and weary it was! I then remembered Muldoon's unaccountable absence on the arrival of the column and looked once more. I was just in time to prevent the enthusiast from firing again.

"I don't think that is a Boer," said I, "it looks very much like my groom, Pt. Michael Muldoon!" And sure enough it was! He arrived dead beat, singing his favourite song:—

"Gather m'family round me Sunday morning,
And let the babies rowl upon the floor,
To one and all I give you timely warning
Never ye take the horse-shoe from the door."

Carrying a saddle and bridle and his usual "Christmas Tree" of equipment—odds and ends, mugs, tins, ducks, etc.

"The old horse was shot dead under me," he said, "and I let the little mare go as I fell. I've been walking ever since, and some beggar has been firing at me the last half hour, and the bullets buzzing over me as angry as a wasp's nest."

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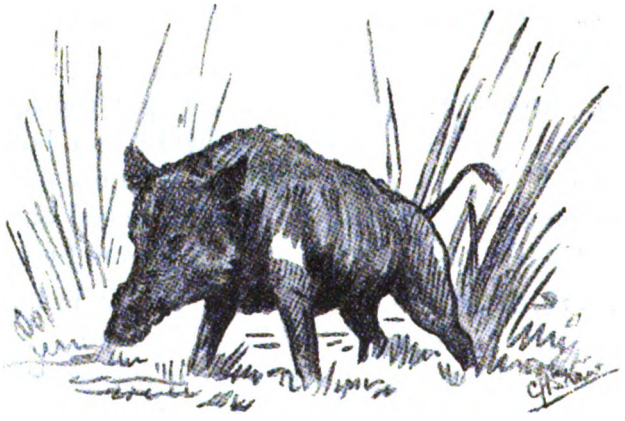
The mare came in that night quite all right, but I missed the old horse afterwards on my treks and evening shoots.

I always look back on those days of trekking with the "old Ikonas" with very pleasant recollections,—The healthy open-air life on the rolling never-ending veldt, the feeling of freedom and happiness, the occasional excitement, the good companions and the horses.



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A STITCH IN TIME.

By H. C. MAYDON.

THE natives are not the only people who feel sore that the tiaras (aeroplanes) and trimbiles (motor cars) have come to the Sudan. Ask Bringey and his cronies and they will shake their heads gloomily and say that the world is not what it used to be.

"The Sudan," they will say, "was about the last place left on earth where they understood how a war should be run; as a gentlemen's amusement. Plenty of excitement, dashing about in swamps and deserts, occasional fracas with disgruntled elephants, marauding lions and enfuriated buffaloes, and, as an afterthought, an occasional scrap with the enemy. A broad-minded enemy too, who were only out for their annual spree, bore no ill will and were always ready for the nonce to forget their quarrel and join you in a good hunt."

"Yes, these damned aeroplanes have spoilt it all," will admit Jake, once the virtual uncrowned king of Akobo, "you remember that last Gajak-Nuer show, just after the war? The Nuers were playing up nicely: we'd got all the young braves packed in two or three places all itching for a scrap. We were ready, moving in square with a good field of fire and everything looked splendid. Then what must those damned planes do, but go and bomb the villages and upset the whole applecart. Of course the Nuers would not play up and attack after that. They just scattered and went to ground. I don't fancy anyone was hurt by the bombs--maybe a few chickens and an odd goat or two—despite the enthusiastic reports of the airman; but the Nuers were hurt in their *amour propre*. This was not playing the game. Call

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this war, did we? Where was the fun in it? All right for the birdmen, maybe, playing skittles with them for targets, but what about the rest of us? Did we get any fun out of it? Was this as good as the old wars we had played since time immemorial? What chance had they for their old-fashioned ambushes, or we for an M.I. charge and a few good cattle hunts? Yes, that was the worst of all—one of our dirty dogs of birdmen had bombed their cattle. Think of the waste of good meat, that! They didn't mind so much having it hunted and chased down at point of spear in the good old way, but this was a dago trick. They had thought better of the Inglezi than this. They were going home. The war was off. They would pay their cattle fine if they must; but let the government understand that it was not paid graciously. They had been done out of their money's worth. What would their womenfolk say when they returned with no good scrap to buck about? The Hakuma even discouraged them to hunt elephants and lions with their spears—how could a self-respecting youth get his scars?"

They were very upset; I must say that I sympathized with them. The last of our good old patrols went out with aeroplanes and armoured cars. The poor old Sudan has gone mechanic mad like the rest of the world.

"They have still got the Nuba Gebels to play in," said Bringey, "as long as they keep it dark and don't let H.Q. chip in too much. It must all depend on your local D.C. and a broad-minded governor."

My M.I. were sent down to Abu Zabad horse show one year, nominally to collect remounts and to make a bit of fantasia for the governor, escorts and things; it might help recruiting from the Messerieh Arabs, and anyway nothing is better than showing your arm.

We'd been there a day or two, seen a good thousand wild Arab ponies parading, zickering, marching past and racing for the governor's benefit; quarreled with the Vets as usual over the purchase and distribution of remounts; had a good duck shoot on the local fulah—the one great occasion of the year; in fact generally enjoyed ourselves, when the governor sent for me.

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"I suppose Charles—he was the D.C.—has broken the ice to you, Bringey, hasn't he? You are not averse to a little patrol work for your company, instead of marching straight back to El Obeid? Oh, its all right, your C.O. knows and agrees. We had to keep it dead quiet, for you know how the E.O.s talk, and secrecy is the only key to success and to preventing a serious outbreak."

I nodded. I had received a fairly broad hint from Charles that something was a'foot, something to account for the unexpected arrival of a Machine-gun Camel Section from Bara and of some mysterious camel loads, which bore a striking resemblance to ammunition boxes.

"Well, Bringey," continued the governor, "put briefly, Charles has a bad case of murder among his charges. Worse still it is an inter-tribal affair and concerns the murder of an Arab by a Nubawi of the hills. I am not saying that the Nuba had not a bit of reason for his crime—there was a woman concerned of course, and the Arab was far from guiltless. All would have been well if the Nuba had surrendered and stood his trial. Unfortunately he did not and his hill brethren not only refused to give him up, but were very rude to Charles when he rode up with a handful of police."

"Now I dare not risk a rebuff or an awkward incident. You know these Nubas and how a spark is liable to set a whole group of hills alight. They are wild men, they hate the Arabs, and, in their unsophisticated minds are quite likely to think that the murder was just. So far the unrest is segregated to Tuleshi Gebel, quite a small hill of five to six hundred inhabitants, and it must not spread further. So when Charles rides up next week I am sending you with him, and, not to send a boy on a man's errand, we are lending you a brace of machine-guns and a company of Sudanese infantry."

I whistled. "Two companies? You don't mean to make any mistake about it, sir?"

"No, Charles and you, Bringey, are old enough hands not to make any mistake, I trust. The last thing we want is a war, and a show of force is the best preventative. Nevertheless you

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must take Master Madibbo—the murderer, if its humanly possible and you must show the mailed fist if its necessary. This hill needs a lesson. Burn a village or two, fire a few shots and take a few prisoners—they have no cattle worth mentioning to take as a fine. However all that is Charles' business. By the way A.G. is going with you to watch his folks' interest." A.G. was the D.C. of the Nuba Mountain Province, which marched with that of Charles, and I suddenly foresaw the clash of partisans. But they were both good pals of mine.

"Well, goodbye, Bringey," concluded the governor, "and remember that I have no desire to get into the 'news.'"

It does not take long to mobilize in the Sudan and we rode in field-day order as it was. Next day we said good-bye to our pals and cut off into the jungle.

None of the rank and file suspected anything at first. I put off the E.O.s with a yarn of field-firing practice in the hills with machine guns as practical collaboration. Mules—mine was a Mule M.I. company—and men lived on the country and officers were rationed for a month. It was not till we reached H.Q. of Nuba Mountain Province and picked up A.G. and his police escort that eyebrows began to rise. I had to choke off my young Egyptian officers severely, who are always agog for a cheap medal.

Three days later we noticed the loom of a small group of hills over the thorn bush and when we camped alongside the only well in the district we met Charles.

"That's Tuleshi," said he, waving to the hills, "not so far away as it looks, so this will do for our base. I've been interviewing a few friendly Tuleshis from the lower villages and I'm afraid the fat is in the fire. The Mek of the hill won't climb down, they say, and we've got to go up to collect the murderer and it won't be easy. That hill is a long day's march to ride round and the top is a honeycomb of khors, caves, cliffs and hiding places. There won't be much scrapping but a mighty lot of badger digging, I fear."

"Is that why you have brought your Arab sleuths?" asked

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A.G. rather sharply, indicating an Arab camp of fifty men and their horses beyond Charles' tent.

Charles grinned. "All right, old boy, keep cool. Horses can't climb the hills and Messerieh Arabs won't leave their horses. Nominally I have brought them to see justice done on the murderer of one of their kin. Incidentally they will be useful to scout the base of the hill and to see that there are no rats to spread the contagion."

"Well, as long as you keep it out of my Province, I don't mind," responded A.G., who was a sportsman. We all knew that an Arab is a red rag to a Nubawi.

Charles turned to me. "Barling will be here tonight with his company of Sudanese. I gave him this well as our rendezvous. Can you be ready to move up the hill tomorrow? You understand that a sudden blow and as much surprise as possible is what we want. No time for organized resistance or for the murderer to escape. You've got time for a short reconnaissance this afternoon, but there is not much to be done. There is only one possible path up the hill on this side, fit for dismounted men and an odd mule or two with your machine guns and a bit of grub. They'll have to be man-handled at the bad places too, so cut them down to the minimum. I'll see your men are fed from the villages, there's plenty of durra corn up there and lashin's of water.

"How long shall we be up there, Charles?" I asked.

"No telling. If we are lucky it might be two days, if we're not it might be a month. You can leave your mules and impedimenta down here and keep touch by helio. We can send back for stores and oddments when we need them. We'll piquet the track and our furthest point from here won't be five miles as the crow flies."

"What guard should I leave here, Charles? No fear of their attacking our camp while we are away?"

Charles laughed. "None, old boy, they are just rats, only fight when they are cornered. Your stable guards will be sufficient."

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Nevertheless I left one troop in reserve and a reliable Egyptian officer.

Barling's crowd arrived earlier than we had expected and we all reconnoitred the approach to the hill that evening. It was the queerest sort of war this; here we were, four British officers and our horse holders scouting up to the foot of a hill full of hostile savages, not knowing who was going to open the ball. However, nothing happened, we never saw a soul. What we did see was the worst sort of goats' track mounting straight up a precipitous gulley, amid boulders of sponge-like lava, razor-edged and rasp-sided.

"My Gad," said Barling, "shall I have to piquet those heights? What you want are Alpinis. Isn't there any other way up?"

"Not on this side," replied Charles, "and the other approaches are just as bad. Now you know why Nubawis are not cattle owners. Their hills are their castles, and, if you do get up, it's a honeycomb of caves, and a spearman in a cave is worse than a wasps' nest."

Barling and I scratched our heads. What we needed was not two companies of infantry, but a few cylinders of gas and a cartload of bombs. If the Nubawis meant business we were in for a sticky time.

We dared not tackle the ascent that evening of course. Charles said that the first village was ten minutes' climb up the gorge, just round the first corner; the top was as far again beyond.

"What happens on top?" I asked.

"Broken country, dips, hollows and ravines. A few villages scattered about. Say four miles square."

"And what do we do when we get up? Shoot on sight?"

"Now, Bringey, you know what the governor said—no fire-eating. Its a question of wait and see. We must not be the first to throw the brick."

"You know what my old Blacks are," grumbled Barling, "if the hillmen stand my lads will shoot to be on the safe side, and if they run they will shoot because they don't stop and surrender.

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Its hard, damned hard, I call it, neither one thing nor another."

"Well, they won't hit anything in any case," scoffed A.G. "I've never seen anyone hit on patrols yet, save by accident or at close quarters. That's what makes them so amusing."

We returned to camp to interview our officers and N.C.O.'s and to make a plan. The night passed peacefully. Charles was busy with his agents and spies.

We paraded at dawn. Barling took his full company; I had two strong troops plus my two machine guns. Charles and A.G. had a bunch of native policemen and a few friendlies as guides. Fifty Arab horsemen pushed off to scout the foot of the hill. My old servant, Farah, was in charge of two pack mules, carrying the food and blankets of all the officers. I told him that the whole patrol depended on him and that those mules had to be carried up bodily if need be.

We threaded the approach through thin bush in gloomy silence—you know the old Sudan early-morning liver feeling? Barling was doing advanced guard with a platoon in reserve. We reached the gorge and began to climb. Willy-nilly we strung out into groups and single file. Barling's advanced points and flankers beat out about 100 yards on each side of the path and were soon separated and swallowed in the bush.

Then Barling's reserve disappeared round the first bend and before we reached it pandemonium broke out. It sounded as if everyone was firing and there was enough noise for a miniature battle. I unlimbered a machine-gun and we closed up involuntarily, expecting a rush of spearmen. My connecting files dashed round the corner ahead to see the fun.

Nothing happened. The firing died down to spasmodic bursts and we pushed on to the corner. The gorge broadened and flattened out ahead and in the centre stood a village of grass thatched tukls in flames. Beyond, on the scraggly slopes, a broken line of Barling's Sudanese pushed on like ants. On the far horizon, a thousand yards away, a few terrified Nubawis, mostly women and children, were legging it like blazes.

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I saw Charles chatting to Barling with the infantry reserve and stumbled across to them. "What the devil's up?" I asked. "Serious opposition?"

Charles laughed. "Practically none, if you ask me. Somebody waved a spear; an askari shot at him and that started the ball. Several hundred rounds expended and no one hit as far as I know. The moral effect is good though. Hallo, here's a prisoner, by George."

A wretched old grey-beard was led up, too decrepit to run. The only other prisoners were three giggling women, two toddling children and a goat.

Charles got busy with his interpreters, while Barling pushed on to make good the heights. A few men were salvaging burmahs of durra from the burning village—there was little else worth saving.

"Well, they needed a lesson," said Charles at last, "all the young braves from here have gone back to concentrate in the interior. They have no idea of eating humble pie. They did not expect the Hakuma to do anything. Madibbo's village will be the rallying point. Its lucky for us they hadn't the wit to hold the approaches. Let's hope we are in time to nip strong resistance in the bud."

When we reached the top we opened a great amphitheatre of broken country, split by ravines, dotted with boulders, clumps of bush and knee-high grass. Down the centre a shallow valley split the crest in two. Barling had divided his force in half and was beating out both sides of the valley on a mile front. His reserves had gone into the line and it looked awkward in case of an ambush, so I followed the banks of the dry khor as a rallying point with both machine guns handy.

"We had better clean up this valley first, said Charles, "it includes most of the top. We can dig out all the kloofs and sidekhore afterwards. That's where most of the villages are."

Talk of the proverbial needle; I've never known what a real haystack was till I visited Tuleshi. By nightfall we had finished the valley, but I'll bet I could have hidden a dozen herds of elephants there and no one a whit the wiser. Sometimes we

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saw a scattered group of people on a far horizon and I would turn on a machine-gun to spray it. We did not particularly want to hit anyone, but to discourage congregation and to show them that we had arrived. We passed one or two villages which we spared, leaving a message with any halt villagers that we had no quarrel save with Madibbo.

At dark we were all dead beat and my best pair of ankle boots had passed out. I found Barling sitting over a fire, which we speedily built into a bonfire, it grows chilly on the tops when you are wet with sweat.

"My men are done in," said he, "and there is another blasted nullah, twice as bad as the last, leading east. I've collected a dozen prisoners."

"All right," I replied, "I'll take over night outposts. Call in your lads. We'll camp here."

A.G. was the only cool head in camp. He had taken it easy all day with rather a supercilious eye on our manœuvres. He was pulling Charles' leg all the time on the indiscipline of his mountain folk.

I was worried over the setting of my outposts. We had just sat down where we found ourselves in the dark and it was the devil of a place if we were rushed. There was very little thorn bush with which to build a zareeba and we were on a stony hillside, thick with coarse grass. We had found a water hole and we were anchored to that.

Outposts are dangerous things in the Sudan, where you camp in square and everyone shoots at sight. A spear rush at night is no fun. Double sentries 20 yards outside the perimeter is the usual plan. However this night we had a convenient little knoll 100 yards outside and on this I put a piquet. By the grace of God the machine gun officer had brought a brace of Verey light pistols and I believe they saved our bacon. I put a veteran Arab officer on the knoll and told him to fire a Verey light every hour after lights out at nine. His first flare set the dry grass alight and after that it was as good as the Crystal Palace. Fortunately the wind was right to save the camp and the flames worked down the unexplored nullah. We slept easy after that. Personally

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I do not believe there was a Nuba left for dust after the first Verey light. They were better than any motor car or aeroplane in the old days, before the wild men grew sophisticated.

As we chewed our scratch supper over the camp fire we had discussed our plans for the morrow.

Charles wanted to push on down the new nullah and to hunt that out, but for some inexplicable reason I was dead set against it. I can give you no wherefore—I felt a sort of hunch. For tactical reasons I did not wish to quite lose touch of our base. We were still uncertain of what we had against us and the hill top was far bigger than I had expected. If we went on, we had far too few men to keep our line of supply and retreat open.

The argument grew heated and, good pals as we were, Charles and I came very near quarrelling. It was A.G. who acted as arbitrator, and, to my surprise, he took my part.

"Its for Bringey to decide, Charles," he said, "after all, although this is your show he is in command of the military side of it. If there is a mess-up he will be held responsible."

"But how could there be?" Charles demanded hotly, "you havn't got cold feet over a handful of Nubas have you?" Charles, a lover of Arabs, always despised the hill men.

"No," I replied angrily, "but I'm not going to blunder on blindly without making good all the ground behind me. You admit yourself that there is a great lump of the hill top behind us, N.E., overlooking our valley, which we have never seen. The Mek's village is there, and, as he is mutinous, I am all out for grabbing him. Madibbo may be anywhere and the gathering of the clans may or may not be a myth."

In the end we compromised and by sheer luck we stumbled on to the key of success.

At dawn I held the site of our bivouac as rallying point and Barling's crowd pushed on a couple of miles along the heights overlooking the unknown nullah. Then they descended, crossed the dry nullah bed and swept back the other side. I sent a troop to block the exit at our end with a machine gun.

The trap worked—but it was the fluke of a lifetime.

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I heard a few shots during the morning, but even Barling did not know what had happened when his parties began to dribble in to nullah head at mid-day. Between us we netted a score of prisoners, mostly young men. Barling's last detachment had had a scrap, they said. A hole and corner affair by a group of caves. They had had one casualty, a spear wound. They had shot up a dozen Nubas—no prisoners.

Patting ourselves on the back for a minor success we joined forces and doubled back parallel to the way we had come, beating out the craggy heights overlooking the plain. We were beginning to learn the shape and the size of the fortress by now. By evening we opened a small plateau, enclosed by peaks and ridges. On this plateau nestled a group of villages, between which wandered goatherds, women carrying water and people apparently upon their lawful occasions.

"A regular sylvan scene," muttered A.G. grimly.

Taking no chances we advanced behind a screen of skirmishers. All was peaceful. Our scouts hobnobbed with the villagers. Charles, whose pony had been sent up that morning, cantered forward.

We found Charles half an hour later, seated on an angareeb outside one of the most imposing huts. He was surrounded by a ring of grey-beards and headmen, squatting on their hunkers, deep in a maglis (council).

"This is the Mek of Tuleshi," Charles introduced us with a wave of his hand. "He licks the dust of our boots. He is grieved that we come with arms in our hands."

Barling snorted. "War's over, I suppose? Well, I had better get camp pitched before the light goes."

I followed suit, taking a few precautions in dead easy country. We held ample hostages now; the Mek and three villages to boot. Best of all that night we drew as rations a cow, a dozen goats, chickens and milk *ad lib*, besides a ton of durra. No askari's tummy went empty. No wonder they love patrols as children do a bean-feast.

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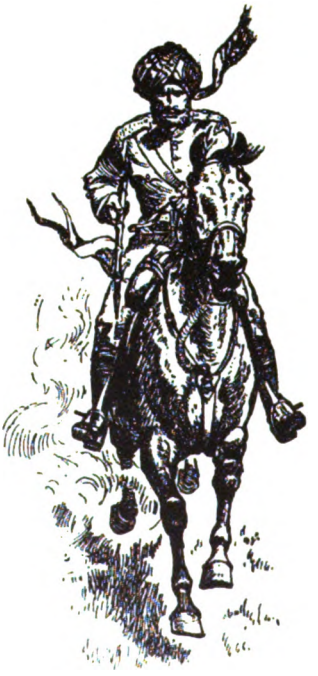
Charles was busy that night with his civic and disciplinary duties. It was not till the next morning that he told us the solution.

Madibbo was one of those killed in the scrap at the caves. News had reached the Mek in the lightning way it travels in Africa and, just in time, if Charles' intelligence were correct, to stop him from kicking his hat over the windmill. It was the justice of Allah, now they were ready to feed out of our hands. Young braves were trickling in till nightfall, without arms and with a sheepish look.

"Nipped in the bud," grumbled Barling, who still lacked his Sudan G.S. ribbon, "well, I don't know whether you would call it a stroke of luck or not. It all depends on which way you look at it."



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DISTANCE

By Vieux.

During my public school days I once rode a long distance match, or what I fondly imagined was such, against an equally scatter-brained friend of mine. The distance was about 17 miles and we each rode two horses, changing on to a fresh one at a village just over half way.

I won with about five minutes to spare, much to the detriment of my two "quads" and the blasphemous horror of the dealer from whom I had hired them.

My father, when he heard about this escapade, was pleased and told me that that was the spirit he liked to see amongst the younger generation and so on and so forth. A few more congratulations in the same vein soon found me taking "a large size in hats" and firmly under the delusion that I was an "out and out, true blue, roaring young buck" of untold stamina and endurance.

During the ensuing week at home I became an adept at turning the conversation to long distance riding and riding matches and how tough a man had to be for them and by inference how amazingly tough I was.

Towards the end of the week I began to notice a nasty glassy look in my father's eye, an eye, mark you, which was usually mild and indulgent.

One morning, when I had been foolish enough to start off at breakfast he told me several things for the good of my soul and "the comfort of all acquaintances living within 40 miles." After one of the most harrowing meals I have ever sat through, he took me into his study and spent nearly two hours showing me passages in various books, which he thought would interest me and open my eyes a little bit.

I have taken the liberty of setting down accounts of one or two of them, not because they made me see what a silly young ass I was but because I think that people who ride will find much that is of interest in them. None of these accounts have much

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in common with each other, except that they show the enormous distances a man can ride without undue exhaustion.

Ghengis Khan's Posting System.

Most people have heard of Ghengis Khan, the son of a nomad Mongol tribesman. The man, who, from scraping a bare existence out of the Gobi, rose to conquer more of the earth's surface than any other man has ever done or is ever likely to do. This vast territory of his stretched from China and Korea in the East to beyond the Caspian Sea in the West. Shortly after his death his countrymen made it even larger by conquering the eastern half of Europe up to a line stretching roughly from the Adriatic to the Elbe.

He maintained armies and administrators in all his conquered territories and one may well wonder how he managed to keep himself informed of the movements of his forces and in touch with events which were happening literally thousands of miles away. However, manage it he did and moreover held a remarkable control over the whole of his empire.

The essential factor was of course speed. Speed in receiving news and speed in issuing despatches. This he accomplished through the "yam," a posting system on a gigantic scale, which starting from every corner of his empire brought news over mountain ranges, across rivers, gorges and deserts to one centre; the Grand Khan himself. Each of the main routes had stations at approximately 30 miles intervals. Marco Polo describes them and the "yam" in general, in the following words.*

"At some of these stations there shall be four hundred horses, at others two hundred. Even when the messengers have to pass through a roadless tract where no hostel stands, still the stations are to be found, although at a greater interval, and they are provided with all necessaries so that the Emperor's messengers, come from what region they may, find everything ready for them.

Never had emperor, king or lord such wealth as this manifests. For in all these posts there are 300,000 horses kept up and the buildings are more than 10,000 in number. The thing is on a scale so wonderful that it is hard to bring oneself to describe it."

* "Ghengis Khan," by Harold Lamb.

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In this way the Emperor receives despatches from places ten days journey off in one day and night. Many a time fruit shall be gathered at Kambalu one morning and in the evening of the next day it shall reach the Grand Khan at Chandu. The Emperor exempts these men from all tribute and pays them besides.

"Moreover there are men in these stations who when there is a call for great haste, travel a good *two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles* in the day and as much in the night. Everyone of these messengers wears a great wide belt set all over with bells, so that their bells are heard jingling a long way off. And thus on reaching the post the messenger finds another man similarly equipped, who instantly takes over whatsoever he has in charge, and with it receives a slip of paper from the clerk, who is always on hand for the purpose."

The system that Marco Polo has described was that which was in force on the main routes to and from the capital. Of a necessity, the posting on the routes which followed a conquering army into a foreign country was not so well organized. As the armies advanced they established crude posting stations behind them, leaving the minimum of horses and men in each place. Stations were far apart and the routes between them must, in many cases, have been trying in the extreme.

With the armies went specially picked couriers who were used entirely for carrying despatches for the Khan. When on duty these men rode an average of 150 miles in a day without rest, only stopping to change horses at the various small stations until they came to a larger station where they could hand over to another Khan's courier.

Marco Polo says of these men: "These couriers are highly prized; and they could never do it did they not bind hard the stomach, head and chest with strong bands. And each of them carries with him a gerfalcon tablet so that if perchance his horse break down, he is empowered to dismount whomsoever he may fall in with on the road, and take his horse. Nobody dares refuse in such case."

The horses must have been extremely hardy to stand the pace

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at which they were ridden but the men must have been hardier still to endure the strain of constantly travelling such distances.

George Osbaldeston's 200 mile ride against time.*

The Squire exclaims: "What's Time to me,
That I his steps should follow?
To challenge him I'm not afraid."
"Done," replies Time; a match was made,
And Time was beaten hollow.

George Osbaldeston, commonly known as "The Squire" amongst the sportsmen of the early nineteenth century, was a small man with an active well-knit body and a quick brain.

He was acknowledged as the finest all round performer at all manly pastimes amongst a generation of men, whose main occupation was the pursuit of sport in one form or another. He excelled as a brilliant shot with both pistol and shot gun, as a cricketer, as a M.F.H., in rowing, race riding, driving and also in boxing in the days when gloves were unheard of in the ring. During his lifetime he made and lost many fortunes, losing more than he won however, mainly through the people of his day taking advantage of his generosity of character. He was absolutely "straight" himself and never suspected the motives of others and so often fell victim to the machinations of the unscrupulous.

He was not however one of those fortunate men, who has only to take up a game or sport to be good at it, but was a man with an indomitable will to make himself better at that particular pastime than anybody else. He was quick to learn the essentials and then practised without any regard to bodily fatigue; consequently, besides becoming an expert, he developed enormous powers of endurance. At the risk of digressing I give here an incident taken from his autobiography which illustrates these powers.

"It is not above seven or eight years ago, and I was at that time sixty-six or sixty-seven years old. During one of the autumn race meetings at Newmarket I dined with some friends at the Rutland Arms Inn, and several of the party were billiard

* "Squire Osbaldeston, His Autobiography." Edited by E. D. Cumming.

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players. I made a match with one of them, and we commenced immediately after dinner, at about eight o'clock, and we did not leave off until eleven the next morning. This match I won. I never went to bed, but merely changed my dress, washed and breakfasted, then went to the races. I returned and prepared for dinner. Soon after dinner I commenced a new match with another antagonist, beginning about the same time as the night before, and played until eleven next morning. I then as before, dressed, washed and breakfasted, never even lying down on a sofa, and went to the races. Having witnessed them I returned in time for dinner, and after we had dined I played against a third antagonist, commencing at the same time and going on till next morning about twelve. I dressed, washed, dined, etc., and did not go to bed till twelve that night, having returned to London after dinner by rail.

That last match was a 'plant' on me, by whom I don't know; it is, however, a fair surmise that my first two antagonists were the conspirators who wanted to see how long I could keep on. I had beaten them both, but lost the third match, in which my opponent was a professional, though I was not aware of this at the time. He took care not to dispose of his victim too soon, and had he continued the contest a few hours longer I should have beaten him, for he began to tire and could not play his game."

Presuming that he had risen at a normal hour, say eight o'clock on the day before his first night of play, he must have spent over eighty-four hours without going to bed; an extremely tiring performance for a man who was well on his way to seventy years of age.

To return to the subject; in the year 1831 a certain General Charritie made a match with the Squire for 1,000 guineas a side, betting him that he could not ride 200 miles in under 10 hours the number of horses being unlimited. The Squire of course "took him up."

He was at that time forty-four years old and it is interesting to note that this was after a hunting accident in which he had broken his leg. In this accident he had been jumped on by a member of his field and had had his right leg badly fractured.

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The leg had been carelessly set and continually gave him trouble afterwards, even compelling him to wear a special boot that had laces up the outside. This infirmity must therefore have been some handicap to him in a match, where his endurance was the matter at stake.

He had originally intended to ride hunters and hacks during the match but at the instigation of his many friends, who were horrified at his thus jeopardising their chances of making money, he borrowed a number of race-horses. He eventually succeeded in collecting a string of 28 horses in all. These were were a very mixed lot consisting of hunters, hacks, inferior race-horses and two good race-horses, Skirmisher and Tranby. During the match he rode the hunters and hacks once, the inferior race-horses twice each and the two good race-horses three and four times respectively.

We have it on the authority of E. D. Cummings who edited the Squire's autobiography that "The Squire, during the last weeks of his training, rode 80 miles daily at full speed, using the horses he had selected for the match itself."

The betting against Osbaldeston was very heavy, one gentleman laying 1,000 to 1 that he did not accomplish the task in 9 hours. He wagered several thousands on himself but unfortunately never got a penny of his winnings owing to a conspiracy between his agent and the bookmaker.

The match was run on the 5th November at Newmarket, on the round course, a measured 4 miles. The day was not a good one, so we are told, "being stormy and attended with heavy showers." His horses were martialled at the stand, where he changed over after each circuit. He also took the precaution of having two mounted men on the far side of the course to help him in the event of his getting into difficulties. It was lucky that he did so because "Ikey Solomon" a big black intractable animal bolted with him into a plantation, situated by the side of the course. Had he not "cut a voluntary" he would in all probability have been knocked off by the branches and possibly injured. Fortunately one of these two men was within 20 yards of him when this happened and managed to catch "Ikey

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Solomon" for him; he remounted and only lost three minutes over the incident.

He rode the first hundred miles in four hours nineteen minutes and forty seconds. After doing 120 miles he stopped for eight minutes for refreshments, however, he was so beseiged by the crowd, who kept asking him questions, that he got very little to eat and drink at all. He then went on to do his remaining eighty miles, accomplishing the whole 200 "in gallant style in eight hours and forty-two minutes, including the time for mounting, dismounting and refreshments." This is an average of 23½ miles per hour. If the time taken for mounting, dismounting and refreshments is excluded his average speed was about 26½ miles per hour, which is a remarkable effort over 200 miles.

He professed not to be at all tired at the end of the match but does mention that the soles of his feet and his knees were very sore next day!

The following is a list of the horses he rode and the times they each took to do the 4 miles.

	Mins.	*Secs.*		*Mins.*	*Secs.*
1. Emma..	9	0	26. A Horse by Smolensko	8	52
2. Paradox	9	20	27. Tranby (2nd time)	8	0
3. Liberty	9	25	28. Skirmisher	9	25
4. Coroner	9	15	29. Guilford	8	25
5. Obberton	9	40	30. Dolly .. (2nd time)	8	45
6. Don Juan	9	0	31. Ikey Solomon ..	12	0
7. Morgan Rattler ..	9	13	32. Tam O'Shanter ..	9	40
8. Paradox (2nd time)	9	6	33. Eldorado	9	20
9. Cannon Ball ..	9	23	34. Coventry	9	0
10. Clasher	9	25	35. Ringleader	8	42
11. Ultemar	9	10	36. Tranby (3rd time)	8	15
12. Fairy	9	5	37. Ipsala	8	20
13. Coroner (2nd time)	8	40	38. Skirmisher (2nd time)	8	15
14. Liberty ,, ,,	9	30	39. Guilford ,, ,,	9	10
15. Emma ,, ,,	9	21	40. Streamlet	8	50
16. Don Juan ,, ,,	9	8	41. Donegani	9	12
17. Obberton ,, ,,	8	20	42. Hassan	9	0
18. Cannon Ball ,, ,,	9	45	43. Surprise (Filly) ..	9	10
19. Ultemar ,, ,,	9	0	44. Ringleader (2nd time)	9	30
20. Tranby	8	10	45. Tranby (4th ,,)	8	50
21. Fairy .. (2nd time)	8	8	46. Coventry (2nd ,,)	9	30
22. Morgan Rattler			47. Ipsala .. (2nd ,,)	9	0
(2nd time)	9	28	48. Donegani ,, ,,	10	15
23. Colt by Tramp ..	8	58	49. Streamlet ,, ,,	9	0
24. Dolly	8	58	50. Skirmisher (3rd time)	9	40
25. Acorn	9	2			

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His best horse was Tranby which he rode four times. This horse carried his eleven stone three pounds 16 miles in 33 minutes 15 seconds, doing, his second round at 30 miles per hour and the other three at very little less; as Osbaldeston said himself "an extraordinary performance."

MR. COOPER THORNHILL.

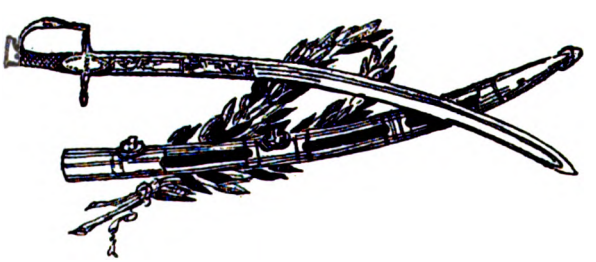
I take the liberty of quoting a passage from E. D. Cummings' commentary on Osbaldeston's autobiography.

"As a feat of human endurance the one most nearly approaching the Squire's was that performed on 29th April, 1745, thus described in the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'

"Mr. Cooper Thornhill, innkeeper at Stilton, set out from thence at four o'clock this morning to ride to London, and came to the King's Arms over against Shoreditch Church at ten minutes before eight. He turned back immediately for Stilton and from thence came again in good spirits to Shoreditch, the whole being 213 miles, which he performed with several horses in 15 hours for a considerable bet of his own money and large sums laid by Gentlemen."

This, while not being as spectacular as Osbaldeston's was a doughty effort considering that in all probability he rode most of the time along roads, changing horses at various inns "en route."

Having read these passages, which I have chosen out of many to describe, can you wonder that my head returned to its normal dimensions?



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ARMA VIRUMQUE.

By Lt.-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.Hist.S.

Regimental Magazines, Gazettes, Journals are considered as "caviar" by and for the masses. This is not stated in any spirit of disrespect to that delectable foodstuff, but rather in sorrow at what the general public misses by ignoring the publications, edited and published by British Regiments. Priceless opportunities of finding out what the soldier really thinks are lost simply because the ordinary citizen who pays for the upkeep of the Army among the many amenities offered by our civilization, will not look about him for indications of what the Army is thinking. He may even suffer under the delusion that thinking is not a soldier's job, and that anyhow he is no good at it. Let him then look through the pages of "the Eagle" of the Royals, "The Cross-belts" of the 8th Hussars, "Scarlet and Green" of the 16/5th Lancers and get his eyes opened. That operation successfully performed, he should turn his attention "to the world abroad" where especially in Germany, soldiers are giving evidence of a very pretty literary turn. German Journals differ from those of British Regiments in this that they represent the survivors of the pre-war regiments that have been absorbed into new formations. These publications then, deal chiefly with the doings of former members of the old regiment and their experiences. You would, for instance, suppose that when a German horseman recalls the day when he rode out to war with black and white pennant fluttering from his lance, he would be liable to break out into poetic ecstacy about the "Queen of Weapons" and all that. Not a bit of it, no verses, no rhymes much less poetry, have been let loose over the lance, at least not since the days of universal service in Germany. Perhaps it was not considered safe to trust a poet with a lance and so he was kept well in the background engaged in the useful task of "muck-trailing." Anyway the man who wrote about his lance

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for a German Regimental journal did so in good honest prose, and with complete frankness. "I never did like the thing" he said of the lance "neither did any of the others. When mounted you had to trail it about with you, when on foot it was always getting in the way. There was never any occasion for the use of the lance and you never had one when occasion did arise. "Not but what the lance had its peacetime uses especially as means of communication during drill"; Radio had not reached its present state of perfection. The lance served as transmitter, the receiver was the busby of the recruit who was throwing the front rank out of dressing. Under application of the corrective message the delinquent's busby would suddenly descend over his ears and eyes so that he was as one of those that walk in darkness. Under such scientific treatment something was apt to get bent, either the hollow steel tubing of a lance, or the recruit's cockade.

Apart from above illustration of a professional use for the lance there were others which should appeal to all and sundry. There was the retrieving of other peoples' washing from off the clothes lines, and if one lance was not long enough, tie two together, and put the slings to some sensible use. Then came the war to interfere with such peaceful pursuits, and the need to look upon the weapon "with a soldier's eye that has a sterner task in hand." Yet even under active service conditions the possibilities of the lance were strictly limited. It was good enough for the purpose of helping prisoners of war along, and proved useful as an aid to conversation in foreign parts, in fact it exercised a marked moral effect on those who liked to argue in all those lingoes that nobody knows nor wants to know. Again under campaigning conditions a lance could be used for removing sides of bacon or a string of sausages from out of the wide smoke-chamber of the billet assigned to you, also for spitting the barndoor fowl that had sought safety among the branches of a tree or up in the hay loft. This operation could be successfully performed only if you were given sufficient elbow room, otherwise the lance might break.

The author of these reminiscences did break a lance. Not in defence of a damsel in distress; the few damsels one met were not

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particularly anxious to be rescued and those that were might not be worth it. Anyway that lance was broken, it happened somehow when its owner was crossing a railway line. This was during the Rumanian campaign; a baggage train had stuck in the mud and was all ready to be charged by cavalry, just the occasion for putting your lance to its primeval use, that of winkling people out of hiding. However his lance had gone, so our bold horseman drew his sword, a rather flimsy affair with which he was not particularly familiar; instruction in the use thereof had been neglected in favour of lance exercise. The sword left its scabbard unwillingly not because already glutted with gore, but by reason of the rust that was busy corrupting it. As it turned out, Russians and Rumanians escorting the baggage proved very ready to surrender at the horrible noise our warrior made as he charged amongst them.

Lances became scarcer every day on that campaign in Rumania and as the distance from home increased, more difficult to replace. Thus it happened that when the troop was called out by night alarm, there was a marked shortage of lances. This became painfully obvious when morning dawned reluctantly. Other deficiencies stood revealed by daylight and also the deplorable turn-out of a squadron that had saddled up in the dark and ridden miles through streaming rain, over the world's worst roads. Of course says our warrior " we had the longest road to the rendezvous, and when we arrived, there across the road, were the XY Dragoons neatly drawn up looking as fresh as new paint. Their riflemen had already fallen in on the flank, their lances were stacked together in bundles of twelve. To remove three or four of those bundles presented no great difficulty, the while others of " Ours " entertained our neighbours with cigarettes and small talk. What happened when the one-sided transaction was discovered, has not been revealed, probably our friend having done his bit, no longer took any interest in the matter. He sums up his revelations of the days when he carried a lance : " I must have trailed the thing about with me for a hundred miles or so, and can honestly declare that I have done harm to no one therewith, at least not to any enemy."

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ROYAL MEATH.

By Colonel F. A. Hamilton, late Indian Cavalry, I.A.

"There are flowers on the earth,
There are gems in the sea.
There's the Pearl and the Ruby, the Lily, the Rose;
But the Emerald green is the jewel for me,
And the Shamrock's the dearest of posies that grows."

Whytte Melville.

A very old and valued friend, a Mr. H. who hunted in Meath in Victorian days until he became so heavy that he was obliged to give it up, and who has long since ridden through "The Last of the Gateways," told me many stories of the hunting in those days. Stories of runs in which he rode and of those with whom he rode to hounds in that wonderful grass country, Meath, known as "The Royal Shire." Over a glass of port he used to tell us of the good old days of Mr. Sam Reynell, who in 1851 became Master of the Meath Hounds and who played such an important part in the history of that hunt; how he made the Meath country into the finest hunting country in Ireland if not of the world! How during his twenty years of Mastership he planted thirty to forty good gorse covers all of which were sure finds, and partly owing to his foresight Meath is still as well-stocked with foxes as any hunting country of the present day.

Mr. Reynell was very conservative and averse to the introduction of anything new in the way of dress. The following lines were the outcome of his objection to a light blue collar being adopted for the hunt coat.

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COLLARS OF BLUE.

By one of the field, Season 1868.

I'm an old fashioned sportsman of Meath,
Old things I prefer much to new,
But of all your accursed innovations
Commend me to " Collars of Blue."

Our coverts no longer hold foxes
When we do find we make much ado,
But scent and our sport have both failed
Since we took to these " Collars of Blue."

Preservation of pheasants increases
And fowl-moneys shortish I find
Why add to so blue a lookout
By making me look " blue " behind?

Exposure to weather and claret
Has much deepened my facial hue
Why in irony imitate that
By this mixture of " scarlet and blue? "

Then a toast to Foxhunting let's fill
I'm as fond of Foxhunting as you
But let's hunt like our fathers in scarlet
And away with those " Collars of Blue."

Mr. H. told me of many other outstanding characters in the hunting field of his day amongst whom were Lord Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the time, Lord Annaly, afterwards Master of the Pytchley, Jock Trotter, afterwards a Master of the Meath, the famous Colonel Forster, Master of the Horse to Lord Spencer, a sportsman nicknamed " The Hairless Hussar," " Bay " Middleton, and many others. He told me stories of Captain " Bay " Middleton, who used to pilot the Empress of Austria across Meath, who was a great practical joker and more than once had the tables turned on him. On one occasion this sportsman was staying in a country house. One of the guests distressed him by persistently wearing a hunt evening coat in the billiard room after the ladies had retired, instead of changing

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into a smoking jacket in accordance with the custom of those times. At last, playfully he warned the offender that if he did it again he would rip the coat up. Next night the same offence was committed. The gallant Captain without any hesitation ripped up the back seam of the coat "It's all right old chap," said the victim, "it is your coat!"

Mr. H. had a very fine grey horse called "Grenadier," of which he was very fond. He was offered 350 guineas for him, a lot of money in those days, but he refused to sell. On the night that he died, many years after "Grenadier," he kept on talking about his beloved old grey horse. Let us hope he now rides him in the "Elysian Pastures."

Perhaps the most outstanding character and the greatest amateur huntsman of his day was the famous master of the Meath Hounds, John Watson, late of the 13th Hussars. I remember that in the exciting moments of the chase he didn't care very much what he said. During a day with the Meath, whether you were mounted or on foot, there was usually something amusing to be heard. Nevertheless, never had a Master more complete control of his field, and I have seen him pack them up, three hundred or more "Men of the hunt and men of the sword," and ladies, outside a small but famous gorse covert, on a hill, and not one moved until the horn sounded "Gone away." Then they rode "hell for leather" for any available outlet. He died in 1908 of heart failure. This extract from a well-known Irish paper does justice to so fine a sportsman.

"MR. JOHN WATSON, M.F.H."

"We regret to announce the death of Mr. John Watson, the Ex-Master of the Meath Hounds, which took place at his residence, Bective, Navan, Co. Meath, after some months illness. Although not altogether unexpected, the news of his death will cause much sorrow throughout the country and amongst hunting men and polo players the world over. Mr. Watson came of a family famous in the annals of hunting. His grandfather, Mr. John Watson, hunted the Carlow Hounds from 1808, with the exception of a few years, up to the year of

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his death at the age of 83 years, in 1869. He was succeeded by his son Mr. Robert Watson who retained the Mastership till four years ago, when he resigned. He died this year having lived 17 years more than the allotted span of man. The late Mr. John Watson was a son of Mr. Robert Watson, and he inherited all the love of sport, and the sterling qualities for which his sire and grandsire were famous. Like them, what he did not know about hunting or hound work was not worth knowing and he was a recognized authority on all matters relating to the sport. He travelled to many lands, but it was in Ireland in 1891, when the Mastership of the famous Meath Hounds, which hunt has existed since 1725 in the "Royal Shire," became vacant owing to the resignation of the Earl of Fingall, he accepted the position. Up to the time of his resignation at the end of last season, he showed brilliant sport, and revived the best traditions of the pack. He was what is described as a severe Master, and a stickler for etiquette and woe betide the novice or careless follower who interfered with the work of the hounds. Asked as to what class of horse was required for the country, his reply was characteristic: "The best horse bred!" In latter years the Hunt has attracted visitors from all over the world, America being largely represented each season, and the news of his resignation as Master was received there with profound grief. Fox-hunting runs in the veins of the family, for his brother who survives him and who has been a resident in Australia for many years, was the first to introduce the sport into the land of his adoption. In order to do this, he had to return home and bring out a cargo of foxes, which have thrived exceedingly well in their new country.

"But great as were his achievements in the hunting saddle and in the management of a pack of hounds; it was as a polo player that the name of John Watson will be for ever remembered, wherever and whenever the game is played. For to him is due the dashing polo which we know at the present day. There is no trace of the game being played by Englishmen, even in India till after the Indian Mutiny; the 10th Hussars introduced the game into England in 1872, but the game then played was want-

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ing in method and science and "keep on the ball as long as you can" was the order of the day. John Watson revolutionized all this and it was he who eventually took the first international polo team over to the United States and brought back the Westchester Cup.

"John Watson served with the 13th Hussars in India and made his name as a pigsticker of note. He favoured the short jabbing spear.

"As an all-round sportsman and gentleman we may never see his like again."

A certain member of the Meath Field, let us call him "X," was a very gallant sportsman who kept a pack of hounds of his own, but often "wore the vine-leaves in his hair." On a certain cold, winter's evening X came in to kennels rather late, and to say the least of it "well lubricated." He was accustomed to passing his hounds each in turn between his knees into the kennel yard, counting them as they went in. On this evening there happened to be a large hole in the wire fence surrounding the yard and no sooner had hounds passed in than out they came again. Our friend was eventually found counting "hundred and one, hic, hundred and two, hic" and so on. There is no knowing how long he could have gone on had he not been led quietly away by his daughter who knew his ways. It was Mr. X, I think, who told me how a fox got rid of his fleas. The procedure is as follows:—The fox goes to a river, taking with him in his mouth a piece of sheep's wool. He then gradually and very slowly submerges himself, allowing the fleas to get nearer and nearer to his head and so on until his nose only is above water. Then, when the last of the fleas has left his nose and taken refuge on the wool he lets it down stream with its cargo of fleas and emerges completely de-flea'd.

Mr. John Watson's first whipper-in was Will Fitz Simons, who has now been huntsman of this pack for many years, and is I am told as good as ever, hunting them under the command of that very gallant and much-loved lady Master, Mrs. Connell. Between them they keep up the best traditions of this famous pack.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP COMPETITION IN AUSTRALIA

By Lieutenant J. A. Macarthur Onslow.
7th Australian Light Horse Regiment.

The Prince of Wales' Cup is competed for by all sabre troops in Light Horse Regiments in New South Wales and Queensland, that is the 1st Cavalry Division. Six regiments are in New South Wales and three in Queensland. The competition is remarkably keen and the standard of efficiency is of a high degree. To be in the running at all a Troop must be able to score at least 60 per cent. or 65 per cent. of the total points. It is compulsory for every Troop to compete.

Eliminating contests are held at the annual Regimental camp. The Troop scoring the highest number of points in the Brigade competing in the finals. There being three Brigades, one in the south of New South Wales, one in the north, and one in Queensland, three Troops compete in the finals. The judging for the best Troop in the Brigade is done by the Brigade Major at the annual Regimental camp, but in the finals the judging is done by an officer of senior field rank detailed by Army Headquarters who visits the three Troops who have qualified for the final round at their own home centres. This means a considerable amount of travelling, in fact it invariably does so. For example, this officer may have to go to Cooma in the south of New South Wales, to Tenterfield in the north, and then cross the border to Ipswich, in Queensland. Roughly 2,000 miles travelling there and back. All the judging in both eliminating and final rounds is done by a permanent officer of the Australian Staff Corps.

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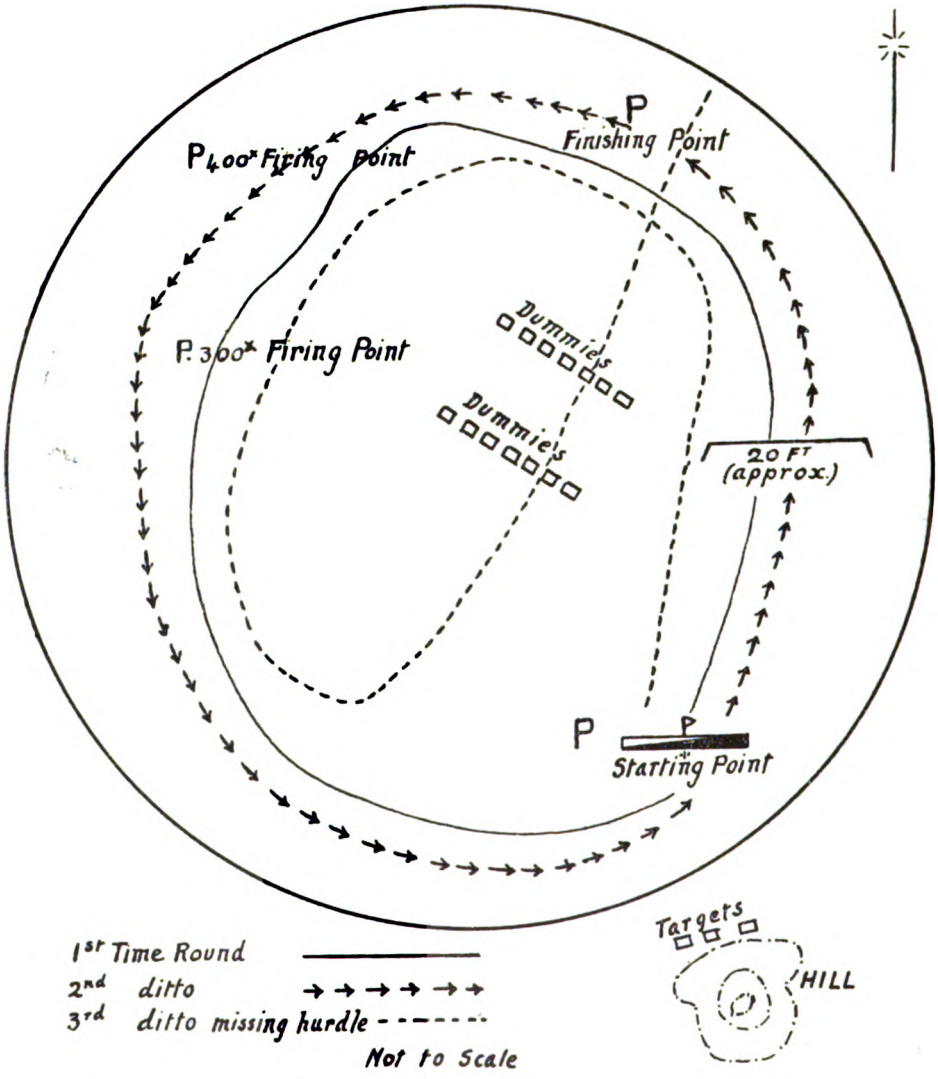
The Prince of Wales' Cup was presented to the Australian Light Horse by His Majesty King George V when Prince of Wales.



The same set of targets are used at both ranges in this instance. Some courses have to have two sets. It depends on the country. So long as the total distance covered is 1½ miles, the position of Firing Points, Dummies, etc. does not matter. These are placed to suit the course. The course need not be absolutely circular, though it is preferable.

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The competition is designed to be as near active service conditions as possible, bringing in the use of the horse, rifle, sword, and Hotchkiss Gun. The Light Horse are still armed with this last weapon, one being attached to each sabre troop. For the purpose of the competition the strength of a troop is 1 officer (subaltern), 1 sergeant and 12 other ranks, plus a Hotchkiss Gun section of 3. (No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3 pack leader.)

Points are given for turn out of man and horse, type of horse, drill, horsemanship, fire orders and control, shooting, and swordsmanship.

The length of the course is one mile and a half, generally circular (see sketch).

After the Troop has been inspected, and this inspection is very careful, every small detail imaginable being taken into consideration, the Troop mounts, forms up in line, with the Hotchkiss Gun section in rear, and goes round the course. Twelve minutes are allowed in which to complete the course. For every minute or part thereof in excess a point is deducted, and for every minute or part of one under time a point is added. The course is seldom done under twelve minutes. The Troop moves at a gallop, goes over a flight of hurdles 3 feet high, continues on and comes into dismounted action against targets at 300 yards range. The led horses are taken back at least 150 yards. There are nine riflemen and the Hotchkiss Gun. The targets are small tin hat targets made of brown paper stretched on wire. Size about 3 feet long and two feet high. There are six targets, two for the Hotchkiss Gun and four for the riflemen. The Hotchkiss comes into action on the left of the Troop and the targets are placed accordingly. Each man fires 5 rounds and the Hotchkiss one strip (30 rounds).

When the shooting at this range is completed the Troop mounts, the led horses having been signalled up, and goes round the course again, jumping the hurdle and comes into dismounted action against similar targets to the above at 400 yards range. The same number of rounds are fired as the 300 yards firing point.

On mounting again swords are drawn. The Hotchkiss Gun section are left behind and the Troop moving off at the

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gallop charge two lines of prone dummies. The hurdle is not jumped again. The dummies are sandbags filled with chaff lying flat on the ground. In the centre of each sandbag a message form is pasted. Having charged the dummies the Troop then rallies while still on the move, halts and dismounts. The course, then being completed, the targets and dummies are checked for hits, the points are added up and the total announced. The judge then points out any mistakes and gives the Troop any useful hints he may think necessary. Points given for shooting are: for each bull's eye 3 points and for each hit outside the bull 1 point. Hits on the dummies are counted in a similar manner. Three points for hitting the message form and one point if the sandbag is hit and not the message form. There are fourteen sandbags in each line, one for each man.

It will be seen that it is possible to score a total of 450 for shooting and 84 for the accurate use of the sword. Points for drill, turn out, etc., vary, but generally the maximum points obtainable for the whole competition are about 600.

As already mentioned the competition for this cup is extremely keen and troops practice and prepare for it all the year, a certain portion of each home training parade being set aside in which to practice. Whenever possible His Excellency the State Governor presents the cup to the winning Troop at its home centre.

The townspeople at the various troop centres, as a general rule, take a great interest in the local troop of Light Horse, as do the surrounding farmers and station owners, many of them lending their horses to the Troop if required.

The following is a sketch of the course which the author used with success, getting second place on two occasions.

Courses vary in minor details as they must be arranged to suit the surrounding country. The main essential is to have the complete course a mile and a half in all. This distance is checked very carefully by the judge beforehand. The targets should be placed at the foot of a hill for obvious reasons. A left or right hand course is optional. Firing, wheeling, starting and finishing points are marked by different coloured flags.

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WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

By H. C. Maydon.

The plan was hatched at K.C.'s farm at Westminster, O.F.S. K.C. is one of those lucky yeomen who chose to settle and farm in South Africa after the Boer War and with infinite pains approaching genius, has made good. The scheme was one of Bringey's hare-brained ideas, first sown by a chance visit to the Durban museum. You have only to show him an uncommon trophy of big game and he ceases to be human.

"You see, K.C.," Bringey argued, "Its not far to go from here. You admit you would like a holiday and you have never even seen the diamond mines at Kimberley. Disgraceful, I call it, and almost next door too."

"What on earth have the mines got to do with it?" K.C. demanded. "I thought you were talking of gemsbuck?"

"Yes, I was," Bringey admitted, "but I thought the mines would interest you more. You see we have got to pass through Kimberley on our way to Kuruman."

"Hum," growled K.C., who knew his Bringey, "a mere 400 miles in a dirty mail-cart over a bumpy road. And how far beyond Kuruman may we hope to find gemsbuck?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure. We shall have to hire an ox-wagon and riding ponies. I wrote Kotze at Kuruman, who presented the heads to the museum. He has got a young Dutchman for us who can supply a wagon and ponies. Think what a rag it will be. Two or three weeks trek by wagon. Just what you want, K.C., make a new man of you."

K.C. hesitated He could just spare three weeks from his farm in the slack season. But he had heard of some of Bringey's

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shoots. Weeks spread into months and time forgotten in the ardour of the chase.

"All right, I'll come, on condition that Helme comes too and you get us back by the twenty-first day."

Helme was a neighbour of K.C.'s and a keen archæologist. Bringey grinned inwardly. He had foreseen such a condition. He had Helme taped. He had not spent an hour in the museum swatting up Bushmen's implements and drawings for nothing. Helme had needed little persuasion.

"Good. Then we must be off on Tuesday's train. You had better see about borrowing a rifle," said Bringey.

Thus was the expedition launched. Enthusiasm is catching.

All went well as far as Kuruman. It is quite true that Bringey only gave them an hour's twilight at Kimberly to examine the gaping black hole from which half the world's diamonds have been extracted. The mail car left at dawn and they could not spare time to wait for the next.

"Look at it on your way back; they won't let you go and dig for yourselves anyway," he consoled them.

As for the 400 mile motor drive across the dusty veld, the less said the better. Actually the two days' drive passed tolerably, despite the heat, the dust and the over-loading. Helme was busy asking question about the Bushmen and K.C. was well up in history. Livingstone had once lived at Kuruman. The car driver was full of concessions.

"That's where Mr. S., the bank manager, spends his leave, washing for diamonds," said he, "and that hill over there is full of asbestos. There's a fortune waiting for someone to pick up."

"Oh? Belong to you by any chance?" asked Bringey innocently.

The man stared suspiciously, but continued in his role of fairy-godmother. It seemed extraordinary that there should be anyone, bar millionaires, in Kuruman.

They put up at the local pub and Bringey came into his own. If you can picture a cross between a detective and a commercial traveller that description will fit Bringey on a shooting quest.

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He knew all about stores and their prices and everything that was required from a Kaffir blanket to the last thing in drinking mugs.

"What do we do with it all afterwards?" asked K.C., as the mound of purchases grew higher and higher.

"Chuck it away or give it to our retainers," grinned Bringey," if you notice there is nothing there which cannot be consumed or costs more than a few shillings. I've long since learned that its cheaper to buy afresh for each shoot and throw the relics away than to pay transport. The art is to know what is essential."

"What's this for anyway?" asked Helme, holding up an empty kerosine tin.

"Most useful article of the lot. Its for heating your bath water and for boiling your gemsbuck head when you get one. You can use it as a potato container in the intervals."

"Bath?" sneered K.C. "Here, come off it. Away with your sybaritic ideas. This isn't India."

Their next visit was to Kotze's office, where they met their future guide, a young Boer called Roos. Maps were spread and game licenses discussed.

"Where did you bag your gemsbuck?" asked Bringey.

"Up by the Molopo river," replied Kotze, "about a week's trek from here."

"Phew," whistled K.C., "that won't give us long for shooting. Three days have gone already. I thought they were just outside the town."

Kotze laughed. "Used to be maybe, in Moffat's time. Not in my days. Biltong sells at 8d. the pound. Most of the farmers are out when they have the chance; shooting for meat not for heads."

"What a d—d shame," said Bringey, "never mind its worth a trial. Can't turn back now you know. After all, you'll get sandgrouse at the last water pan, won't he Kotze?"

"Yes, very good. Its the last water you'll see; the Molopo is as dry as a bone. So you'll want water tanks and your oxen

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must live on tsama water melons. Your ponies will need a short drink a day, so you'll have to cut out washing."

"How about baths now?" scoffed K.C.

But Bringey was off on a new tack and was conveniently deaf. He liked the look of Roos and was cross-examining him on the chance of gemsbuck. The young Dutchman was confident, but it was not going to be too easy.

"Cape Hartebeest, springbok, duiker, steinbok, yes, plenty, but gemsbuck are skellums," said he, "you see they make the best biltong, everyone wants gemsbuck; besides the Vaalpens—the half-caste Bushmen—hunt them, with spears and bows and arrows. I'll show you gemsbuck, but the trouble is to get near them."

"How about getting a Vaalpens hunter?" asked Bringey, remembering that a local man makes always the best shikari, on his own ground. But Roos, for some reason, did not seem keen on the idea. He probably suspected a slight on his own hunting capabilities.

By vigorous methods the party got off the next day. The minor notoriety caused in the dorp by this incursion of English sportsmen, was not a thing to be encouraged. There were too many advisers.

It was three days trek N.W. to the last water pan at Madabing, before they turned more west again and headed for the Molopo river. Meantime our three adventurers were adjusting themselves to life under entirely strange conditions.

They had no tents and no body-servants and the nights on the fringe of the Kalahari desert in June were freezing cold. The days were perfect under a cloudless sky; a sun not too hot and a cool breeze; but with sun-down a cold chill crept up from the bowels of the parched earth and by dawn the ground was stiff with white frost. They slept in the open round a huge camp fire, their toes as near the embers as they dared, their bodies radiating outward like some great star fish. John, the voorlooper and handy man, a Griqua half-breed, fed the fire with dry tree trunks, as the cold nipped and woke him.

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The cooking was the most irksome chore, worsened only by the washing up with good clean sand and a final spit of water from the kettle if they had not drunk it dry. But the air was like champagne, and, even although it was nerve-shattering to pull their stiff limbs from the hoar frosted blankets, and to push the fry pan on to the cinders, yet they felt too fit to grumble.

Thrice each day their eight yoked wagon toiled through thin bush over heavy red sand in short five mile marches, while the guns rode wide to flanks seeking steinbuck, korhaan and guinea fowl for the pot.

On the third day they reached Madabing, a clay bedded pool, beset by a sandy knoll and a screen of shady trees. Here they had their last real bath, filled their tanks and at dawn emptied their cartridge bags at Namaqua sand grouse, flighting in to water for one short hour in the day.

Three days later, with the going ever sandier and heavier, they reached gemsbuck country. It was a land of thin shadeless bush, dotted with great ant-hills and rare clumps of ever-green scrub. Here and there in the bush lay dry pans, shallow, flat depressions, crusted with the grey-white of salt and bare of grass or cover. Beyond, in the near foreground, might roll ridge after ridge of sand dunes, all swallowed in a sea of bush; landmarks there were none.

Behind the camp the fresh wagon spoor led back to the water pan, fifty miles away; ahead a dim, elusive wheel spoor—the track of some predecessor—still jinked away towards dry Molopo. There were no inhabitants in this parched waterless country, a desert of all time, bearing naught of verdure save its rare struggling tsama melon.

Roos was an expert on tsama, for he had once driven a great herd of cattle from Windhoek to Kuruman and the beasts had existed on the melons for weeks on end.

A shy Bushman was brought into camp one day. He was a dwarf in stature, as thin as a rake with woolly tufts of hair and a protuding abdomen, armed with a primitive bow and arrows. He was very frightened and spoke a clicking guttural of his own. One of the "boys" found a lingua franca of sorts, supplemented

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with signs. Appeased with the gift of a tin of salmon, biltong, tobacco and few beads for his women folk, he promised to sleep in camp and to act as guide to the haunts of gemsbuck. But at dawn he had vanished. Now and again in their wanderings, the party found traces of the Vaalpens folk. Tiny footprints in the sand, bones of game and strips of skin by some lonely, long dead camp fire, but they were more elusive than the very game itself.

Gemsbuck there were, but shier and more far-trekking than even Roos' yarns had foreboded.

Maybe they were too lucky at the start. For the very first day in camp Roos rode alone towards the Molopo, to spy out the land. On the way back, in the mid-day heat, retracing his spoor, he spotted a gemsbuck asleep under a tree and shot it without ever leaving his trail. It was a fine cow with magnificent horns and inspired the camp more than a little.

As Roos was the only guide in camp they took it in turns to ride with him in search of their quarry, whilst the other two guns pottered round camp on foot in the vague hope of a stroke of luck.

In this semi-desert country, completely waterless, extreme caution was necessary for fear of losing the way. One day, while the camp was being moved a mile or two to new grazing grounds for the oxen, Bringey took a cross-breed Hottentot as guide and strolled out on a half-hearted hunt, so half-hearted that he omitted to carry lunch or a water bottle. By a queer freak of chance he stumbled on to a herd of gemsbuck within an hour of camp. They were very unsettled, having possibly got a whiff of the camp, and the stalk led Bringey a mile or more afield to end in dismal failure. As it was growing hot Bringey voted for return. Within a mile, zigzagging amid big, dry timber, Bringey realized that his guide was at fault and that they were perceptibly moving in a circle, that dread omen of the benighted. A hasty interrogation of the guide confirmed the suspicion. On the instant Bringey realized that he was dreadfully thirsty, that it was noon, that camp had been moved, that the others were out and that his absence would not be noted till

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dark, in fact his imagination and a score of dreads threatened to take complete control.

Worse still it was obvious that the Hottentot had no ideas of his own and was waiting to be given a lead. Now out hunting, where one moves in circles, it is next door to useless to maintain a sense of direction; one must rely on a guide who knows the country or who possesses the homing instinct. In hilly country there will be landmarks; in some deserts one can follow back one's own spoor, but in bush country with sun-baked soil it is slow and nerve-racking work.

As much by luck as by horse-sense Bringey worked it out successfully. He headed for the highest ground he could see. He then remembered that the oxen found their best grazing and tsama patches round the edges of salt pans and the wagon must therefore be heading for one of these. From his trifling vantage point he noticed a slight shallow depression in the bush, a likely setting for pans in the rains and in the supposedly right direction. He made for the dip, and found a broad chain of pans. He used his field-glasses. His luck was in. The first thing that he saw was the old Arab sign-post of the neighbourhood of a camp, the wheeling of kites overhead in the far distance, bush scavengers seeking for a meal. A minute later he picked up the movement of parti-coloured specks in the far off bush; game? no, oxen, and his search was over.

Roos was a true back-woodsman with no fear of the bush desert. He read the spoor as one reads a book, an uncanny gift to ordinary civilized beings, who have advanced so far that they have forgotten the rudiments of survival. They had ridden far afield one day. They reached the Molopo, a dry, sandy river bed, and, turning west, explored its banks and surrounding jungle until the droop of the sun counselled return. They had covered some 16 miles or more with peregrinations, had muddled a stalk after gemsbuck and would be some 12 miles from camp as the crow flies. Roos turned his pony's head S.E. and made off through the screen of bush without hesitation. For two hours they rode; the sun was dipping, there were no familiar landmarks and Bringey felt the first stirring of anxiety.

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"How will you find the camp, Roos?" he demanded.

The Boer laughed. "Quite simple. Its over there, not far now," and he waved his hand.

"Yes, but—well, suppose you overshoot it?"

"Can't do that. Our wagon spoor lies north and south doesn't it? I am coming up from the west. When we strike the spoor we'll turn left and ride into camp on the spoor."

And so they did. So simple.

There is yet another method, but that came on another beat.

After that first easy gift the actual killing of a gemsbuck seemed an impossibility. Bringey had one easy chance with Roos. It came this way. They had been riding several hours searching for fresh spoor. Roos was getting worried, for had he not guaranteed good sport and gemsbuck for certain and now only two days were left. Each gun had had one difficult chance and each gun had missed. It was all this mad English idea of only shooting a good head. If only they had not insisted each time on creeping a bit nearer and having a final good peep to spot the best, they would all have shot gemsbuck days ago. It was maddening from Roos' point of view. Why any Dutchman could pick off his buck at 500 yards, running if need be.

"And choose your head too," Bringey queried.

"Well, shoot the best anyway," Roos boasted.

"I'd like to see you do it," Bringey challenged.

The gauntlet was picked up that very day. They found the fresh spoor of a herd at noon and following up on horseback, no mean accomplishment, came in touch an hour later. Luck was with them. The quarry were sleepily grazing in thin bush just beyond a slight swell in the ground. Leaving their horses Roos and Bringey wriggled forward on their tummies. At 100 yards they froze in fair cover and Bringey spent a few moments with his glasses choosing the best head. They both carried rifles. It had been arranged that if Bringey missed or killed and a second good head appeared, Roos was to shoot too.

Bringey selected his buck and fired. Why he missed does not matter; it is the sort of thing that does happen when one's complex is sinking. The buck raised his head and stared; the

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whole herd jolted forward a few paces and sniffed uneasily. Bringey sat back on his hunkers, as one who gives it up.

"Now then Roos," he hissed.

The herd were moving forward up the rise—trotting and halting and dodging trees. Roos threw up his gun and fired. Nothing happened save that the herd quickened their pace. They both fired two more shots and missed.

They remounted and rode back towards camp in dead silence.

"Its this fool game of picking good heads," grumbled Roos at last.

"Quite," agreed Bringey morosely. It was interesting to note that even a Boer can catch buck-fever.

At the end of five weeks Bringey had still not bagged his gemsbuck. K.C. and Helme had been back at work for a fortnight and had had time to write and sing the praises of the flesh pots and a comfortable roof overhead.

The dry bed of the Kuruman river twists snakily south-westward towards Upington and the G.S.W. border, amid dunes and arid veld. There were farms watered by windmill pumps every fifty miles, until all faded in desert. Roos had gone back to his farm, washing his hands of madmen and bad shots at that.

Bringey found an out-of-elbow motor mechanic, who owned a dilapidated pre-war Ford. "I want you to take me out West, beyond the last of the farms," said Bringey.

The man looked up suspiciously. "Gold, is it? Or diamonds? The west is no good. We might run down to the Orange; that is the best place for diamonds."

"Neither," replied Bringey, "its gemsbuck."

The man's face fell. "Them," he sniffed, "oh, well, if you make it worth my while. But water is short out yonder and my Lizzie drinks like Hell."

True words, for there was a fracture in the radiator, which gaped wider as they jolted over unexplored tracks. But by pouring in sand to block the leak and water, when they could get it, they got through.

At the last farm at Spring Pits, 180 miles west of Kuruman, they perforce came to a stop. "There's no water ahead, short

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of the border, and that you can't make by car. But if its only gemsbuck you want the place is stiff with them. At least unless the last party has shot them all up." Such was their greeting.

The last party had been three Boers with a mule wagon and riding ponies, who from all accounts, had soon shot their quota of four gemsbuck apiece. But their methods of galloping a herd and taking running shots, although betokening first class shooting, did not auger well for more orthodox hunting.

Bringey was now at high-water mark of the tide of settlers. His hosts spoke English falteringly and unwillingly, with more than a touch of suspicion. They were the fringe of the die-hards drifting ever ahead of the wash of civilization.

A bearded giant agreed to take Bringey out. With light baggage loaded on to mule-drawn Cape cart they plunged into the desert. It was true desert hereabouts, a rough sea of undulating sand dunes, featureless and almost bare of bush. They left the farm and only well at dawn on ponies, giving orders to the Kaffir boy with the Cape cart to meet them at a certain spot. By sun-down Bringey realized that that spot could be nothing but an imaginary dot in angry sea of sand dunes. He was thirsty for tea, there was a cutting bite in the air and he had an ugly suspicion of a strange guide. Some Boers seem to take a sardonic satisfaction in getting a raw Englishman into a pickle and of watching him wriggle. They rode for an hour in silence. Prinsloo was not strong in English and Bringey had been ruffled by a stalk that had gone wrong. It was dark and very cold.

"I suppose you know where you are going?" chanced Bringey.

Prinsloo chuckled. "Of course. I've got eyes," he replied.

Bringey wondered if this taciturn individual was one of those supermen who can follow a spoor at night. The mystery was soon explained. They reached some giant sand-hills, dismounted and stumbled up. On top the Boer collected dry grass and scrub and lit a bonfire. Then he looked round. Nothing happened. They rode on. From the third look-out dune they spied a tiny speck of light in the distance and half-an-hour later rode into camp.

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"You see?" grinned Prinsloo, "I have my Kaffirs well trained. No chance of getting lost this way."

Bringey wondered; it seemed chancey work, but then, he was not desert bred.

Fortune under the new guide still seemed fickle. Gemsbuck were seen but always an elusive, flitting shape on a far skyline. Prinsloo wanted to ride them down, but Bringey refused and the Boer grew huffy. Prinsloo shot a gemsbuck himself one day, just to show how it could be done. But it was an incredibly long shot and when they reached the body they found a buck with a single horn, a not uncommon deformity. Bringey congratulated himself that he had not been tempted to shoot—there had been no time to use field glasses. Better complete failure than such a disappointment.

On trek one day they met a Bushman. "Met" is scarcely the right word, since the shy, trembling Vaalpens had been spotted lurking in cover by the Boer's retainers and had been dragged to their master to report on the nearest patch of tsama.

"Ask him if he has seen any gemsbuck," suggested Bringey.

The wretched man's wits brightened at once at the question. "Of course," he replied, "had not the White masters seen them already? A herd over there," and he pointed vaguely.

From a neighbouring dune top and by the aid of glasses the herd was picked up at last. Without the wild man's hint they would never have been seen.

"Come on," said the Boer, turning his horse's head.

"No," said Bringey, "this man showed them, let him lead me," and he dismounted. The Boer sniffed. The Bushman and Bringey started off alone.

The quarry was over a mile away; the approach was through coverless thin bush and a maze of dunes. In two minutes Bringey had lost all sense of direction, as they zigzagged and circled using every scrap of cover and seldom with twenty yards of field of view. There was no spoor—since the herd was grazing towards them, but the wind was right.

After twenty minutes the Bushman, without warning or haste, flung himself on his belly and began worming up a dune.

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Bringey hesitated and at a beckoning finger, followed suit. The man was obviously taking his bearings, thought Bringey. But he was not. With the uncanny instinct of a leopard he had led right on top of his quarry. As Bringey reached the crest of the dune and peered over the top at the side of his guide, he saw, below him and five yards away, a seeming forest of spears, the black glistening points of gemsbucks' horns, topping a jostling mass of tawny bodies. They sensed him on the instant and ere he could pick a head or staunch his gasp of astonishment, they broke off at full gallop and were swallowed in the dunes.

The Bushman had been too good at his job; it was the queer case where the spear would have been more effective than the rifle.

Bringey did bag his gemsbuck in the end. It came tamely enough. A herd surprised amid a maze of sand dunes—a cautious, hurried stalk—a sudden stampede and a lucky fluke at what looked the best head in the herd. A passable trophy, but not a well earned victory.

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NOTES.

Extracts from the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Cavalry Journal Committee, held in the Council Room, of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, at 3 p.m., on November 30th, 1937.

Present: Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Bart. (in the Chair); General Sir George de S. Barrow; Lieut.-General Sir A. E. W. Harman; Major-General T. T. Pitman; Brigadier C. W. M.Norrie; Colonel J. J. Kingstone; Colonel R. Chenevix-Trench; Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Straight; Lieut.-Colonel Z. G. Burmester.

1. The Minutes of the last meeting were read and signed.

2. The Statement of Accounts for the year were approved. The Accounts showed a credit balance of £690 0s. 5d. as against £669 2s. 5d. last year.

3. Lord Carnock was elected Editor for one year vice Lieut.-Colonel Z. G. Burmester, who has resigned.

4. It was decided that the title of the Journal in future should be "CAVALRY JOURNAL HORSED AND MECHANIZED." This will come into effect in April.

5. It was decided that there should be a Prize Essay Competition open to cavalrymen throughout the world. The subject, prize and conditions are given on the leaflet issued with this number of the Journal.

6. Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Straight, Royal Corps of Signals, was appointed sub-editor vice Colonel R. Chenevix-Trench, who has resigned. A vote of thanks to Colonel Chenevix-Trench for his services on the Committee was passed.

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The following letter has been received from The Officers' Benevolent Department of the British Legion.

" Dear Sir,—My Committee would feel deeply grateful if you would kindly find a place in your valuable paper for this appeal which they are making on behalf of distressed ex officers who served in the Great War.

" During the past year the Officers' Association has supplied clothing to no fewer than 2,000 destitute ex-officers and their families. But now the stocks are almost exhausted, and as a large demand is anticipated during the winter months the Fund is in urgent need of secondhand clothes of all descriptions, especially overcoats, suits and underwear. Clothing for women and children is also most acceptable.

" Those who wish to show their practical sympathy with ex-officers who are unemployed should send clothing to the General Secretary, Officers' Association, 8, Eaton Square, London, S.W.1. The Association is willing to pay carriage on any consignment."

* * * *

CAVALRY FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held at the Cavalry Club, London, on Monday, October 11th, 1937.

Present : Brigadier C. W. M. Norrie, D.S.O., M.C. (Chairman); Lieut. Hon. M. E. Dillon, Royal Horse Guards; Lieut. A. H. Osborne, The Queen's Bays; Major L. E. Misa, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards; Capt. W. Barnes, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards; Lieut. R. Heathcoat-Amory, The Royals; Lieut. H. T. Brassey, Royal Scots Greys; Major E. G. G. Lillingston, 4th Hussars; Lieut. J. A. Cooke, 9th Lancers; Lieut. I. C. Tetley, 10th Hussars; Lieut C. R. Spencer, 12th Lancers; Lieut. I. S. Balmain, 15th/19th Hussars; Lieut.-Colonel T. G. Upton, 11th Hussars (Hon. Secretary).

1. The Minutes of the last Annual General Meeting held on October 12th, 1936, were read and confirmed.

2. The Accounts for the Season 1936-1937 were presented, examined and passed.

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3. The Committee for the current season was elected as follows:—Brigadier C. W. M. Norrie, D.S.O., M.C. (Chairman); an Officer to be appointed by the Brigadier 1st Cavalry Brigade; an Officer to be appointed by the Brigadier 2nd Cavalry Brigade; Captain W. Barnes, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, representing unbrigaded Regiments; Lieut.-Colonel T. G. Upton, 11th Hussars (Hon. Secretary).

4. The Draw was made.

5. The Meeting endorsed the Commanding Officers' opinions that the Final be played this season either at Aldershot or Tidworth.

6. It was agreed with one exception that gates should be taken at all matches whenever possible and that the normal price of admission to preliminary rounds would be : Officers 1/- and Other Ranks 4d., with the proviso that if "Stand" accommodation is used, the price would have to be in accordance with rates laid down for that Command or Station in which the match is played.

LIEUT.-COLONEL T. G. UPTON,
Hon. Secretary, Cavalry Football Association.

* * * *

Captain J. F. B. Vandeleur is intending to arrange an inspection tour of Canada and British Columbia for any Ex-Officers of the Services who may be desirous, possibly of settling in those countries. For information regarding the proposed tour application should be made to Captain J. F. B. Vandeleur, The Sands Cottage, Farnham, Surrey.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The first article in the October "Army Quarterly" concludes Captain Wynne's account of the baleful influence of ill-digested acquaintance with German war practice in our present doctrine of the defensive battle. He shows that our defects in 1918 were due primarily to our misapplication of German methods and yet that the methods that failed us then are still in vogue among us to-day. Major-General Fuller, discussing dictatorship and generalship considers that dictators are likely to impose on their generals greater speed and daring in the conduct of military operations in any future war and that the results of such methods are likely to be more rapid success—or failure. Soldiers, in his opinion always tend to exaggerate and hesitate before difficulties, and real or imaginary, which often disappear when resolutely faced. But there are other sorts of soldiers, and while an impatient dictator may stimulate the one sort to useful purposes in the case of the less cautious sort, it may merely be an instance of the blind leading the blind. Mr. G. Budden has a most entertaining yet well thought out paper on "The Use of Imaginary Forces" deriving his lessons from the benefit in morale drawn by the Allies from the legend of the 80,000 Russians sent through England, according to popular belief, to fight on the Western front in August, 1914. He considers that an imaginative and unorthodox high command might with great facility create and foster such legends for the benefit of an enemy, with disastrous effects on his peace of mind and dispositions of his forces.

The "Fighting Forces" for October contains a very varied selection of articles, all of great interest, on such topics as the abolition of capital ships in the Navy, reform of the system of

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officers' promotion and of officers' messing in the Army, the use of balloon aprons in air defence and the recent coast defence exercise. Lt.-Colonel Burne describes the brilliant little action at Ramadi in Mesopotamia in 1918, as this number's instalment of his military history series, and the Editor discusses the Khaisora Valley incident of Nov., 1936, with a view to showing that it was highly creditable, if not to all at least to the fighting troops concerned.

The " Royal Engineers' Journal " has as its leading feature an admirable article by Brigadier B. L. Montgomery on the problem of the encounter battle. He considers that modern conditions of war make it necessary for us to reconstruct our ideas about advanced guards, since a good start is nowadays more than ever half the battle. He suggests various type formations for a division advancing under different conditions and with different missions, in each case providing for a strong forward body, headquarters of brigades and divisions well to the front, and the main body held well back and moving up by bounds as required. The ideas herein set out merit widespread consideration and discussion. The rest of the contents of the Journal are of mainly technical interest, but the article on " Boundary Commissions " by Major Clifford and on " Quetta Reconstruction " by Colonel King may profitably be read by others than sappers.

The best items in the " Royal Artillery Journal " are the account by Major Reynolds of the battle of Shaiba (Mesopotamia) in March, 1915, and the lighter articles such as the account of a journey home from Shanghai by way of the Trans-Siberian railway and Soviet Russia (much of which recent events in China must have made it of purely historic interest now) and of the gunner mess shoot at Shoeburyness, Lt.-Colonel Eden proffers some useful hints in military essay writing.

The " Journal of the United Service Institution " contains a good account of the experiences of the Pathan Legation guard

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at Addis Ababa during the recent Italo-Abyssinian war. Lt.-Colonel Anderson deals with the machinery of mobilization, and there are two useful anonymous papers on army recruiting and on reading for the Staff Colleges.

The "Canadian Defence Quarterly" reprints as its leading article the paper of Brigadier Montgomery on the encounter battle referred to in the review of the "Royal Engineers' Journal" above. Major Scudamore outlines the present situation in Germany; he believes she is not ready for and does not want war, but that internal unrest and disunion among her rivals may afford her opportunities of gaining much of what she wants by *coups de main* after the pattern of the reoccupation of the Rhineland and the abolition of conscription. Captain Mann describes a long march under Service conditions by "A" squadron of the Royal Canadian Dragoons from St. John's to Petawawa Camp. The distance, 300 miles, was covered in 57 marching hours, the average daily distance during the thirteen days alternating between 35 and 23 miles a day. The arrangements for the march which was highly successful and useful are given in detail, together with a diary of day to day incidents and experiences. It is well worth perusal by all cavalry officers.

The October "Royal Air Force Quarterly" contains two papers by the author's of "Air Stategy," the one a discussion of the fighter versus bomber question, the other a reply to a critic of their book. Wing-Commander Lloyd describes the decisive role played by the Italian Air Force in the Abyssinian campaign, and Flight-Lieutenant Braithwaite, advocates on grounds of morale and tradition the introduction of a regimental system for the Royal Air Force, now that it is in process of great and rapid expansion.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The United States "Cavalry Journal" for July-August opens with a brief article which, although going far beyond any purely cavalry interest, is worthy of consideration, since it comes from the pen of Major-General J. L. Hines, a former Chief of Staff, U.S.A. Army. He states quite clearly that the time is not ripe for disarmament; that the age for settlement of international disputes by negotiation is far distant. He then analyses the civil wars fought by men of Anglo-Saxon blood: these are the Civil War (in England) of 1642; next the similar war of 1688 and lastly the war which determined the liberty of the United States in the late XVIIIth century. This he also regards as the first great "American" war. He goes on to examine the great wars of this type since that date. Having dealt with the first of these he says that the second came in 1812. Then came the Mexican War of 1845; military problems, nothing very novel, but his conclusion is worth repeating, namely that "the military importance of physical geography has not been decreased with the advent of rapid means of transportation . . . nor with aviation. On the contrary, the utilization of obstacles becomes, if anything, of even greater importance than ever before. . ." This importance is, of course, especially great in the sphere of strategic reconnaissance by cavalry, mechanized or otherwise.

The next item deals with the thesis that "a mobile reserve must be a fighting element of superior battlefield manœuvrability." Its main interest lies in the fact that it is a review of Chapter X of the new American manual, "Cavalry Combat." It deals in detail with the attack on Moreuil Wood on March 30th, 1918, during the withdrawal of the British Fifth Army,

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by the Canadian Cavalry Brigade. This war settled the expansion of the United States to the westward. Fourthly came the great Civil War of 1861-65. Next there is the Spanish-American conflict of 1898. Finally he deals with the Great War which the States entered in 1917.

From this survey he concludes with an appeal to the States to be better prepared for an armed conflict than they have been in the past. The arguments are familiar enough to students of our own Official History of the Great War. Leadership and discipline, concludes General Hines, cannot be bought like weapons or supplies. Only the training of soldiers and sailors towards that end can ever supply those needs.

Major E. E. Schwier next studies the application of physical geography. The narrative is based on British sources*, cavalry not required on the flanks and to mask gaps in the battle front is held as a mobile reserve with a view to its employment in the pursuit or for meeting the crisis in combat which demand the highest degree of mobility." The author considers this " an excellent example of a piecemeal attack " . . . " which should only be employed where the time and space factors make it necessary."

Much of the remainder of the number deals with matters connected with horseflesh and training which are of lesser interest to British readers. But Major J. D. Hood has a very brief account of his " use of a portable amplifier (loud speaker) outfit " for instructional purposes : a practical note.

The September-October number of the same journal begins with an article by Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins entitled "We must have Cavalry." The theme is well-known and many of the arguments adduced, as well as the many allusions to recent fighting in China, Spain and elsewhere offer few points that could be regarded as novel. But what should prove of interest, and is probably new to British readers, is the fact that the author believes that modern American cavalry is trained and fights on lines that are entirely up-to-date and distinct from anything

* Cavalry Journal for 1923, 1924 and 1927 ; Canadian Defence Quarterly, 1925. The British Official History for 1918, vol. i, deals with the incident ; this source was clearly unknown to the writer.

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that has gone before. "A numerous cavalry," he states, "equipped and trained like the American cavalry, could have been very useful in Spain and also in China . . . in neither of these countries do they know how to use cavalry, nor how to arm it and train it for such use." It is, of course, quite true to claim that cavalry might be "more useful in the continents of America where there are more of the vast open spaces with fewer roads running conveniently in every direction.

But somehow it is just possible to ask if the General is not slightly overstating his claim. So it is with his description of the Battle of the Marne. "The French Fifth Army, and the British Army, opposing von Kluck were retreating in an exhausted condition. They were very near to exhaustion and panic. It needed only the straw to break the camels back. That straw (i.e., German cavalry) was not there." The gallant author rather seems to overlook such episodes as the battle of Guise or the lesser affair at Néry. Nevertheless the case for the mounted arm in to-day's warfare has seldom been more forcibly stated.

The next article entitled "Mobility and the Cavalry Leader" by Major E. S. Johnston—an infantry officer be it noted. The article is familiar in many of its arguments, but is so freshly written as to attract attention. The "sense of proportion" is the author's main desideratum in the cavalry leader: "brave enough but not too brave," "daring but not rash, cautious but not cowardly." Where the writer becomes most original is in comparing the action of cavalry of the mechanized type to that of ships at sea. "Similar lessons can be learned from air operations. We already send cavalry officers to Air Corps schools. We could be well advised to send a few young ones to take the junior course at the Naval War College."

The importance attached to cavalry manœuvres in the U.S.A. is remarkable. A great deal of work is being done in experimenting with the new mechanized cavalry. This has been noted repeatedly during the past few years in these notes. The present number of CAVALRY JOURNAL is no exception. The

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recent cavalry manœuvres at Fort Know are studied in three separate articles. The most interesting feature of these exercises is the fact that the 7th Cavalry Brigade (Regular-Mechanized) was pitted against the 54th Cavalry Brigade (National Guard—Horsed). The special idea was to test the action of the mechanized regiment against a horsed regiment of greater strength and armed with all anti-tank weapons. The horsed brigade was given the full establishment of radio, scout cars and machine guns (.30 and .50) which it is expected will shortly be issued to all regiments remaining " horsed " (National Guard). The articles are full of interesting detail and the conclusions, which, good as they are, cannot be regarded as of outstanding novelty, are all given in detail. There is no doubt of the care being bestowed on cavalry training in the States to-day.

An article on " Artillery Support of Cavalry " by Major D. Wahl seeks to supplement the somewhat meagre references to the subject in the new American book, " Cavalry Combat." This circumstance and editorial note ascribes to the lack of historical data on this subject.

The French " Revue de Cavalerie " for July-August opens with a long article by Captain H. Grimaux on the " Security of Non-armoured Troops." Starting from the premise that the tactical progress made by armoured units is in advance of that made by the older unarmoured units, he examines the whole problem from its origins.

He concludes that against the long range armoured unit there is need for a greater radius of security work: against the cross-country vehicle it is necessary to seek the natural obstacle or the artificial strongpoint: to the armoured gun carrier the answer is the " anti-tank " weapon set up under the most favourable conditions for fire: against the threat of encirclement an all-round defence must be sought: lastly, as the new vehicles are partially deaf and blind, there is required a greater need for watchfulness and greater need for concealment, as well as a more " fluid " organisation.

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Given these requirements, the author studies each of these phases of the problem in turn. From his study it is clear that he believes the obstacle to be the most effective protection against the tank; but this obstacle must not be alone nor facing only in one direction—the aim must be to find a girdle of obstacles. The anti-tank weapon needs the greatest care for protection when *on the move*; when in position it requires really effective protection—makeshift cover is not enough: the rapid transmission of information is as important as its acquisition—every scout must be accompanied by a runner. Lastly he adds that horses and transport must not be crowded behind cover that is in point of fact incapable of checking the armoured vehicle.

The author then proceeds to examine an actual situation on the map whereby he makes clearer his meaning. It is a thoughtful and useful article, although it does not contain any startling deductions.

An anonymous article examines the conditions of promotion prevailing in the French army. It is curious to find that the bulk of French officers suffer from "curious disparity in the length of service that they spend in the different arms and ranks.

From Subaltern to Captain in 1937 there was needed the following seniority:—Infantry, 5½ to 6½ years; Cavalry, 9½ to 10½ years; Artillery, 5 to 5½ years.

From Captain to Major:—Infantry, 12½ to 16½ years, Cavalry, 11½ to 14½ years: Artillery, 9 to 13½ years.

The proposed remedy is ingenious, but its effect in practice is not clear; it is certainly not applicable to British peculiarities except in the case of arms like the artillery or engineers which have a general list.

The author proposes to have in every regiment three cadres: first, the fixed cadre; secondly, a temporary cadre made up from a general pool of officers returning from appointments, unposted, etc.; third, a temporary cadre composed of reserve officers below the rank of major. The establishment of the cadres would be a matter requiring great consideration.

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The same journal for September-October begins with a very brief article by General Boucherie on the subject of the Napoleonic cavalry. It is popularly supposed, says the author, that Napoleon used his cavalry in brilliant charges to the exclusion of any other tactical method. This is a fallacy, for a study of the training and tactical methods of the cavalry corps proves conclusively that manœuvre and fire action were as important in the eyes of the Emperor as the actual, and more dramatic, charge. The article is worth reading.

There follows a very long technical article on steel, its manufacture and its uses. This detailed study is not of much value to general readers but to those who aspire to a clear insight into metallurgy or manufacturing processes the article is clearly to be recommended.

The capture of the strong town of Constantine in Algeria, in the year 1837, is the subject of the next article by Captain Serreaux. The task allotted to the mounted troops in this siege is of interest.

A précis of an article in the Polish cavalry journal, "Przeglad Kawaleryjski," No. 3, 1937, draws the attention of readers to the fact that many of the failures of the defence against motorized and mechanized units may be ascribed to the strangeness of the weapons. Panics have resulted, both in Abyssinia and Spain, from this fact. This is a matter of primary importance to cavalry. The true solution is to accustom all troops to the action and possible uses of the new arms—by visits to the new units, by cinema lectures, by actual manœuvre.

The German military press for the past quarter has been destitute of any article that might prove of outstanding interest to British cavalry officers. A brief series of very short articles from the pen of that great stategist, General Wetzell, has appeared in the "Militär-Wochenblatt." It deals with the influence of alliances on the Great War, and traces particularly the consequences on the earlier phases of the struggle. These

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articles should be read by students of the Staff College and similar examinations.

The Swiss "Schweizer-Kavallerist," for 15th October, has a resumé of the recent manœuvres at which the new "light" brigades, composed of horsed regiments, cyclists, etc., were employed. The use of such formations was specially tested. The brigades were found advantageous, but they possessed neither weight nor fire power to make any serious frontal attack; they are best used for reconnaissance and flanking attacks. These manœuvres were regarded as most serious exercises, and gained in importance from the presence of Maréchal Pétain as a visitor.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Golden Knight and other Stories." By Hermione Ratcliffe. 3s. 6d. net.

"David's New World." By Vernon Stokes and Cynthia Harnett. 3s. 6d. net.

"Janet and Felicity." By Golden Gorse. 5s. net.

"Peter & Co." By C. E. Heanley. Illustrated by Frank Hart. 7s. 6d. net.

Country Life, Ltd. is to be congratulated on the above range of books designed for the education of the young in country pursuits. The first two belong to the Junior Country Life Library, which is now so popular.

"Golden Knight" deals with ponies and was written by a girl, aged 11 years, who has shown a wonderful insight of the nature and life of the horse. The book is cleverly illustrated by Barbara Turner.

"David's New World" concerns the adventures of a boy, suddenly whisked from town to country surroundings, where he is initiated into a new world and learns his sporting lessons in the woods and fields of "Martyns." The book is a most useful guide for a boy who wishes to gain elementary knowledge of animals, birds and guns.

"Janet and Felicity" is a tale of two young horse-breakers, who, during their school holidays, managed to break in two half-broken Exmoor ponies under the part-time tuition of an expert. This is a well-written book which will prove of value to children, who possess ponies with major or minor faults.

"Peter & Co." Peter is the head of the animal family which comprises "Laddie" the collie, "Patience" and "Angela" the

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stable cats, " Ned " the donkey and " Jacob " the children's pony. The book consists of a series of short stories based on the supposed conversations, actions and adventures of the various pets and might well take the place of the old-fashioned Fairy Tales.

O.J.F.F.

" The Bravest Soldier : Sir Rollo Gillespie, 1766-1814." By Eric Wakeham. (Blackwood.) 12s. 6d.

We have the authority of the historian of the British army, Sir John Fortescue, for the verdict that General Gillespie, the hero of the Vellore mutiny and of the conquest of Java, was the bravest soldier who ever wore a red coat; but until the publication of this admirable life, no biography of him existed. Major Wakeham's full length story of his exploits fully bears out Sir John Fortescue's verdict. Gillespie, a handsome young Irishman, flouted his father's plans for his future by joining the Carabiniers in 1783—it cost his father £1,100 to buy his commission—and in the first few years of his service made a name for recklessness and daring, which landed him in an elopement, a duel, and a series of hare brained exploits. But war brought him quick distinction. During the arduous and thankless, but splendidly fought operations in San Domingo in 1794 his rise was so rapid that he ended up in command of the 20th Light Dragoons, and his tenure of command showed him as a model C.O., deservedly admired and loved by all ranks. But his single-handed repression of a most dangerous mutiny among the native troops at Vellore, and the magnificent services rendered at the storming of the lines of Cornelis in the Java campaign, remain his most enduring titles to fame. It was a severe loss to the army when so valuable a life was thrown away in trying to lead on his hesitating men to the storm of the Gurkha fort of Kalunga in 1814. Had Gillespie's great deeds been performed on a wider stage, we should not have had to wait so long for a life of him. But Major Wakeham has done his work admirably; the book is well illustrated and beautifully mapped, and the narrative, easy and flowing, if at times somewhat

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over-coloured, does full justice to his hero's astonishing courage and remarkable natural gifts for soldiering.

"Cavalry Combat." U.S.A. Cavalry School. $2.50.

In this admirably produced and fascinatingly written volume the American School of Cavalry has given us a compendium of the experiences and lessons of the Great War in every phase of horsed cavalry activity, together with chapters on the use of armoured cars in co-operation with the mounted arm, illustrated by 120 maps and sketches. The historical narratives range from the fortunes of officers reconnoitring patrols to the conduct of independent missions by cavalry divisions and corps, and the subjects dealt with include reconnaissance, security duties, defence, retrograde movements, attack, pursuit, special operations such as filling a gap in the front, raiding and attacking a river line, and marches and horsemanship. Most of the historical examples come from the Western front operations, but there is a goodly selection from the Eastern front, Egypt, and Palestine, and one or two from Mesopotamia, Serbia and Roumania. In its pages we see "cavalry at the charge, on foot, fighting as doggedly as infantry, afar on its own, or elbow to elbow with other arms; it breasts the snows of winter, treads the desert sands, climbs the mountains and crosses the plains; it suffers and again it thrives; it gathers the fruits of victory with an exultant show, or gallops into a forlorn hope to save a war." The doctrine the book is intended to illustrate is that the place of cavalry is to fill that requirement of a balanced army which demands a fighting element superior to the main element—infantry—in mobility near or on the battlefield, and possessing in common with that arm the ability to engage in offensive and defensive fighting, whether independently or in conjunction with other arms. It is cavalry's place to be ready through its high mobility and fire power to protect the infantry in its advance to battle, and to gain or assist in gaining general and detailed information of the enemy; to co-operate with the infantry and other arms in battle, by protecting exposed flanks,

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or acting as a reserve capable of the most rapid movement to an engagement at either nearby or distant critical points in the line of battle; to be ready at the crisis of battle to convert a decision gained into a complete destruction of the enemy; or to prevent such a fate to our own army in case of failure. This doctrine is unexceptionable, whether applied for the use of the horsed cavalry of the past, or of the " new model " mechanized cavalry of tomorrow, and the book, with its mine of information as to how it was applied in the Great War should be a treasure-house of study for every cavalryman, young or old.

" The War in Abyssinia." By Pietro Badoglio, Marshal of Italy, Duke of Addis Ababa. (Methuen.) 30s.

The " Foreword " habit has evidently come to stay, few good books escape it, and Marshal Badoglio's work is one of them. However in this case, the foreword by Signor Mussolini (a facsimile of the first and last pages in his handwriting are given) serves as contrast to the sober, soldierly manner in which Marshal Badoglio tells his story.

In the nature of things this work can give only in broad outline the invasion of Abyssinia which really started when the Marshal took over its direction and control. As Chief of the Staff Badoglio was thoroughly conversant with the situation under General de Bono for whose work he has expressed sound and generous appreciation. To describe the situation as interesting when he arrived, is to say the least of it. Having explained it the Marshal takes us on a course of hard-won victories, from the first contact with the enemy on advancing from the Italian defensive position, to the entry into Addis Ababa.

Thanks to the excellent maps and photographs, some of them taken from the air, we are given a good idea of the country in which the Italian Army operated, and the formidable difficulties it presented. To overcome these required all the skill of those capable Italian engineers, all the enthusiasm of the troops and the endurance of the hardy Italian labourer. It was road-

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making after the manner of ancient Rome, that carried the eagles of modern Rome to the capital of Ethiopia.

A good photograph shows the site of the battle of Enderta. It is particularly interesting as showing the characteristic flat-topped mountain or "amba" of Ethiopia. "It is a natural bastion, with steep, rocky, impassible sides." Indeed the positions on Mount Aradan "were well suited to effective mobile defence and rapid counter offensive." The battle began on 11th February and ended on 19th. Appendix V gives the "Directive" issued for the operations and the distribution of forces, appendices VI, VII, VIII give the directives issued from the "Observing (Forward Observation) Station" during the action; this is the method practised throughout the book, it is practical and may be warmly commended for such works as this.

Other battles are treated in like manner. Of these the second battle of Tembien deserves mention on account of its place in the strategic framework, and for the tactical method there employed in working out the plan of campaign. At the 2nd Tembien the armies of Ras Casas, and Ras Seyum were broken "there remained only a few survivors, seeking to evade death or capture by taking refuge in one cave after another, and making use of the most inaccessible and concealed tracks." The Italian losses in this battle are given, killed and wounded, at 34 officers, 359 Italians, 188 Eritreans, those of the Abyssinians at about 8,000.

The battle of Scirè had ended, like those before it, in victory, writes Badoglio when recounting the decisive action against Ras Immiru and Dejak Aieleu Burru who had taken up a defensive position in the region of Semama and Selaclaca. Chapter XII dealing with the battle of Lake Ascianghi is of remarkable interest as it gives the text and contents of intercepted messages exchanged between the Emperor of Abyssinia, his Chiefs in the field, and the Legation in Paris. One of these messages concludes with the words "from the League we have so far derived no hope and no benefit." On this document Badoglio remarks "It reveals among other things the mind of the Negus and of the Rases, who, although their defeat was mainly attributed to

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their own incompetence, blame with impunity their troops, whose courage, on the contrary had proved itself in all circumstances to be of the highest order."

In his "Final Considerations" Marshal Badoglio declares that this great enterprise has no precedents in colonial military history" a thesis to which military historians may not subscribe, however, if it leads to open discussion good must come. The author also states that "the war was won with ease" a relative ease, for enormous indeed were the difficulties encountered. This again will interest historians whenever a more detailed account of the war is put into their hands.

To conclude Marshal Badoglio has some interesting remarks to offer on tactical matters. For these and other reasons this book is to be recommended to all students of warfare.

B.G.B.

"Knötel Sieg, Handbuch der Uniformkunde." (Diepenbroick-Grüter & Schulz, Hamburg.)

In these days of drab uniformity it is a relief to be shown something of the "panoply of glorious war" as it has been all down the ages. This view has been given to us by Messrs. Knötel & Sieg in a book which shows you the uniforms of all the world's armies from earliest times to the present. The name of Knötel is familiar to all those who make a study of uniforms, as that of two artists father and son, who have published a vast collection of drawings illustrating uniforms of all countries. These drawings have now been collected and used to illustrate the letterpress of this book in which Herbert Sieg gives you not only the history of uniform but also every detail. Would you know how Curassier, Lancer, Carabinier and Dragoon developed when formed into units of regular troops after the Thirty Years War, here in this book you will find it. Saxon Curassiers from 1695, with tables setting forth changes in detail at various periods. If you would like to know what the Sardinian contingent looked like during the period of the Crimean War, in this book you will find it, also the appearance of our allies on that occasion the

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Turks, who had not long shed the oriental trappings of Janissaries, Bashibazouks, and other such warriors of the fiery, untamed sort. The uniforms of Asiatic Armies, China and Japan also offer an interesting study showing how western influence gained ascendancy in such matters whereas in North America military uniform tended to proclaim political inclination towards one or other European Power. Again, uniform was subject to fashion changing with success or failure of whatever power had been dictating the fashion. After 1871 there was a flight from the shako, notably in the British Army, after the Great War when a shy return towards bright uniforms was attempted, suggested patterns for the returning shako appeared in publications that deal with such refinements.

The authors have not overlooked the many States that attained independence as consequence of the Great War. They show you the uniforms of Lithuanian, Latvian, Czechoslovack soldiers, and devote a couple of pages to the " Irish Free State " thus avoiding any accusation of injustice to Ireland. To complete this work the authors have dealt equally faithfully with the world's navies at least from the sumptuary side, and also the Air forces of many countries.

This is indeed a completely satisfactory work for all those who want to know about uniforms, and its cost 10 Mark which is surely very little for such value. B.G.B.

" Haldane, 1856-1915." " The Life of Viscount Haldane of Cloan." By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. (Faber & Faber.) 18s.

Sir Frederick Maurice has accustomed his hearers and readers to expect distinction of style, precision and clarity of expression; in this authorized biography of Lord Haldane he is at his best.

This is a full length study of Haldane the man, the statesman and the philosopher. To understand Haldane the many-sided, it is well to study carefully those chapters which tell of the

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making of the man, his background of highland ancestry and the formative years in Scotland and at Göttingen University. There were the struggles of his early manhood, there was his brilliant career at the bar, and his experience of politics in the arena of the House of Commons, with all these phases in the life of his subject the author deals well and truly, drawing freely from letters written by and to Haldane with no more comment than is necessary to recall to memory happenings of those pre-war days which are now passing into the haze of history.

We have every reason to be grateful to Sir Frederick for giving us this book. Its arrival is singularly well-timed now in this time of change, especially in matters that concern the Army. To the soldier Chapters V, VIII, IX and X, that deal with Haldane as the statesman who undertook the task of creating an army appropriate to our commitments, are of surpassing interest. He succeeded to the War Office as Secretary of State at a period when that office was surely the most thankless of all that a Liberal Government could bestow upon one of its ablest and staunchest supporters. It is an astounding fact, but there is no gainsaying it, that Haldane had first of all to convince some of his own colleagues that the proper function of an army in peace time is to prepare for war, and not as a subject for experiment in reducing costs for the purpose of impressing the electorate. Sir Frederick leaves us under no illusion concerning the difficulties that were put in the way of this man. We learn from Haldane's own words how hard his task was, from letters by his friends with what cheerful courage he faced it. It comes as a relief to read that Haldane's work was made less wearying, even joyous by the devotion of all those soldiers who came in contact with him, and he made a point of meeting and listening to all and sundry. "My Generals are like angels" Haldane writes to his friend Spender. Some of us may have failed to notice the likeness, however, we should be content to take Haldane's word for it, the more so as some of our best have nothing but high praise for him. It was Earl Haig who inscribed a bound copy of his Despatches which he gave to Lord

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Haldane " To the greatest Secretary of State for War England ever had."

There will be few who do not subscribe to this opinion expressed by a great soldier who worked with Haldane on his plans for making an effective Force out of the British Army as it had emerged from the confusion of the South African War. There will be many soldiers who wish for such another guide as Haldane in these bewildering times, and they should all read this book. It is heartening, it is also very saddening in that it tells of the gross injustice and injury done to this man out of political spite and mass stupidity. Yet he bore all this with the calm of a philosopher. The author has not been too lavish with illustrations, there was no need to be in a book so full of interest. All of us will welcome the reproduction of a Bernard Partridge cartoon from *Punch* of November 28th, 1906, portraying Lord Rosebery as a trooper of Scots Greys chasing his " Brither Scot," Haldane, who is riding away on the trooper's bonny grey.

No regimental library should be without this valuable addition to the history of British Army Reform

" Light Horses and Light Horse Keeping." By Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S., Captain late R.A.V.C. (Jarrolds). 12s. 6d.

This is another horse book. In 329 pages and no fewer than 41 chapters the author touches on every phase of light horse keeping, with chapters *inter alia* on breeding, breaking, riding, schooling, veterinary treatment and one with the strange title, " Hints to Young Huntsmen." None of the points, however, are really dealt with in such a way as to convey much instruction and some of the instruction is wrong; on page 121 for example the use of the leg aid in turning is for the turn on the forehand and the reverse of correct practice. The reader may nevertheless have his interest roused and will at least gather how much there is for him to learn of the theory of the subject of horsemanship no matter what particular branch he wishes to study. One could almost call it an index to instruction in horsemanship.

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Captain Barton, a veterinary surgeon, has gained his experience, one gathers, both in the army and in private practice. As a result the veterinary chapters, comprising about half the book, are the most complete and explicit although one wonders if the little knowledge gained by the perusal of some of the very advanced instruction will not prove more of a danger to the amateur than a help. The same remarks apply to the legal chapters, the layman would be better advised to consult his solicitor and his veterinary surgeon.

The book is illustrated by photographs of various types of horses and ponies some, however—notably the ponies and hunters—are not happily chosen.

Amongst the line drawings there is one curious mistake; facing page 105 is a drawing of what purports to be a "curby hock." The curb is shown too high up on the horse's leg. Facing page 298 there are diagrams showing legs of such faulty conformation that some of them are grotesque and depict deformities impossible in the working horse.

Yet another horse book is:—

"Stablecraft." By D. W. E. Brock. (H. F. & G. Wetherby Ltd.). 7s. 6d.

In the first place if an author writes about "horsey books," "horsey knowledge" and "horsey people" he should know that the word is spelt "horsy."

The author's idea is that his book will enable a man or woman to dispense entirely with the services of a groom. He appropriately devotes the first chapter to "Buying a Cheap Horse." I say "appropriately" because I am convinced that a horse will depreciate steadily under amateur stable management. No man or woman can efficiently run a stable without a groom unless he or she is prepared to lead the life of a groom with its exacting hours, self sacrifice and devotion to duty. There is no use labouring the reasons for this contention as it must be obvious that it is impossible to live even a simple social life and to do a groom's work also. Possibly there may be one man or woman

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in a thousand who is prepared to do so but in the other nine hundred and ninety-nine instances the horse will suffer. If, therefore, this point is borne in mind "Stablecraft" is a useful addition to the literature of the subject as many points are more practically and fundamentally treated than in many other books.

There are the usual many controversial matters which seem inseparable from horse books. To mention a few, on page 85 we read that the ideal way to feed oats is "to keep a small nigger boy in the stable to pour out a few grains of oats and chaff every few seconds all through the day" and on page 110 doubt is cast on the value of old hay.

The illustrations consist of seven photographs and a number of diagrammatic illustrations. The frontispiece is reminiscent of the jacket of Colonel Goldschmidt's "Stable Wise" and figs. 6 and 7 of fig. 25 in "Bridle Wise" even in both artists' mistake in inserting three fingers in the noseband instead of the customary two.

"Legs, Gentlemen, Legs." By C. H. Burns. (Constable.) 7s. 6d.

In 130 pages Mr. Burns purports to cover the whole field of horsemanship, and, like most writers on this subject, appears to think it incumbent upon him to produce at least one revolutionary idea. So long as the author confines his comments and instruction to the methods that have come down to us through the ages from Xenophon onwards, his book is attractively written and contains a message from an enthusiast; but it is hard to believe that the least conservative trainer, hunting man or polo player would consider for a moment risking his valuable, well-bred stud in such an experiment as keeping his working horses at grass in winter, rugged, it is true, but clipped and ungroomed. It may, I suppose, like the forward seat, become a matter of controversy, but it is my opinion that horses treated in the manner advocated would die in this climate. The author has evidently read much, and a retentive memory has enabled him to develop in his own words points of horsemanship that have been conventional from

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time immemorial. However, he is candid enough to say that the book is not intended to take the place of the well-known books on riding, and, further, that it is not suitable for the beginner. It is not so clear, however, for whom such instruction as in the opening sentence is intended: "A horse's front and hind legs are connected by the spine," and later: "The rider should be looking in the direction that concerns him most." These are just two remarks selected at random. Some of his advice also reads strangely: "The hands should be turned so that the backs of the fingers when bent are facing each other." It is important for the rider to keep plenty of weight in the stirrups." The only use he finds for the martingale (with the double bridle) is "to hold on by the neck strap"; and we learn that he is not in favour of giving a young horse a lead over a jump. From the title of the book one is disappointed not to find emphasis on the use of the leg as an "aid" so much neglected in English riding.

"The Foxhunter's England." By Major-General Geoffrey Brooke, D.S.O., M.C. (Seeley Service.) 8s. 6d.

It is a relief to turn to Major-General Geoffrey Brooke's book and read the conclusions and convictions of the expert who writes convincingly from a great store of personal experience. This book is one of the series entitled "The English Scene," and follows "The Shootingman's England," "The Gardener's England," and "The Yachtsman's England." General Brooke traces fox-hunting from its origin and emphasises the change that so-called modern improvements have forced upon the sport. However much we may try to preserve the ancient traditions, conditions must necessarily change. We have only to consider that hounds used once to meet at Charing Cross. Now, as he points out, tarmac roads, wire in fences, a network of railways, the motor car, and the motor horse-box have, from the hunting man's point of view, altered the face of England. This is more applicable to the preparations for hunting; the actual chase and procedure of hunting itself is altered little. The author points out that the speed of horses and hounds has increased, but that

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this is the natural corollary of the general speeding-up of our daily life. England, as he says, to many men has many meanings. Men and women see their country with eyes that look for and find a different message in the English scene. The fisherman will notice a stream, the man who shoots will be interested in a turnip field or a likely pheasant covert, while hunting from the train is, I suppose, a sport all hunting men indulge in. To read "The Foxhunter's England" is to grasp the true inwardness of the sport of fox-hunting, and I do not hesitate to say that every hunting man will get from it an added pleasure from his day's hunting. Every phase of fox-hunting is described with such detail that a novice after reading it will take the field with fuller confidence. He will learn that there is something more to write up in his hunting diary than the bare facts of coverts drawn, foxes killed and fences jumped; and, moreover, if he does not emerge a better man to hounds, he will have failed to grasp the true mission of this delightful book. S.G.G.

"Hunting by Ear." By Michael Berry and D. W. E. Brock. (Published by H. F. & G. Witherby, Ltd.) 21s. net.

Alas! the review of this book will appear in print after the annual gift-giving season is past and this will be to the detriment of many followers of Foxhunting. Yet the passing of the festive season should in no way deter readers from adding this interesting book to their library or better still, from making a late offering to their sporting friends.

To many, "the hunting noises" are an enigma. "Hunting by Ear" explains these in detail not only by the printed word but also by means of four gramophone records, which accompany the book. The commentaries contained in the later chapters give to those who require them the necessary explanations of the music of the hunting scene, the sound of the horn and the voices of the huntsmen and whipper-in. To those that have, unfortunately, had to retire from active participation in the chase, this book and the records will bring back to memory many happy hunting days.

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The authors and publishers have done excellently and it is sufficient to add "Good wine needs no bush."

O.J.F.F.

"So Great A Man." By David Pilgrim. (Macmillan.) 8s. 6d.

This admirable novel, long and full yet of vivid and sustained interest throughout its 600 odd pages deals in great detail with the course of events from the *coup d'etat* of Bayonne, when Napoleon dethroned the Spanish Bourbons to leave the throne of Spain vacant for his brother Joseph, and the eve of the outbreak of the war of 1809 with Austria. All the contemporary historical figures flit past in its pages in like manner as they lived. The portrait of Napoleon is convincing to a remarkable degree, and to the reviewer's mind has never even by Tolstoy been better chosen; but those of Fouche, Talleyrand, the Imperial family, Murat and Madame Walewska, the Emperor's mistress, are equally true to life and to history Mr. Pilgrim has indeed throughout stuck very closely to his authorities, as those who know the period will soon come to realise; but if read simply as a straight-forward story, the book holds one's attention from start to finish. It can be most heartily commended and recommended.

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SPORTING NEWS

AUSTRALIAN CAVALRY COMPETITIONS, 1936-37.

1st and 2nd Military Districts.

	Points awarded
***Prince of Wales Trophy* (*Sabre Troops*).**	
3 Tp. "C" Sqn. 12/24 L.H. (Denman), N.S.W.	445
1 Tp. "B" Sqn. 2/14 L.H. (Gatton), Q'land	436
1 Tp. "A" Sqn. 7/21 L.H. (Braidwood), N.S.W.	405
***Lord Forster Cup* (*M.G. Troops*).**	
2 Sec. M.G. Tp. 15 L.H. (Kyogle), N.S.W.	410
2 Sec. M.G. Tp. 5 L.H. (Kandanga), Q'land	375
1 Sec. M.G. Tp. 6 L.H. (Orange), N.S.W.	322

3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Military Districts.

***Hutton Trophy* (*Sabre Troops*).**	
1 Tp. "C" Sqn. 20 L.H. (Tocumwal), Vic.	411
1 Tp. "B" Sqn. 9/23 L.H. (Orroroo), S.A.	337½
2 Tp. "A" Sqn. 10 L.H. (Narrogin), W.A.	314
2 Tp. "A" Sqn. 22 L.H. (Richmond), Tas.	306
***Lord Forster Cup* (*M.G. Troops*).**	
2 Sec. M.G. Tp. 4/19 L.H. (Camperdown), Vic.	409
1 Sec. M.G. Tp. 22 L.H. (Ulverstone), Tas.	330
2 Sec. M.G. Tp. 9/23 L.H. (Jamestown), S.A.	320½

Printed by J. J. Keliher & Co., Ltd., London, S.E.1.

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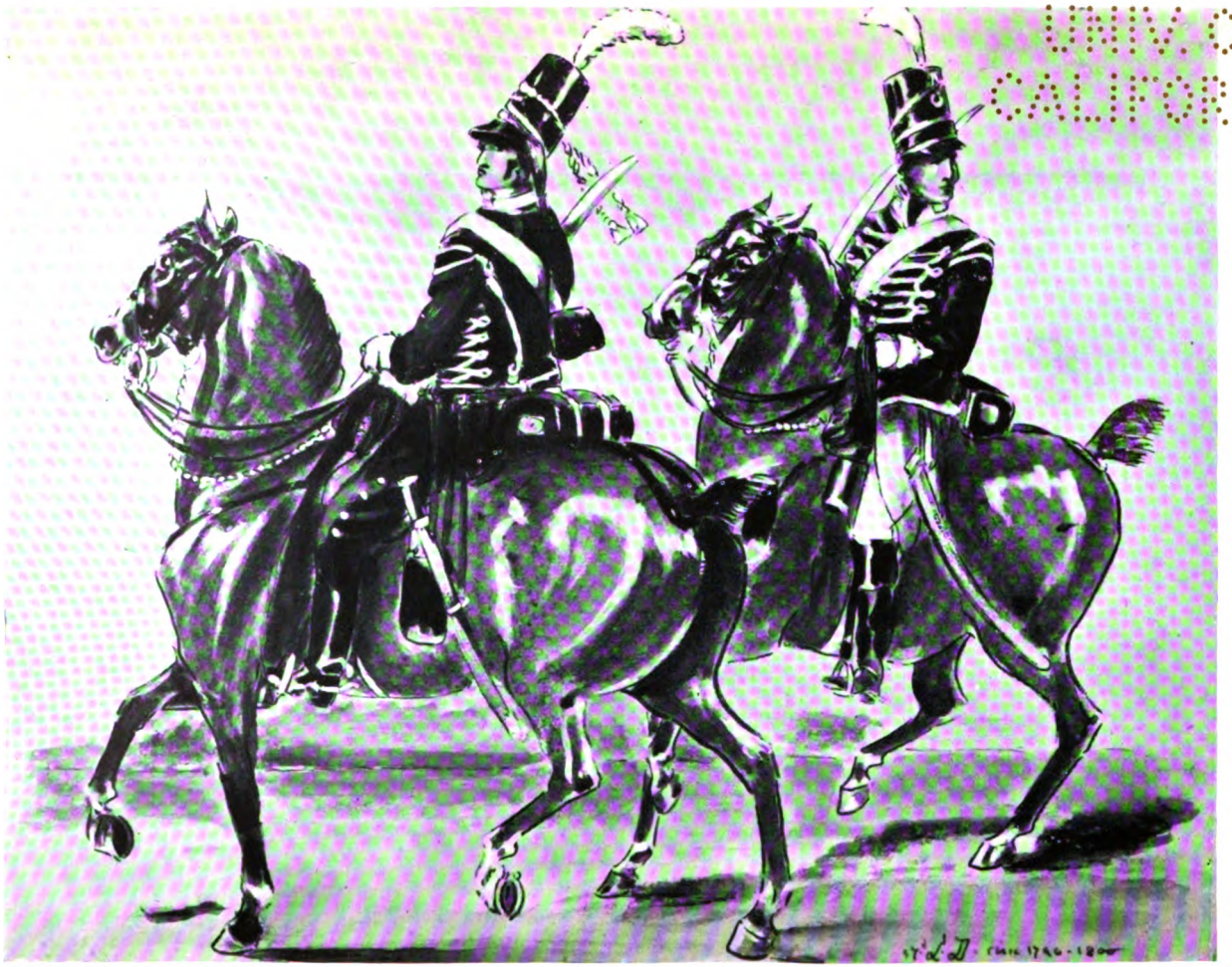

THE 17th LIGHT DRAGOONS—THE WEST INDIES 1795

FROM THE DRAWING AT WINDSOR CASTLE

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSE AND MECHANIZED

APRIL 19[illegible]

EDITOR

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

APRIL, 1938

EDITORIAL.

A person may or may not like change, but apparently it is quite inevitable. Never before, perhaps, has the British Cavalry undergone such a great metamorphosis as it is now in the process of undergoing. In consequence, the CAVALRY JOURNAL must also change in some degree. Readers will notice that the title has been slightly altered and that the contents are to some extent of a different nature. This is inevitable, for no longer can articles appear dealing with saddles and sore backs, but the CAVALRY JOURNAL must concentrate more on pistons and differential gears. This change in the Journal is not too easy, and those responsible for it hope that readers will be lenient and give the Journal time to get into its new stride.

No doubt the majority of old Cavalrymen deeply deplore the vanished horse and feel that all the glamour of the Cavalry has departed; but there has always been change: no doubt when the Stone Age man saw bronze replacing the flint weapons of his ancestors he hated the change and fought against it, but in the end the change was bound to come. So also when iron replaced bronze, how the old soldier must have deplored this new metal which was making his old weapons obsolete. The heavy armed knight in his plate-armour, we know was horrified at the introduction of gunpowder, which made him obsolete and

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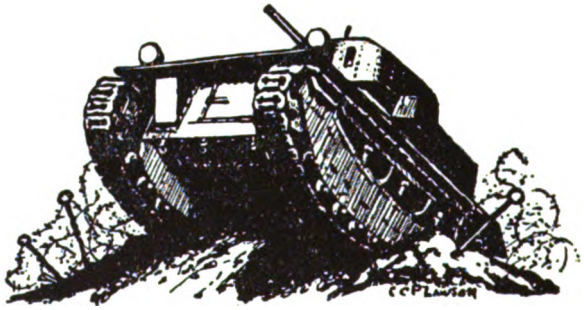
the prey of the man on foot armed with an arquebus; but time has given the old knight in armour his revenge, for the Cavalry will once again go into action heavily armed. It is true the propelling power is petrol and not the muscles of the old war horse, but after all, whatever the weapon may be, it is the spirit that counts, and the Cavalry spirit of the Dragoon, Lancer and Hussar is the same now as it ever was in the past. It must be remembered that the Cavalry mounted on horses, were the servants of the other arms, and without them the marching columns could neither move at ease or rest in peace.

The Cavalry have now changed their steeds, but will carry out their same duties with the same devotion.



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APPRENTICESHIP OF MECHANIZED CAVALRY

By MAJOR E. W. SHEPPARD, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

I MUST emphasise at the very commencement of this article that it is in no way official or semi-official. It is the result of my own observations and conversations while acting as part-time military correspondent for a newspaper at this year's training of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade on Salisbury Plain. I was unable to see as much of it as I should have liked, but I saw quite enough to make me realize some of the difficulties under which units had to work, and the considerable and creditable progress made by them despite these difficulties.

Cavalry regiments, alone, I believe, of all arms of the Service, labour under the burden of having to train their own recruits, from the moment they join the Army. This was possible in the days when regiments were horsed; it is no longer, in my opnion, a possible, let alone a reasonable, thing to call upon them to do now that they are being turned into light tank units. The cavalry instructors are not at present, and will not be for some time to come, masters of the subjects it is their duty to teach, and have to learn their own jobs as they go along. To be able to teach, an instructor must first be a theoretical and practical master of his subject. There are, and must inevitably be for some time yet, far too few instructors in the newly converted cavalry units of whom this can be said. The formation of a strong, well-trained and self-confident instructors' cadre is one of the first and most difficult problems these units have to solve. Its solution can indeed only be a matter of time, and can be expedited only to a limited extent. If keenness and zeal to learn sufficed, it would already be solved.

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Unfortunately, though perhaps inevitably in the present stage of intensified re-armament, there is a serious shortage of the necessary training appliances. Such things as miniature ranges, rypers, (devices designed to imitate the movements of a tank going across country so as to enable gun crew drill and firing to be carried out to some extent under Service conditions) sub-calibre weapons, sand table targets, and so forth, have not yet been issued. No doubt they will come in due time, but until they do, training is inevitably handicapped.

Last summer the new model regiments were woefully short of training appliances, and their fighting equipment was scanty in the extreme. Only a few light tanks per unit had been issued, but additional issues are now fast being made. This could not have been avoided at the time, when there were new tank battalions of the Royal Tank Corps being raised; but its effects on training and on the keenness and spirit of the personnel, who wanted to learn but could not, was decidedly discouraging. In like matter, the scantiness of the wireless equipment issued, and its extraordinarily poor performance, formed additional handicaps to sound training and practical efficiency in field work.

For units with a high *esprit de corps* to be so handicapped in an uncomfortable and critical transition stage of conversion from horses to machines is a trying experience. From what I saw and heard, they have endured it admirably, and the worst of it is now past. It is just as well, however, that those who have still to tread the same road should be fully aware beforehand of the difficulties in front of them.

A difficulty common to the whole of the Army at the present time, but particularly unfortunate in the case of the newly converted cavalry, is the shortage of men, due largely to the necessity for drafting overseas. Now that the bulk of cavalry units abroad are to be mechanized, drafting requirements can more easily be met, though the periodical depletion of home units for the purpose will always remain a source of difficulty, even if an unavoidable one as things are at present.

Passing on now to what I saw and heard of the new model cavalry's work in the field, a fair verdict can be arrived at only

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if the above considerations are kept in mind. The new units are in their infancy, and their education has not been carried out under favourable conditions for rapid growth to maturity. They would, I am sure, be the first to admit that they have a good deal yet to learn.

The exercises carried out last year were of necessity of a straightforward, simple order, designed to accustom units to deal with normal elementary situations. They were carried out in stages, with pauses between each successive stage, in a manner which, if hardly realistic, was well adapted for the inculcation of primary lessons of method and procedure.

The defects of armament and equipment, it may be said at once, rendered the adoption of certain faulty methods almost inevitable, if the exercises were to proceed at all. The most serious of these defects was the poverty of intercommunication facilities. There being very few wireless sets, and those few quite unreliable, orders had largely to be passed and reports received by despatch rider or vehicle—in a manner normally quite impossible in war. This meant an undue slowing up of operations all round. It was, I believe, fully realized that the essence of mechanized warfare is speed and manœuvrability, but under the existing conditions these were impossible of attainment. Another tendency, too, which inevitably manifested itself during the exercises, was bunching in exposed positions, when the large bodies of vehicles of all kinds would have afforded admirable artillery and air targets to an enemy. But dispersion, if it is not to be disorderly and wasteful, can be controlled only by good, reliable means of intercommunication, which the converted cavalry does not as yet possess. Until this deficiency is remedied, it cannot develop the handiness and flexibility required for the fulfilment of its rôle.

At times, when the brigade was dispersed, and even when it was merely moving in column of route to pass a defile or cross bad ground, the utmost difficulty was met with even in passing reports and orders, and unit commanders had often to resort to the undignified method of riding pillion behind a despatch rider, in order to be able to exercise control over their long string

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of vehicles. It was impossible, too, to fling the net of patrols as widely as was required, because there was no means of getting back the information secured without wireless facilities on the the necessary wide scale for the purpose.

It is for all these and other reasons perhaps premature to draw any but tentative conclusions as to desirable changes of organization and system. But there is general agreement that the new model cavalry brigade is too large and unwieldy for easy handling in its present form. The mechanized support battalion, it was considered, should not form part of the brigade, but would be better kept as a divisional unit, to be used for special tasks as required.* It is certainly a most bulky and unhandy unit as at present organized; it is for consideration whether it should not be reduced in size, but presumably there would be difficulties about reliefs if this were done. In any case it is quite out of place as permanent part of a mechanized cavalry brigade, if only because its vehicles are unarmoured and vulnerable.

The question of the crowd of unarmoured vehicles, carrying the personnel of the cavalry units not members of the various light tank crews, also needs to be thought out. Regiments at present find them useful for all sorts of purposes, such as holding ground gained, doing protective duties, and acting in areas where tanks cannot go. But in war it is at least doubtful whether the presence in a fully armoured unit of a "soft core" of unarmoured vehicles and unprotected personnel will not be found to have serious disadvantages, far outweighing the value of the limited, if various, uses for which they can be put. Their presence in the forward zone is bound to be an additional preoccupation for the unit commander, who will have quite enough to think of without bothering his head about how they are to be kept out of danger. It would seem best for them normally to be held well back, even, perhaps, with the "B" echelon transport, coming up only at night to take over protective work, or by day to stiffen a line already secured and likely to be held for a definite period. In this case it would be advisable, in all

* This change has now been carried on.

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probability, to organize them as a permanent additional squadron, with commander and staff and administrative personnel complete, and above all with the intercommunication facilities for which, under the existing organization, there is no provision.

The relegation of the dismounted personnel and its carriers to "B" echelon would also help to solve the difficulty of the excessive size of the present regiment. It now numbers over eighty first line vehicles, and is some 25 per cent. too large. Sixty vehicles, even when all are fully equipped with wireless, is as much as one commander can control, especially if they are operating, as they should be if full advantage is to be taken of their speed and range of action, over a front of anything up to twenty miles. If this mass has to close in to pass defiles or for any other reason, it at once becomes undesirably cumbersome and vulnerable. The relegation of these non-armoured vehicles to "B" echelon would certainly help to solve this difficulty, but the "B" echelon itself is quite large enough already (it numbers close on forty vehicles), and the larger it is, the more difficult it must be to protect and conceal, and the longer it will take to move up or back when required. The best solution may be to reduce the regimental establishments in fighting vehicles by about a quarter. The corresponding reduction in the personnel required to man them will make it easier to provide the necessary recruits, of which every regiment is at present seriously short, apart from the solution of training and administrative problems.

These are matters on which, however, as previously stated, it is unwise to dogmatize at this experimental stage. It would be as foolish to rush to premature conclusions on any of these points as it would be to assess the future potentialities of mechanized cavalry from what has been achieved by it so far. Peace thought and peace training must always be subject to modification in the light of new experiment and wider experience, and are liable to suffer rude shocks under the test of war-time realities. The institution of mechanized cavalry is a completely new departure, for which we have little to go on in the way of precedent or experience. Doctrines, methods, organization,

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armament and equipment questions have still in many respects to be worked out, and one of the first necessities, if satisfactory answers are to be found, is an open, inquiring mind on the part of all concerned.

As regards the other essentials, keenness and eagerness to learn, there need fortunately be no anxiety. The new model cavalry are tackling their new task in a spirit which can only be termed admirable in itself, and still more praiseworthy when all the handicaps under which they have perforce laboured are taken into account. The transformation of the old cavalry into the new is taking place with every assurance of ultimate and complete success. It cannot be the work of a moment, but it can and will be carried out in due time, on the foundations now being so well and truly laid in these first and difficult stages.

NIGHT GUARD.

"Halt! Who goes there?" A voice rings out,
It's the Officer visiting rounds;
It's half-past two in the morning,
And our peevishness knows no bounds.
Have *you* ever been waked from your slumbers,
And had to leap off your bed,
With your feet cramped up in your "High Lows"
And a muzzy and stuffed up head.
With your jacket and slacks all crumpled,
And your bandolier awry,
And not quite sure where on earth you are—
At the sound of that horrible cry?

It was different when we had horses;
The stables were warm and snug;
You could go and chat to your "long-faced pal"
And straighten his rucked-up rug.
There were munching sounds in the darkness
As you opened the stable door,
And the rattle of chain on head stall,
Or the clink of a hoof on the floor.

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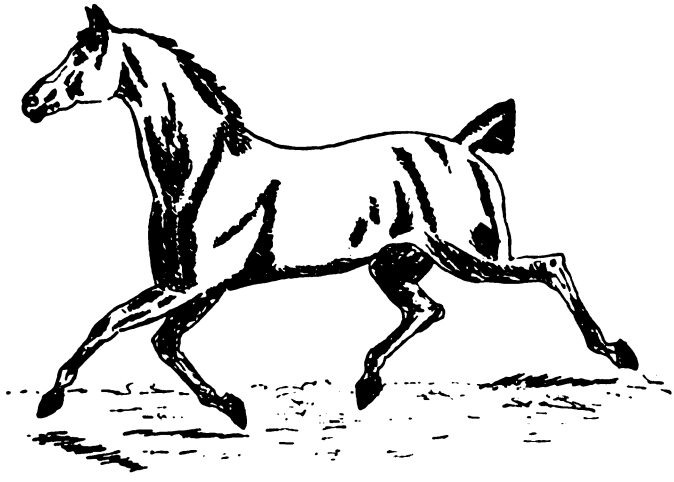
But now there's only a garage block,
Dark and lifeless and dumb,
And you're bored quite stiff, and you wonder if
Your relief will ever come.
You rattle a door or window,
And continue the weary round;
You gaze at the clock or whistle a tune,
Just for the sake of the sound.

But it's not so bad in the long run;
On a decent night it's fine,
With the yellow lights of the bungalows
Paraded all in a line.
At the sad sweet note of the trumpet,
They twinkle and go to bed,
And the stars peep out with a friendly light,
From the deep blue dusk overhead.

And there's one very big advantage;
When the leave seasons come on
You can turn the key on your tanks and trucks,
And pack up your kit and be gone.
Now that means a hell of a lot, chaps,
So you needn't moan or take fright;
The Army's seen changes before, pals,
It'll weather this lot all right.



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GENERAL COUNT DE BOIGNE

By Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

The traveller who visits Chambéry will, as he strolls down the Rue de Boigne from the ancient castle of the Dukes of Savoy, have his attention arrested by a unique monument which stands out boldly against the distant peaks of the Bauges Mountains. Known as "Le Monument de Boigne" or "La Fontaine des Eléphants," it consists of four huge elephants supporting a column surmounted by a martial figure. From the trunks of the elephants water flows into the surrounding *bassin*; and on a plaque above their heads may be read the epitaph of the first man to introduce the European art of war into the heart of Hindustan and to discipline the wild hordes of Upper India.

Up to the end of the 18th Century many a Savoyard was to be found amongst the soldiers of fortune who roamed over Europe and the East in search of adventure and riches.

The most famous of these, for one cannot include the great Eugene amongst them, Charles Benoit Le Borgne,* son of a fur merchant was born at Chambéry in 1751, during the reign of Charles Emmanuel III, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy.

Owing to the success of the fur business, which traded with Paris, Vienna and Warsaw, young Le Borgne received a good education and, although sprung from *la petite bourgeoisie*, he was in due course admitted to the ranks of the *jeunesse dorée* of Chambéry.

Here the young man mixed on equal terms with those who were his social superiors and he conceived the idea of entering

* Later (*vide infra*) to be known as Benoit de Boigne.

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GENERAL COUNT DE BOIGNE

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the Army. To this great chagrin his application for a commission was refused, as the Army of Charles Emmanuel would only accept officers of noble birth.

At his father's suggestion and against his own inclination Le Borgne now decided to become a lawyer; but his legal studies were soon cut short by a youthful indiscretion. One night, after dining too well with some companions, he put out the lights in the Place de Chateau, broke one of the statues with his cane and thrashed the watch. The officials of the petty Court of Chambéry were inclined to take a serious view of this breach of the peace, committed under the very windows of the Royal Palace; and Le Borgne *père* in order to avoid trouble hastened his high-spirited son over the frontier into France. A few weeks later the young man returned to Chambéry in order to fight a duel with a Piedmontese officer who had insulted his brother, an ecclesiastical official prevented from fighting on account of his cloth. When the duel took place Le Borgne, who was an expert swordsman, wounded his opponent very seriously and at the subsequent trial he was exiled from Savoy for life.

Soon after arriving in France once more, his father purchased an ensign's commission for him in the Regiment of Clare, which formed part of the famous Irish Brigade.

This was just the kind of service that appealed to the high-spirited young Savoyard who, endowed with great physical strength, determination and intelligence, was longing for a life of adventure and action. The Irish Brigade, which had entered the French service after the Boyne in 1696 and which had taken part in every campaign since, was then (1769) at the zenith of its fame; and the Regiment of Clare, which could not secure sufficient Irish officers, attracted the best type of soldier of fortune on the Continent.

When Le Borgne joined his regiment, which was garrisoned at Landrecies, he was eighteen years of age.

After three years in Flanders, where he acquired a good knowledge of military training and discipline in the hard school of the Irish Brigade, his company was ordered to Mauritius, then known to the French as "L'Ile de France."

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The two years which the young Savoyard spent on the island filled him with a longing for an unconventional life in the East. Officers and merchants whom he met told him of the splendours of India, and of the European adventurers who had gained honours and fortunes at the hands of native princes. A new horizon opened before Le Borgne, who up to now had only known his native Chambéry and the plains of Flanders, and it was with a heavy heart that he disembarked at Lorient in the winter of 1773 in order to rejoin his regiment at Bethune.

The dreary march along the fog-bound roads of Brittany, Normandy and Picardy, after the sunny Ile de France, added to his depression: and the climax was reached when he settled down to garrison duty in the small provincial town. Le Borgne felt stifled by this life of inactivity; he longed for active service preferably in the East, and a chance of distinguishing himself in the field. But Europe was at peace and even in the Irish Brigade promotion was at a standstill. Only in the Near East was there a chance of active service, where Russia was at war with Turkey. Anything was better than stagnating at Bethune, so it was towards the Near East that the *sous-lieutenant* of the Regiment of Clare turned his thoughts. On hearing that the Imperial Russian Government was calling for foreign officers as volunteers, Le Borgne at once resigned his commission and set out for Turin where he understood that the Sardinian Minister was in touch with the Russian Government. The Minister, the Marquis d'Aigueblanche, who was much impressed with the young Savoyard's tall martial figure, soldierly bearing and record of five years' service in the famous Irish Brigade, gave him a letter of recommendation to Count Orloff, who, then commanded the Russian forces in the Aegean. With this letter Le Borgne arrived at Paros towards the end of 1774, and was duly appointed Captain in a newly formed Greek regiment in Russian pay.

A few weeks later his regiment took part in a landing at Tenedos. Like another Dardanelles venture the attack was hastily conceived and badly organized. The Turkish garrison had ample warning and were fully prepared for a hostile landing.

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Le Borgne, who was one of the first to land, was taken prisoner after he had accounted for several of the enemy, and nearly the whole of the Greek regiment with its Russian and other foreign officers were killed.

Le Borgne and a few other survivors were taken to Constantinople where they were sold as slaves* by their captors, and for nearly three years he remained a prisoner working as a labourer for his master. During this period of captivity he never gave up hope of regaining his freedom, and eventually through the help of some merchants he was able to communicate with his father in Chambéry. A ransom was duly arranged by the fur merchant and early in 1777 his son arrived in St. Petersburg. Here owing to the hardships he had endured in the Russian service he was well received and was actually granted an interview with Catherine the Great.

The Empress, who had a *penchant* for handsome young men of good physique, was extremely gracious to Le Borgne and as a reward for his sufferings in captivity promoted him Major in her Army. She also introduced him to the British Ambassador, Lord Macartney, who a few years later became Governor of Madras.

After serving for a few months with his regiment on the Polish frontier, Le Borgne was detailed to command an escort which was to accompany Lord Percy (son of the Duke of Northumberland) on a tour in the Levant. While at Smyrna, merchants from India were encountered, who told the same marvellous stories of adventurers in the East which Le Borgne had heard in Mauritius. He made up his mind at once; he would go to India, for he felt vaguely that somewhere down there his future lay. The tour having come to an end he returned to St. Petersburg with the escort, but not before he had secured a letter of introduction to Warren Hastings from Lord Percy.

For some time Le Borgne pondered over his projected journey and finally came to the conclusion that the most interesting and adventurous route would be overland. He conceived the idea of

* According to a story narrated some twenty years later in the *Daily Telegraph* (January, 1797), Le Borgne himself was sold for 50 dollars.

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travelling with caravans from the Eastern shores of the Caspian via Bokhara, Merv, Herat and Kabul, over the Khyber and down into India where he felt that his destiny awaited him. It was a bold scheme and fully in keeping with the adventurous spirit which animated the young Savoyard. Once again he solicited an audience of Catherine the Great, who had not forgotten her handsome young Major.

The Empress, who already had vague ideas of invading India some day and was anxious to obtain information about routes thither, listened to his scheme with great interest and granted the necessary permission and funds for the journey.

But Le Borgne apparently changed his mind as to the route which he would follow, for in the autumn of 1777 we find him at Aleppo about to join a Turkish caravan for Baghdad.

With a light heart he set out on his great adventure, but after about ten days the succession of recently burned villages along the route warned the leader of the caravan that all was not well. It was then realized by the Turkish merchants that Persian bandits were ravaging the country, and that their rich caravan would have little chance of reaching Baghdad; and to Le Borgne's disappointment the expedition returned to Aleppo.

Undismayed by this set-back he now secured a passage on a ship sailing for Alexandria. But once again the fates were against him, the ship being wrecked in a storm off Rosetta, and Le Borgne the only survivor struggled ashore having lost all his possessions. After suffering the greatest hardships he managed to reach Cairo, where fortune smiled on him once more; for whom should he meet but Lord Percy who was continuing the Grand Tour in Egypt.

Lord Percy was delighted to meet his old acquaintance again and to do him a good turn. This resulted in an introduction to the British Consul, who provided Le Borgne with the necessary money to reach Suez and also a passage thence to Madras. With his letter of recommendation to Warren Hastings and an introduction to the Town-Major of Fort St. George, he set out towards the end of the year and arrived at Madras during January, 1778.

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Although Le Borgne had at last gained his heart's desire in reaching India, he soon discovered that it was not the Golconda he had expected and that his chances of acquiring wealth and military fame were remote. It was rather an unfortunate moment for a former French officer to seek any form of employment in Madras, when British troops were actually besieging the French in Pondicherry. No one took any interest in the young Savoyard in spite of his letter to Warren Hastings whom he had not been able to approach. Months passed and, by this time nearly penniless, Le Borgne just managed to keep himself alive by giving fencing lessons. At length, when his financial position was almost desperate, he was offered and accepted an ensign's commission in the 6th Madras Native Infantry.

This was a bitter disappointment to one who had had ten years service in the Regiment of Clare and in the Russian Army.

His last commission had been that of Major, he was in his twenty-eighth year; and now to commence again as an ensign! It was no consolation to find that his Regiment contained ensigns and lieutenants older than himself, who owing to lack of money and influence could never expect promotion. After two years drudgery as an ensign Le Borgne was fortunate in being promoted Lieutenant. This was through the good offices of Lord Macartney who, remembering him in St. Petersburg, appointed him to his bodyguard on becoming Governor of Madras in 1780.

For two more years Le Borgne remained in the service of the H.E.I.C., seeing little chance of promotion, owing to poverty and lack of influence, and constantly hearing of adventurers in Upper India who were making fortunes in the services of Native Princes. He became restless and discontented and was thinking of resigning his commission when an event occurred which induced him to do so. He was court-martialled for having seduced a brother officer's wife; and although duly and honourably acquitted he sent in his papers. Lord Macartney appears to have been somewhat distressed at this turn of events and, in the hope of finding Le Borgne some sort of employment, he provided him with a letter of recommendation to Warren Hastings in Calcutta.

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Le Borgne, who had now given up the idea of trying to acquire a fortune in India, decided that if he could get the Governor-General's permission and support he would journey to Europe by land, by the route which he had hoped to take when commencing his journey to India five years before.

It would be an adventure after his monotonous five years in the Madras Infantry, and if he could obtain useful information en route, Catherine the Great might give him an important military appointment.

During 1782 he arrived in Calcutta where he presented his letters from Lord Percy and Lord Macartney to Warren Hastings. The Governor-General was much interested in Le Borgne's projected journey overland to Europe, as the H.E.I.C. was anxious to obtain all the information possible about Northern Hindustan, the economic and political conditions in Kashmir and any Russian activity in Central Asia. Eventually, it was decided that the journey should be of a semi-official nature and Le Borgne was supplied with funds, letters to various British agents in Northern India and an introduction to the Nawab Wazir of Oudh. Having received this valuable support from Warren Hastings, he now decided to dispense with Catherine and loyally to report in due course to the British Government.

After a few months in Calcutta, Le Borgne travelled to Lucknow where he arrived in January, 1783. There he was well received by the British Resident and by the Nawab Wazir, who gave him the usual presents of honour and also letters of credit on Kabul and Kandahar.

The Nawab's presents he sold for a considerable sum and he remained at Lucknow for five months in order to study languages. While at Lucknow Le Borgne made the acquaintance of General Claude Martine a French adventurer who, as soldier, merchant and diplomat, had amassed a fortune. Towards the end of the year Le Borgne, after various vicissitudes, arrived at Delhi.

Being unable to obtain an audience of the Emperor Shah Alum, he travelled on towards the camp of Madajee Scindia,

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one of the most powerful Mahratta Chiefs, who at that time was at war with the Rana of Gohad and was besieging Gwalior. When Scindia heard of Le Borgne's approach he became suspicious of his intentions and caused his luggage and papers to be stolen en route. On arriving at the camp Le Borgne, highly indignant at this outrage, reported the loss of all his effects, including letters of introduction and letters of credit, to the British Resident attached to Scindia; but although the Resident was able to insist on Le Borgne's personal luggage being returned, the letters of credit and recommendation were never recovered.

Le Borgne was now stranded, and without money or letters of introduction it was impossible for him to continue his journey.

Most men, faced with this impasse, would have applied to the British Resident for the necessary funds to enable them to return to Calcutta. But not so our ambitious young Savoyard; he had come so far and he intended to remain in Hindustan. Other adventurers had attained high commands under native princes, and why should not he do the same?

He was now thirty-two years of age, and his only assets consisted of a dominating personality, great physical powers, unbounded ambition, a stout heart and some fourteen years' military training. His experience in the Irish Brigade, the Russian Army and in the Madras Infantry had taught him how to train men; and he knew that, if given the opportunity, he could mould the turbulent troops such as he saw in Scindia's Army into disciplined battalions.

But Scindia had done him a wrong, so Le Borgne offered his services to Scindia's enemy, the Rana of Gohad. That Jat Chieftain possessed one disciplined battalion, commanded by Sangster a Scotsman and officered by Europeans, at the time besieged in Gwalior by Scindia.

Le Borgne now offered to raise five disciplined battalions, in return for an advance of a *lakh* of rupees, with which he promised to relieve Gwalior.

It was perhaps natural that the Rana should turn down this audacious proposal from a complete stranger, but in order to

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impress Scindia he took good care that news of it should reach him.

Le Borgne then approached another of Scindia's enemies, the Rajah of Jaipur.

This time he was successful, and he was engaged at 2,000 rupees a month to raise and train two battalions of Infantry. Before commencing his duties, he travelled down to Calcutta, whither he had been summoned by the Bengal Council which disapproved of an European raising troops for a native ruler. Warren Hastings, however, overruled the Council's view and allowed Le Borgne to return and resume his engagement. The Governor-General knew that he could trust him, and he infinitely preferred to have an honest man like Le Borgne in the service of a native Prince rather than some of the unscrupulous adventurers who roamed India at this time.

But once again the fates were unkind to Le Borgne, for after he had held his appointment only a few months the Rajah of Jaipur, on submitting to Scindia, decided to reduce his army and to disband his new battalions.

Le Borgne was now again *sur le pavé*, as one of his French biographers puts it, with a few Europeans whom he had collected as officers and a large number of partly trained natives, and no money with which to pay them. True he had been given a bonus of 10,000 rupees, but this sum he rightly considered as his own.

Help however came from an unexpected quarter. Scindia, who had heard of the remarkable progress made by Le Borgne's two battalions, came to the conclusion that it would be well to secure his services before anyone else anticipated him.

Through the mediation of Le Vassaoult, a French adventurer, Scindia made the following proposal: Le Borgne should raise two battalions of Infantry and two batteries of Artillery, his pay to be 1,000 rupees a month and 13,000 rupees for officers and other ranks.

To this Le Borgne agreed on condition that he should never be called upon to fight against the English, and that he and his

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troops should be regularly paid. An agreement was duly signed at Muttra embodying these conditions in January, 1784.

Le Borgne set to work with a will and recruits from the warlike races, attracted by good pay, flocked to his standard. From the crowd of European adventurers who applied for commissions he made a careful selection, amongst them Sangster who had previously commanded the Rana of Gohad's artillery. This officer established a foundry at Agra where guns and muskets were manufactured. Le Borgne himself supervised every detail connected with his command, drilling recruits, giving musketry instruction, selecting N.C.Os, choosing equipment, etc.

For five months he laboured indefatigably from morning till night, at the end of which he possessed 2,000 men fit to take their place in the field and equipped according to European standards.

In the autumn of 1784 Le Borgne's battalions joined the army of Appa Khandi Rao, one of Scindia's generals, who was engaged in the Bundelkhand campaign.

His young troops stood their baptism of fire well and distinguished themselves in the siege and assault of the fortress of Kalinjar near Allahabad. Le Borgne himself showed that mountain warfare held no secrets for him and that his artillery could operate in difficult country.

Meanwhile Scindia had been busy reinstating the Emperor Shah Alum on his throne at Delhi, whence his rebellious nobles had ejected him. Le Borgne took no part in this affair, but two years later, when his troops were more trained, he fought his first important action at Lalsot early in 1787.

In this battle the Mahratta Army of Scindia, commanded by Appa together with that of Shah Alum, was opposed to the Rajput Armies of the Rajahs of Jaipur and Jodhpur assisted by some rebellious nobles of the Emperor.

Before the action commenced Le Borgne's battalions and guns were posted on the left, the somewhat doubtful Imperial troops were in the centre, while the Mahratta Cavalry occupied the right flank. The latter were almost at once driven back in disorder, whereupon some 10,000 Jodhpur Cavalry bore down on Le Borgne's contingent.

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Never before had native infantry dared to withstand the famous Jodhpur cavalry, which had little doubt that Le Borgne's battalions would disintegrate at the sight of the *arme blanche*. Nearer and nearer galloped the horsemen amazed to see the little force, drawn up in a hollow square, standing firm as a rock. Within the square, where he had concealed his artillery, rode Le Borgne giving his orders and encouraging his men. When the leading ranks of the Jodhpurs were only some twenty lengths distant the infantry, in accordance with orders, fell back and disclosed the guns which raked the horsemen with a murderous fire. In spite of this the cavalry carried on by its impetus actually reached the guns; but at that moment Le Borgne, who had his men under perfect control, gave his second word of command and 2,000 muskets opened fire at a few yards range. The result of this volley completed the work of the guns which had already cut channels through the Jodhpur cavalry. In the midst of this carnage, and before the survivors had had time to rally, Le Borgne ordered the whole line to advance and fire a volley into the succeeding waves of horsemen. In a few seconds these had melted away and the remains of the flower of the Jodhpur army took to flight.

This action, in which two battalions and two batteries had virtually destroyed 10,000 of the best cavalry in Hindustan, was a revelation in the art of war to Scindia, and well he knew that the result was due to the influence, inspiration and gallantry of Le Borgne.

Unfortunately his success was not implemented, for when a general advance was ordered Shah Alum's troops in the centre refused to move and the Rajput infantry retreated unmolested.

On the next day the battle was about to be resumed when all Shah Alum's troops deserted to the enemy.

Le Borgne, infuriated at this treachery, asked permission to charge them with the Mahratta cavalry; but this Scindia refused uncertain, after this mass desertion, of his own cavalry.

Scindia's reduced army was now forced to retreat, owing to the correspondingly increased strength of the enemy, and for eight days Le Borgne's disciplined battalions fought a series of

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rearguard actions which ultimately enabled the Mahratta army to reach the fortified town of Ulwar in safety.

A few weeks later took place the battle of Chaksana some eight miles from Bhurtpore. In the meantime Scindia had solicited the help of the Jats by returning some conquered territory to them.

Appa, who was again commanding, placed the Mahratta troops in the centre with Le Borgne on the right and the Jats, one of whose battalions was commanded by a Frenchman called Lestineau, on the left.

Chaksana was largely a repetition of Lalsot. On the left the Jats, with the exception of Lestineau's battalion, were soon put to flight. The enemy cavalry then bore down on Le Borgne who, adopting the same formation and tactics as at Laslot, stood firm. Once again was the enemy hurled back in a mangled mass, and again did the Mahratta horsemen refuse to charge and complete the victory. Instead they sought safety in Bhurtpore, while Le Borgne's hard-tried troops covered their retreat.

In these two actions, although both ending in a retreat, Le Borgne had shown that disciplined native troops could fight equally well whether on the defensive or covering a retreat, and he had given ample proof to Scindia of his courage, genius and tenacity.

At last his dreams of success were coming true, and "une extraordinaire carrière s'ouvrait dans l'Hindoustan au fils du marchand de pelleteries d'un lointain faubourg de Chambéry."

A year later, in June, 1788, the Mahratta army under Appa encountered Ismael Beg's Rajputs on the sun-scorched plain under the walls of Agra. The brunt of the battle fell on Le Borgne's battalions who, "without drums, trumpets, gaudy uniforms or the luxury of horses and elephants," stood firm as a rock. Clad in their sombre grey uniforms and white turbans only their bayonets and brass artillery sparkled in the dazzling summer sun.

Again and again the Rajput Cavalry, the sun glistening on their helmets and chain armour, thundered down on the compact square, until they had actually sabred the gunners: then Le

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Borgne's Infantry reformed behind the rampart of dead horses and opened a heavy fire on the enemy squadrons. Le Borgne, who from his horse had been directing the defence, now saw that the moment had come and gave the order to charge, and as one man the glittering line of bayonets swept forward at the double. After some bitter hand-to-hand fighting the whole Rajput Army was put to flight and their camp looted, while their leader Ismael Beg made his escape by swimming his horse across the Jumna.

By winning the battle of Agra for Scindia, Le Borgne had made him the master of Hindustan, and it was only natural that he should now expect promotion to a larger command. He felt that the time had come when he should no longer be subservient to native Generals who were almost entirely ignorant of the art of war. It irked him also that he should have to obey the orders of those who were his racial inferiors. As no promotion came, Le Borgne took the initiative and, a few weeks after the battle, made the following proposals to Scinda: His two battalions should be increased to ten, thus forming a *Campoo* or Brigade with 500 regular cavalry, 500 irregular cavalry, 60 guns and ancilliary services attached; the personnel of this force (12,000 strong) should be raised and trained by him, and should be officered by Europeans of his own selection; he should be promoted General with pay at 4,000 Rupees a month, and he should be granted 16 lakhs of Rupees (£200,000) a year for paying and equipping his troops.

For some inexplicable reason Scindia, who knew that it was entirely due to Le Borgne that the Mahrattas had been able to establish their complete ascendancy over the Rajputs, refused these proposals and Le Borgne forthwith resigned his command.

The two parted on friendly terms, and Le Borgne journeyed to Lucknow in order to discuss his future with his friend General Claude Martine. This highly successful French adventurer, who had amassed a fortune, was living in almost regal state in a palace known as Constantia House outside Lucknow. He carried on a flourishing business which included banking operations; supplying forage for British Cavalry regiments, mirrors

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for harems and musical boxes for Rajahs; and trading in indigo, copper, jewels and cloth.

At Martine's suggestion Le Borgne invested in the business the money he had saved from his pay during the past five years, and joined him as a partner in 1789.

For a year Le Borgne pursued his mercantile career with outstanding success: until one day an agent arrived from Delhi with a letter from Scindia, begging him to return to his service and promising to agree to all his original proposals.

Le Borgne decided to return at once, but before he deserted his counting-house he had founded a successful branch of the business which he continued to direct during the rest of his military career.

On returning to Scindia's service Le Borgne changed his name to "de Boigne," possibly feeling that he deserved a more aristocratic name now that he had a larger command. On this subject one of his French biographers (Besson) writes:—"On comprend que, devenu chef d'une Brigade et non plus d'un parti, Benoit Le Borgne mua son nom roturier en de Boigne, et s'octroya le titre de Géneral."

De Boigne, as he was henceforth known, set to work with his usual energy, to raise his new command. With a nucleus consisting of his own two battalions and the regular Jat battalion lately commanded by Lestineau,* he raised the other seven without any difficulty; the men being attracted by regular pay (so uncommon in the armies of Northern India) and the prospect of plunder.

Two of his new officers, Sutherland and Roberts, were British subjects; the remainder hailed from Holland, Italy, Hanover, Savoy and France. In the following year the French contingent was considerably increased by an influx of Royalist officers, who preferred service under de Boigne to that in the Revolutionary Army which then garrisoned Pondicherry.

For the upkeep of his army he was given a large tract of country in the Doab, the revenues from which brought in some

* After the battle of Agra, this specious soldier of fortune captured Ghulam Kadir, the Afghan adventurer who had sacked the Imperial Palace at Delhi and gouged out Shah Alum's eyes. On finding the Crown Jewels in Ghulam Kadir's saddle bags, Lestineau absconded with the jewels and the pay of his Jat battalion. Eventually he reached France with his loot intact.

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£200,000 a year. De Boigne administered this territory so successfully that he increased the revenue to over £300,000, and by so doing he was able to add considerably to his own private fortune and to pay his officers and men liberally.

Although he was careful to put by sufficient money to give him an ample income on retirement, he knew the importance of dazzling the native and he lived *en prince* with open-handed hospitality. "Voici donc de Boigne devenu Nabab" writes one of his Savoyard biographers, "il a un grand train de maison, un serail . . . . sa table était somptueuse, et on y buvait des vins de France payés à chers deniers aux entrepôts de la compagnie des Indes."

About this date a boy and a girl were born to him by the daughter of a "Persian Colonel"; the lady being probably a member of his seraglio.

By the summer of 1790 de Boigne was able to produce his Brigade of some 12,000 men complete with artillery (mounted on camels and elephants), cavalry, supply and even medical services: the latter had been a hitherto unknown luxury in Hindustan.

While Scindia was inspecting this compact body of disciplined and well-equipped troops, so vastly superior to those commanded by his native generals, a flag showing a white cross quartering a red ground, the device of Savoy, was unfurled above it.

A month later de Boigne's Brigade was called upon to fight its first battle. Ismael Beg, who after being defeated at Agra had submitted to Scindia, soon renounced his allegiance and took the field again together with the Rajahs of Jaipur and Jodhpur.

De Boigne fell in with this Rajput Army near PatanTanwar where it occupied a strong position. For some days he manœuvred his Brigade around the enemy's position, occasionally capturing foraging parties. At last he received information that the Rajput Army intended to attack on June 20th and, "taking them in the humour," he sent word to Ismael Beg that he would meet him half way.

Marching in three columns de Boigne advanced to within

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cannon shot of the enemy, where he formed his little army into two lines and a reserve with the Mahratta cavalry on both flanks and in his rear.

For some hours the Rajput Army remained quiescent, and then some 5,000 of their cavalry attacked de Boigne's left flank, but they were beaten off by the Mahratta Horse. As the main body of the enemy still showed no signs of leaving their intrenchments de Boigne advanced his line "to within reach of grape shot." In the artillery duel which followed, his troops in the open plain suffered considerably, many of his gunners being killed. The sun was now setting; in the distance could be seen numerous bodies of enemy cavalry ready to charge if they could find an opening, and de Boigne's infantry, who had advanced near enough to open fire, were making but little impression on the partly concealed enemy. De Boigne therefore gave the order to storm the lines sword in hand and, placing himself at the head of a battalion, he led the assault and was actually the first man to close with the enemy. Animated by the sight of their gallant General in the fore-front of the battle, his whole Brigade advanced at the double and swept over the enemy's first line in a few minutes. Half an hour later the second line was captured and the whole Rajput Army was put to flight. The famous Jodhpur cavalry, who had lost 2,000 men and horses out of 12,000, escaped, but the infantry took refuge in the town of Patan, where 12,000 surrendered on the following day.

One of de Boigne's French officers wrote the day after the battle, in a letter to the Calcutta Gazette, "Our success affords a strong proof of the amazing power of discipline under a brave and skilful commander."

In this action de Boigne's Brigade, 10,000 strong, had defeated an army of over 24,000 men occupying a naturally strong and almost impregnable position, and it had captured, besides prisoners, over 100 guns, many elephants and much war-material.

After the battle the Jaipur Rajputs taunted the Jodhpur cavalry with having abandoned in their flight the "five attributes of manhood"; and the latter in order to wipe out the

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disgrace decided to make one more effort to drive out the invader. For this purpose 30,000 of their best cavalry assembled at Merta, a walled city standing on high ground about 60 miles west of Jodhpur.

As soon as de Boigne heard of the enemy's intentions he decided to take the offensive at once. When still several miles from Merta, he was delayed by the passage of a river owing to the difficulty of transporting his guns across. He therefore sent forward the Mahratta cavalry which discovered the enemy encamped on the plain outside the city. The Jodhpur cavalry could doubtless have made short work of the Mahratta horsemen, unsupported by de Boigne's famous infantry, and then having found the latter involved in the crossing would have taken them at a disadvantage. Fortunately the Jodhpur cavalry decided to wait for Ismael Beg's large contingent of infantry which was hourly expected.

De Boigne himself arrived at dusk and, having made a careful reconnaissance of the ground, decided on a surprise attack at dawn.

The Jodhpur Chiefs, who had no idea of de Boigne's proximity and scorned that of the Mahratta cavalry whose cowardice was notorious, were under the influence of opium when the attack took place, and when they awoke they found their camp being heavily bombarded and Ismael Beg's infantry in confusion. The Chiefs then, in order to atone for having been caught unawares, hastily called upon 4,000 chosen followers to swear a solemn oath that they would ride to victory or death. Meanwhile one of de Boigne's battalion commanders advanced without orders against the enemy Infantry thus leaving a weak spot in the line.

Seeing this opportunity a Jodhpur Chief, crying: "Remember Patan," led his horsemen against the detached battalion and drove it back in disorder.

Inspired by this success, and led by the chosen 4,000, the whole of the Jodhpur cavalry advanced on the main body of de Boigne's Brigade, and opening out completely surrounded it. But as the enemy squadrons still shouting their battle cry

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"Remember Patan" charged from all sides they found themselves up against a square bristling with guns and bayonets, and not against the flanks and rear of the Brigade.

De Boigne had recognized the impending danger, before it was apparent to anyone, and with superb presence of mind had instantly adopted his favourite formation, which Wellington was to make famous a quarter of a century later. This rapid change of front by nine battalions and eighty guns during a battle is a proof of the discipline and mobility which de Boigne had instilled into his troops. Again and again the frenzied squadrons re-formed, and charged the solid square until its perimeter was piled with dead horses and men.

At length only fifteen of the chosen 4,000 remained and these, true to their oath, hurled themselves to death on the bayonets and gaping guns.

By midday the Jodhpur Army (which at the beginning of the battle had consisted of 30,000 cavalry and 100,000 of Ismael Beg's infantry) had been put to flight by de Boigne's Brigade and 30,000 Mahratta horsemen, and soon afterwards the white cross of Savoy was flying over the city of Merta.

The battle had been won by de Boigne's genius and incomparable presence of mind, and by the bravery of his well disciplined troops.

These had their reward, for according to a letter from one of de Boigne's officers (dated September 13th, 1790)—"the pillage lasted three days, and to mention all the particulars attending it would make your mouth water. The ladies at first seemed displeased at our sudden arrival in the town, but at length grew more kind, acknowledging that none but the brave deserve the fair . . . ."

De Boigne himself was, on his return, received with a salute of the entire park of Artillery at Muttra, and was loaded with honours and rewards.

After the battle of Merta, Scindia, who was more than ever impressed by the value of his regular troops, gave de Boigne instructions to raise two more Brigades. The organization of these took up most of his time for the next two years, during

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which he fought no important actions but merely delegated the work of subduing minor risings to his lieutenants.

De Boigne, who had long suffered from the incompetence of the Mahratta cavalry, now attached a regular cavalry regiment to each Brigade. The personnel of these regiments, who wore a green uniform with red turban and belt, were well paid and had to provide and feed their horses. De Boigne himself maintained at his own expense a picked bodyguard of "Persian Horse." His pay was raised to 10,000 rupees a month and, in addition to the fertile Doab territory the revenues of which maintained his troops, he was given a large personal estate. His total force, including cavalry, artillery and garrison troops, numbered 30,000 disciplined men; and his three Brigades were commanded by Perron (a French adventurer), Frêmont (a former French Royalist officer) and Sutherland (a Scotsman who had been cashiered from the 73rd Regiment).

In order to maintain friendly relations with the British Government de Boigne invited to his service British officers in preference to other nationalities. He also gave commissions to a number of Eurasians, being the sons of British officers by native women, together with a sprinkling of French, Italian, Swiss, Dutch, Savoyard and Hanoverian officers. These officers received remarkably fair treatment from Scindia, and they were allowed to send home any money they saved and to retire whenever they wished.

De Boigne's artillerymen were French and English, usually runaway soldiers and sailors: in his new battalions Rajputs, Jats and Hindustani Mussulmans predominated.

By 1793 de Boigne had made Scindia not only master of Central India and North Western India as far as Aligarh, but also ruler of the Mogul Empire, having possession of all the fortresses from Ujjein to Delhi and Agra. But in spite of this Scindia still professed to obey the Peishwa at Poona, the nominal head of the Mahrattas, and appeared to act as his deputy at Delhi although actually ruling himself.

It was while Scindia was absent on a visit to Poona that Takuji Holkar (father of the famous Holkar), a Mahratta

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chieftain, raised a considerable army to oppose him. This included four battalions officered by Europeans and commanded by the Chevalier Dudrenec, formerly an officer in the French Navy.

As soon as de Boigne heard of Holkar's intentions he decided to crush him at once.

De Boigne found the enemy in the defile of Lakhairi and sent forward two of his picked battalions to storm the pass. While this was in progress eight of his ammunition waggons were exploded by a chance cannon-ball. A panic followed amongst his main body, but with his usual presence of mind he was able to reform his battalions before Holkar's cavalry was able to exploit the accident.

De Boigne then called up one of his own cavalry regiments and putting himself at the head of it led the charge. His infantry, whose morale had now been re-established, seeing their gallant General in the van, surged forward with tremendous enthusiasm and put Holkar's Army to flight.

Only Dudrenec's battalions put up a stout resistance, but they were finally wiped out and their commander was the only white officer not killed.

De Boigne is said to have stated that the battle was the most obstinate* and bloody that he ever fought.

Takuji Holkar, who had learnt his lesson, never dared to oppose Scindia again and died four years later.

De Boigne had now destroyed all Scindia's enemies, and when he returned to Delhi at the head of his victorious army he was made Viceroy of Hindustan by his master. He now established the H.Q. of his Army (which was known as the "*Cherri Foug*" or "flying Army" because it was so mobile) at Koil which lying midway between Delhi and Agra enabled him to dominate both cities.

Early in 1794 Madajee Scindia died and was succeeded by his nephew Daulat Rao Scindia.

So great was de Boigne's power at the time of Madajee Scindia's death, for there was no one left who dared oppose him, that he might have made himself master of Hindustan.

* "La lutte fut ardente entre les bataillons du breton et ceux du savoyard," writes one of de Boigne's biographers.

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He remained however loyal to the memory of his late master and continued to serve his successor faithfully, maintaining peace with the overwhelming power which he possessed.

It was in the Spring of 1795 that a young Eurasian (son of an ensign in the Company's service by a native woman) arrived at Koil with a letter of introduction to the General.

De Boigne, who was a good judge of men, was impressed by the youngster and gave him an Ensign's commission in one of his infantry battalions: his name was James Skinner, later to become Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army, C.B. and founder of Skinner's Horse.

In the Summer of the same year an event occurred which exemplifies de Boigne's friendly disposition towards the English. A mutiny broke out amongst the Company's white officers in Bengal, and at the Governor-General's request de Boigne sent a cavalry regiment, officered by Europeans, to his assistance.

De Boigne had now served for eighteen years in India: for him there were no hill stations, and the strain was beginning to tell. Rest and change of climate were necessary to recuperate his health; and reluctantly he asked to be relieved of his command in order to return to Europe. Daulat Rao Scindia begged him to reconsider his decision, but de Boigne persisted, qualifying his decision by promising to return if and when his health should improve.

In December, 1795, de Boigne reviewed his Army for the last time and bade it farewell: an army which had never suffered defeat or lost a single gun, whose morale, discipline and excellent organization were famous throughout India; an army whose regiments were intensely proud of their reputation and jealous of their honour; and one which any General officer whether King's, Company's or soldier of fortune, might well be proud to command; an army which was a worthy monument to the man who had made it.

De Boigne's parting advice to Daulat Rao Scindia was never to excite the jealousy of the British Government by increasing the number of his battalions and rather to discharge them than risk a war.

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Unfortunately de Boigne's advice was not followed, for his successor Perron, who was violently anti-British and dismissed all his British officers, increased Scindia's disciplined battalions and was indirectly the cause of the Mahratta wars. However, he went down before Wellesley and Lake at Assaye and Aligarh, and the veteran regiments which de Boigne had trained were finally annihilated at Laswaree.

In January, 1796, de Boigne left Koil, accompanied by his own Cavalry Regiment, four elephants, 150 camels and 100 waggons carrying his possessions, and travelled down to Calcutta. Here he had a friendly reception from the Governor-General, who purchased the horses of his Regiment on behalf of the British Government and enlisted the troopers in the Company's service.

In the Summer, after settling up his commercial undertakings with Claude Martine, he finally left India in the Danish ship *Cromberg* and landed at Deal five months later.

During the voyage de Boigne's health improved considerably, and by the time he had settled " avec sa favourite préférée " and his two children in a country house in Middlesex, he felt fit enough to return to India.

He would probably have pursued this course, and as a result there might have been no Mahratta wars, had not a pretty face intervened.

De Boigne, now 49 years of age and possessed of a fortune amounting to half a million sterling, fell in love with the daughter of a French emigré the Marquis d'Osmont who was living in London.

Eleonara d'Osmont was only 17, but despite the disparity in their ages she accepted his offer of marriage. Needless to say the impoverished Marquis, who considered de Boigne's fortune of more importance than his birth, gave his consent and they were duly married on June 11th, 1798. For a few years they lived together, but in 1804 they separated, no children having been born. The General provided handsomely for his wife and returned to his native Chambéry, where he acquired the Chateau de Buisson-Rond : and here his wife, who lived in Paris, visited

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him once a year for a few weeks and entertained on a large scale.

It has been erroneously stated that de Boigne became Napoleon's confidant and adviser in the latter's anti-British policy in India which helped to bring about the Second Mahratta War. There is however not the slightest truth in this assertion.

During the whole of the Napoleonic régime the General led a secluded life and was strictly Royalist in his sympathies: so much so that at the Restoration Louis XVIII gave him the brevet of *Maréchal de Camp* and conferred on him the Cross of St. Louis and the Legion of Honour; the latter for his ten years service as President of the Department of Mont Blanc.

Two years later King Victor Emmanuel created him Count de Boigne, Lieutenant-General and Knight of the Grand Cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus.

De Boigne was a great benefactor to his native town where he built and endowed two hospitals, a school, an almshouse, a college and a library; and in his will he left further large sums to local charities.

He used to entertain lavishly at his Chateau and always welcomed British officers who had served in India.

This gallant soldier of fortune, born leader of men and benefactor to the sick and needy, died in his Chateau on June 21st, 1830.

The grateful citizens of Chambéry honoured his memory by naming their chief street after him, and by erecting (in 1838) the Monument de Boigne on which may be read the following inscription:—

"BENEDICTO DE BOIGNE
CAMBERIENSI
GRATA CIVITAS
MDCCC XXXVIII
QUAM APUD INDOS MAHRATTAS
FAMA NOMINIS ILLUSTRARAT
CIVIS BENEFICUS
PATRIAM IN AUDITIS LARGITIONIBUS
VIVUS REPLEVIT."

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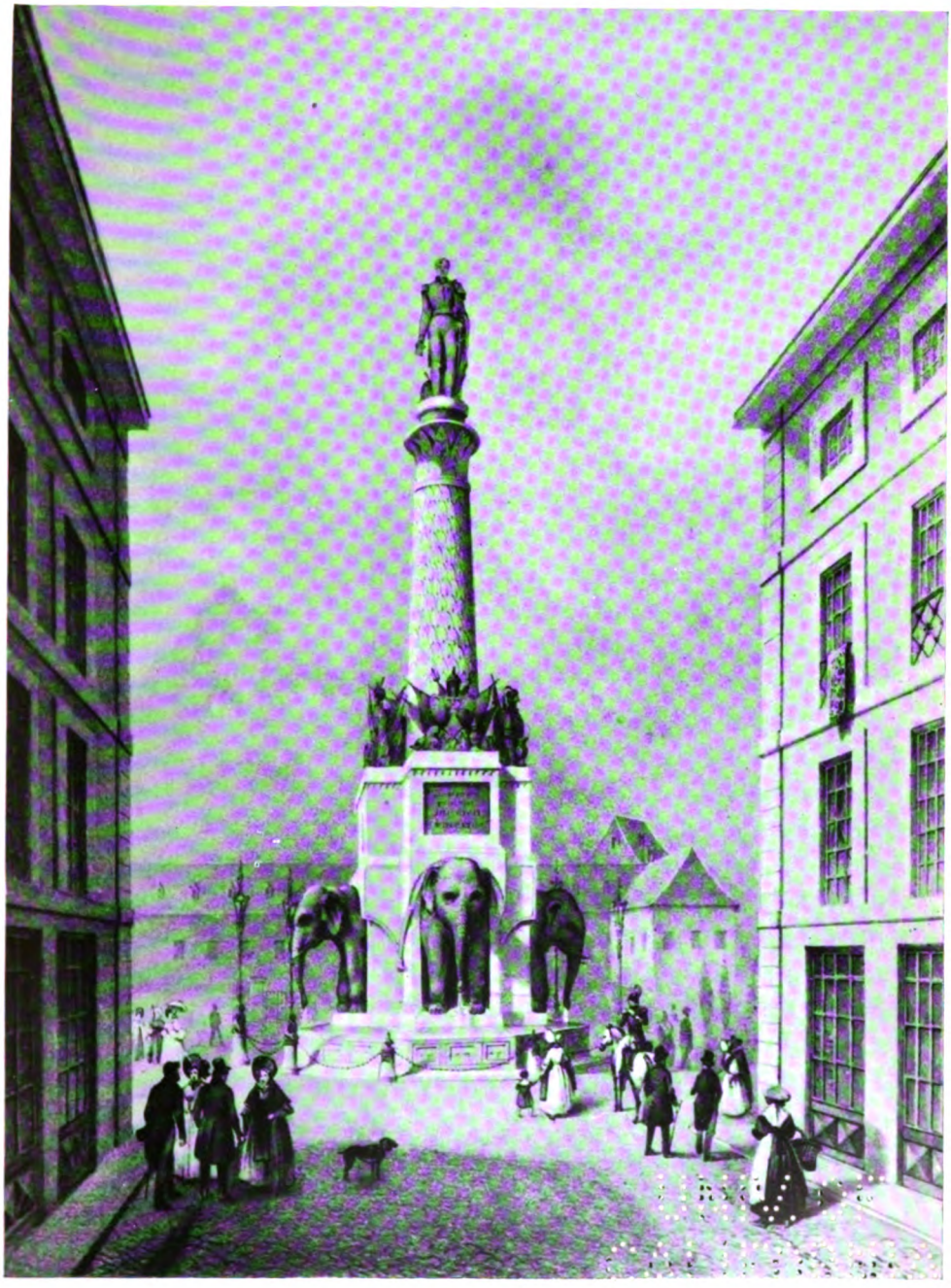

LE MONUMENT DE BOIGNE 1838

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"*KHANEH-PAR-DOSH.*"

* By COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, Late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.
H.Q. Staff, S. Persia, 1917-18.

THE material for splendid Irregular Cavalry.

There are Persian tribes of the "Illyat" or "Nomads," dwellers in tents, whom I possibly wrongly style Khaneh-par-dosh (those that carry their house on their back), (or on mule-back). They are flock owners who migrate from the Highlands or "Sard-sir" (Cold Zone) to the Lowlands of "Garm-sir" (Hot Zone), in the winter. To see a tribe on the move with their flocks and herds is a sight worth seeing, a truly Biblical scene. These Nomads consist of Turkomans in the north, Baluchies in the east and south-east, Khamseh Arabs in the middle south and Turkish tribes in the south-west and west, such as the Kashgai, Kashquli, and the Lurs of Luristan. The Bactiari and the Kurds in the west are of pre-Turkish origin. These nomadic tribes are well armed with small bore rifles and obtain large quantities of ammunition from the gulf arms traders. They are very warlike and often fight amongst themselves. They oppress the non-warlike townsmen and villagers, and loot caravans. They live by "The good old rule the simple plan 'that they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can.'" We knew them well. We in Shiraz were beseiged by them for three months, previous to that they fired at us when we were snipe shooting, just in a friendly way!

In our time, 1917-18, these tribes were independent and paid no revenue to the Government of Persia, under the old régime. Fine men, they live a very spartan, strict and morally clean existence. They do not permit their young men to enter the large towns for fear that they should contract diseases, and their young women are not allowed to marry before they are twenty

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years of age. In this way they ensure that their tribe is healthy and their warriors fit to take the field. They live in tents made of goats' hair, which is said to be the sackcloth mentioned in the Bible.

These tribes are very powerful, the Bakhtiari, for instance, who lived within reach of Tehran, Isfahan and other capitals of the Provinces, were virtually king-makers. It was always wise for the Reigning Monarch to have them on his side. They live in strange surroundings; here is a country still untraversed by highroad or railway lines; here rise mountains clothed in the Spring with a gay mantle of crocuses and wild tulips and Crown Imperial Lilies; here are steep valleys where the shadows fall early and rise late, strewn with rocks, crowned with fantastic crags, scarred by deep water courses. Here the hawks hover, the eagle passes with a mournful cry and the imprisoned wind lashes madly through the gorges. Here is a plain bounded on all sides by a mountain wall. Through the middle of the plain flows a river, its stony bed cut deep into the earth, silver trout leap in its pools, strips of grass border it, stretches of pasture land in the midst of the desert, flocks of sheep and goats feed along its banks and from some convenient hollow rises the smoke of the Nomad camp. The Camping Ground is strewn with black tents; horses and camels crop the grass by the edge of the river, the air is full of the barking of dogs and the cries of women and children. All day long the men lie before the low doors of their tents, lazily watching the grazing herds! Meantime the women are weaving carpets, twisting reeds into matting or making black sackcloth of goats' hair for their tents.

Such is typical "Nomad" country, fascinating as it sounds in its majestic loneliness, it is not one in which one would care to sojourn for long, and so the tribesmen, as soon as the green grass appears in the valleys below, and when the cool wind sweeps the plain over the warmer levels, leave the high, snow-carpeted regions to the wild goats and the eagles, and whereas to-day a certain space is strewn with black tents, horses and camels cropping the grass by the edge of the stream, and all is bustle and noise, tomorrow no sign of life remains. The Nomads

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have moved on, there is nothing but vast loneliness, silent and desolate, Khaneh-par-Dosh, Khaneh-par-Dosh!

Gertrude Bell, that great writer on Persia, describes a Nomad camp at night as follows:—

"In the clear sunlight the encampment looks sordid enough; night, which with sudden fingers sweeps away the sun, revealing the great depths of heaven and the patined stars, reveals also the mysterious picturesqueness of camp-life. The red light of fires flickers between the tents; the crouching figures of men and women preparing the evening meal, seem to be whispering incantations into the hot ashes. They rise, dim and gigantic with faces gleaming in the uncertain starlight; they flit like demons backwards and forwards between the glowing rays of the fires and the darkness beyond. You find yourself transported into a circle of the Inferno, of which the shaggy dogs, that leap out barking to meet you, are no less vigilant guardians than Ceberus himself."

The costume of the Qashgai warrior is picturesque and serviceable. He wears a neat hat of white, black or brown felt, not unlike an inverted casserole pot. His long frock-like coat is low at the neck, showing an under-vest of warm material. Around his waist is a sash of great length, folded many times and neatly finished off down the right side. Shalawars, loose trousers of some durable material and comfortable shoes made of white webbed material with strong felt soles. His horse is a grey Arab, very hardy, a suitable mount for the rough country over which he is intended to travel. The saddle is in the case of chieftains, covered with a saddle-cloth not unlike a very fine Persian carpet, and often very beautiful. These saddle-cloths are heirlooms handed down from father to son. A modern mauser rifle, bandoliers, pistols, and a dagger or two are tucked into the "kummerband." A camel-hair "abba" or light cloak is often worn over all, a durable and excellent garment. The men are usually strikingly handsome; their hair is worn in locks, which reach to the lobe of the ear, with a saucy curl curving well forward. The Chief or "Ilkhani" of the tribe was one

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Solat-u-Dowla. His forces in the fighting around Shiraz consisted of eight thousand fighting men.

The author of that famous satire and classic "Hadji Baba of Ispahan" quotes "If it were not for the dying how we Persians would fight!" Those Persians that he referred to were not of the type who form the subject of this article. He refers to dwellers in towns recruited into the armies of the Shahs of Persia in the time of Shah Abbas, a contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth.

The "Illyat" tribesmen, Kashgai and Kash-guli, with whom we, who were invested in Shiraz, South Persia, in 1918 had many engagements, earned by their great gallantry in the field the following mention in despatches:—"There is no doubt that as an enemy the Kashgai tribesman is not to be despised. He is as good in the plain as on the hills."

The following account of one action out of many will give some idea of how these Nomads can fight. The Action of Ahmedabad, 17th June, 1918, an eye-witness account by the writer:—

17/6/18. *The Action of Ahmedabad.*

"We have had another scrap with Solat and have driven him off the premises. Yesterday we went out at 5 a.m. with a strong column and had a really useful day's fighting. We went towards Chinar-Rahdar, which is the stronghold of the enemy, a fort at the entrance to the hills. We worked up the valley making our right and left flanks secure as we went. This meant driving the enemy off the lower hills on our left, which took some time, and involved our getting some casualties to the Baluchies and Burmah Mounted Rifles. We drove the enemy into the hills behind the Chinar-Rahdar fort where they took cover in the nullahs. The mountain guns took a fair toll of them during their retirement. The Solat and some of his Chiefs were on the roof of the fort. At one time it looked, in the distance, like the grandstand at the races, the Kashgai chiefs with their black hats, looking through their binoculars at the fight. I spotted them through my glasses and informed the Gunner Officer, who was near me. He burst two shrapnel just over their heads,

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which must have sent several of them to another world. Not one was to be seen on the fort again until our retirement began. Having shelled the enemy to some effect we started to return to Shiraz.

"As soon as we had got one section of the guns on the move they began to harass us. They came off the hills at full gallop and down into the plain, calling upon Allah, and waving their rifles in the air. They came on until the plain was dotted with about 1,500 to 2,000 of them, galloping full split and jinking like wild pig in hopes of avoiding the shells (they always do this and it looks very weird). The guns, machine guns, rifle fire, and Lewis guns inflicted many casualties on them, but they kept on galloping up to the Burmah Mounted Rifles, who were doing rearguard and covering our withdrawal. The Burmah Mounted Rifles* got it very hot for about half an hour, but fought with great gallantry, well supported by the six mountain guns. Getting their wounded away kept the Burmah Mounted Rifles in the thick of it longer than was intended, and they came in for some flank fire from the Bagh-i-Janat, a garden on their right flank. Colonel Dyer and Captain Murray were severely wounded, and three Burmah Mounted Rifles men killed and fifteen wounded, and a good number of their wonderful little Burmese ponies killed and wounded, mostly wounded (many recovered). The retirement was well carried out against the greatest difficulties. As I have said, both our flanks had been made secure so all was well. We killed about 150 and wounded about 250 of the enemy, who fought with the utmost bravery. There were some strange episodes; during the fight about five men of the enemy were galloping along when a shell knocked the whole lot out, horses and all; seven of their friends, seeing this, stopped and looked at the hole and the remains of their friends, when another shell landed in exactly the same spot and knocked the whole seven out.

"At another time eight men in a bunch were galloping towards a fort at Ahmedabad, in the tower of which was a Lewis gun.

* The Burmah Mounted Rifles was a unit formed from selected personnel from the Burmah Military Police, Sikhs, Pathans and Punjabi Mahomedans. Its organization was similar to that of an Indian Cavalry Regiment. Its arms were Lewis Guns and Rifles with bayonets. It was mounted on Burmese ponies, ideal for their work. Throughout these operations it behaved with its greatest gallantry.

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The whole eight went down in one sweep all knocked out. A group of Burmah Mounted Rifles, about ten men, got rather isolated attending to some wounded Sikhs, and getting them away, when about two hundred of the enemy galloped up to within one hundred and fifty yards of them and stopped, looked at them and turned tail. They evidently suspected a trap of some sort. The enemy had a lot of footmen also, who moved at a great pace at a sort of mule trot, with very long strides. The enemy were almost entirely armed with excellent mauser rifles. We got in to Shiraz about 3.30 p.m. having left at 5. a.m. It was a very good show, commanded with great ability by Colonel Orton, (now General Sir E. F. Orton, K.C.B., late 37th Lancers, I.A.), and should have an excellent effect on the Solat and his tribesmen. However, they are strong enough still to give a good deal of trouble, but they have had three hammerings by day and one by night, and their losses altogether come to over one thousand one hundred killed and wounded.

" They are reported to have said ' If it had not been for the guns nothing could have prevented us from wiping the hated ' Feringhuce ' off the face of the earth, and it was his guns that turned our livers to water.'

" Dyer, 35th Scinde Horse, has been awarded the D.S.O., he is a gallant soldier and a fine leader.

" During the action of Dehsheikh one of his squadrons had temporarily run out of ammunition. The Indian officer suggested retiring a little as they were very hard pressed by Kashgais, but Dyer said ' No the Burmah Mounted Rifles don't retire; fix bayonets.' They rushed out at the right moment and bayoneted thirty of the enemy. Dyer had only a stick, except for his revolver, which he forgot to draw, but he hit a Kashgai with the stick until one of his men bayoneted the gentlemen. He had his horse shot under him twice before this fight, and some very narrow escapes."

This account is only a sample of some of the fighting around Shiraz. Eventually the tribesmen began to get tired of being defeated. Quarrels and disputes then arose amongst the

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sections of the tribes. By various means certain tribesmen including the Arabs, were won over to our side and Solat was finally defeated in an engagement on the 8th August, 1918, after which he was pursued for one hundred miles, and looted by the two thousand Arabs, who "came down from the fence," and by some of his own men, who turned against him. He was seen in flight surrounded by a very diminished staff, crying like a child!

The tide of war in France was now turning against the Germans, and the various Persian authorities became our friends. There was little more trouble in Persia beyond expeditions to rescue our newly allied tribesmen from attacks made by their enemies.

General Douglas' force from Bushire joined hands with our force in March, 1919. The garrison of Shiraz was at length relieved. The last we saw of these romantic people was on our way down the road on our return to India.

Here is a leaf from the writer's diary. Our camp for the night was Rahdah, a very pleasant spot by a trout stream overhung by drooping trees. There were hundreds of nightingales in these trees, I never heard anything like the wonderful chorus that they kept up.

The Kashgai tribesmen on the move up to the highlands for the summer months were encamped quite close to us; our enemy of yesteryear, now all very peaceful and good or pretending to be! They were no longer permitted to carry arms openly, nevertheless we noticed bundles of them neatly encased in carpets and galeems, on which the women seated themselves during the march from camp to camp. We went to see the Kashgai in their camp and were made very welcome. Coffee, black and strong, in tiny porcelain cups was produced, and we were outwardly the best of friends. We parted with mutual expressions of friendship, all that they had was ours and *vice versa*!

During the evening they stole a horse and a string of mules from our Persian mule contractor. He had been warned by us

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not to allow his animals to stray far for their grazing, but he heeded us not. They were his property, and it was no affair of ours, except that it affected the baggage question materially. However, we desired no friction with our new allies, who denied any knowledge of the affair. "They would not do such an inhospitable thing!"

"Trust God, but tie up your camel." (Arab proverb.)

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THE MECHANIZATION OF LONDON'S BUSES.

By VERNON SOMMERFIELD.

IN 1900, the motor bus had not progressed beyond the purely experimental stage, and omnibus traction was still dependent on horses, as it had been when the "twopence-halfpenny carriage" was introduced to Paris in 1662. By October, 1911, the London General Omnibus Company—the largest undertaking of its kind in the world—had withdrawn its last horsed vehicle. Actually, a few owned by other proprietors lingered on the streets for some time after, but we need not concern ourselves with these survivors. The transition represented the greatest work of mechanization known to date in any country—a fleet of 1,650 buses disappeared. Subsequent developments have made both the "General" fleet of 1911 and the ramifications of its then service seem small by comparison.

The omnibus, as indicated, originated in Paris, but nowhere else has it become such an essential and important means of public transport as in London. It was introduced there in 1829—four years after the opening of the Stockton and Darlington, the first public railway in the world—by George Shillibeer. This pioneer was a Londoner who had settled as a coachbuilder in Paris, where he had been commissioned to build some buses of an improved type for a local undertaking. Shillibeer concluded that similar vehicles would pay in his native city, and launched his historic service between the "Yorkshire Stingo," in the Marylebone Road, and the Bank, via Islington, incidentally showing considerable foresight in the choice of route. The vehicle was drawn by three horses abreast, "after the French fashion," was a single decker, and the fare was 1s. 0d. for the end-to-end journey, and 6d. from Islington to either terminus.

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Its precise seating capacity is unknown; contemporary newspaper accounts give figures ranging from 16 to 22 passengers.

Shillibeer soon had numerous imitators, and some 800 buses, mostly owned by small proprietors and, with a few noteworthy exceptions, operating only within a six-mile radius, were on the roads by 1855. In that year, the London General Omnibus Company was formed, originally as a French undertaking, with an Anglo-French directorate, and with offices in both London and Paris. The aim of its promoters was not so much to compete against as to co-ordinate with the existing services, with the result that by 1856 the company had already acquired about 75 per cent. of the aggregate fleet. As a side light on the relative economics of horse and mechanical transport, it is of interest to recall that an average of ten horses to every bus was acquired in connection with the first two hundred vehicles taken over. This figure may be accepted as applying to the then London services in general.

It is outside the province of this article to deal with the gradual expansion of the network, or the establishment of competing concerns, some of which were absorbed, while others passed out of existence. But it is material to our theme of mechanization to note that in 1908 the "General" amalgamated with its two most considerable rivals, and thus secured ownership of the overwhelming majority of buses operating in the London area. This concentration of ownership and management facilitated the subsequent change-over to mechanical traction, and the standardization of vehicles, equipment and methods. It may be convenient to point out here that standardization entered on a new phase in 1933, when the creation of the London Passenger Transport Board, in which all the bus services are now vested, unified over sixty bus and coach undertakings, many owning obsolescent vehicles.

There was actually no compelling reason why mechanical traction on the highways should not have materialized long before the beginning of the present century. Richard Gurney's steam-driven six-wheeled "Royal Patriot" had, in fact, been placed on the London-Bath service two years before Shillibeer's

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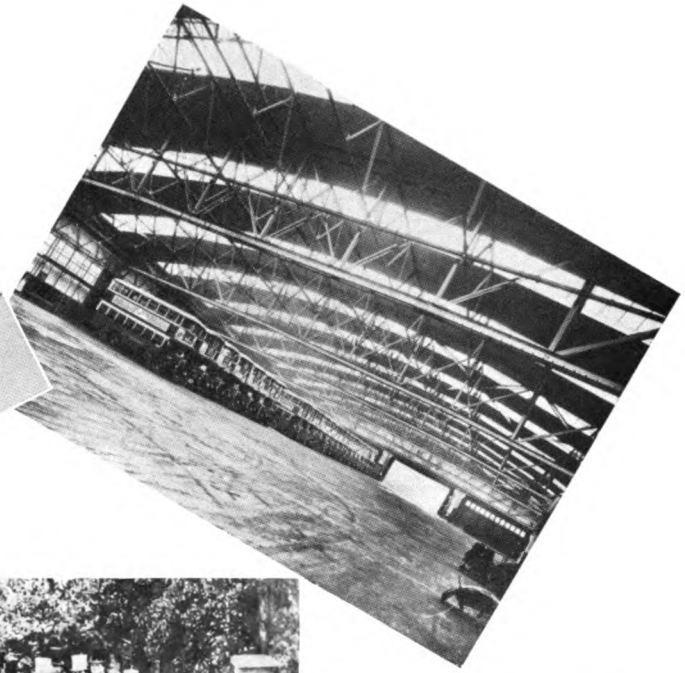
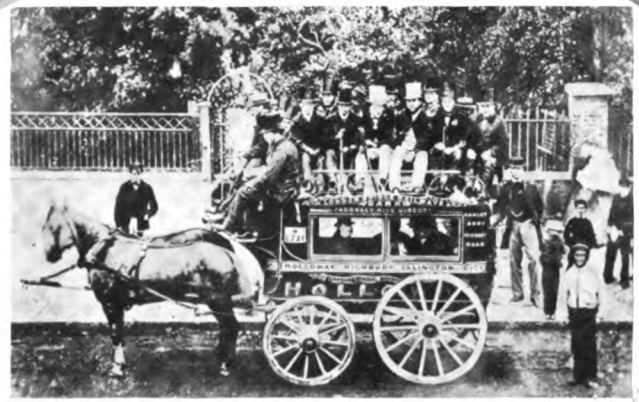
"STL" Type Bus



Upton Park Garage



Knife-board Type Horse Bus

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first bus began to run, and in the Eighteen-Thirties Walter Hancock also experimented very successfully with steam vehicles. Hancock, incidentally invented an engine in which the customary cylinder and piston were replaced by a flexible bag that expanded and contracted with the admission and expulsion of the steam. But a variety of causes, including repressive legislation of the man-with-the-red-flag type, and the belief current during most of the Nineteenth Century that the field for mechanical land traction belonged exclusively to the railway, postponed mechanization on the highways until the internal combustion engine had, some two generations later, arrived at the stage when it could be regarded as of commercial value.

Commercial experimentation so far as the bus was concerned did not, however, have to wait until this century; in 1897 Scotland Yard issued its first motor bus licence—for a Radcliffe-Ward vehicle that ran for a short time between Charing Cross and Victoria. Other experimenters were at work during the next few years, many of whom used steam, which was also employed by so many of the early private car builders. Those experiments need not detain us; but it should be mentioned that in 1903 the London General Omnibus Company had a petrol-electric bus at work, and that in the following year it obtained its first licence for the provision of a public service to be operated by mechanical transport—between Hammersmith and Piccadilly Circus, and worked by a Clarkson steam single-decker.

So much for explanatory historical background. Even in the earliest days of the public service petrol vehicle, the "General" realised the imperative necessity for standardization. Research, experimentation, and testing under actual day-to-day conditions took time, and the first standardized motor bus, known as the "B" type, did not materialise until 1910, after experiments had been made with over thirty different types of chassis. The "B" was a double-decker, with a 30 h.p. engine, and seated 34 passengers, as compared with the 26 of standard horse vehicle. By the outbreak of the Great War, over 3,000 of the type were already in service, and in six years the

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seating capacity of the company's fleet had virtually been doubled. If allowance be made for the greater speed of the motor vehicle—which enables it to cover a bigger mileage in a given time—the capacity had more than doubled.

A further gain was shown by the first post-war type, the "K," introduced in 1919, and seating 46 passengers. The "S," of 1920, accommodated as many as 54. Then came the "NS," introduced in 1923, of which the final survivors were withdrawn last year. Like its predecessors, this was an unroofed double-decker with solid tyres, but in 1925 the process of conversion to roofed vehicles with pneumatic tyres began. In some, but not all instances, this reduced the seating capacity by two. The first six-wheeler, the "LS," which was also the first to embody a covered upper deck and pneumatic tyres in its original design, was introduced in 1927. As first constructed, the seating capacity of these vehicles, which were largely of an experimental nature, ranged from 66 to 72, but they were re-built to accommodate only 60 passengers. Only twelve were built, all of which have now been withdrawn, but they led the way to the introduction of the new standard types of covered-deck pneumatic tyred vehicles that make up the bulk of the present fleet.

These are:—The six-wheeled "LT" of 1929, some built to seat 56 and others 60. The "ST," of substantially similar design, but a four-wheeler and seating 49, and the first to have the important feature of a totally enclosed staircase, which adds greatly to the comfort, convenience and safety of passengers, but inevitably involves some sacrifice in seating accommodation. The feature was adopted on the four-wheeled "STL" type, introduced in 1932, and seating 56, and has also been employed on the majority of the "LT"s. A variant of the "STL" is the "STD," which has the same seating capacity. Both are of 95 h.p.

It may be observed in parenthesis that nearly ten years of practical test seem to have shown that the four-wheeler, with its superior flexibility in traffic, is on the whole more suitable for general purposes than the six-wheeler.

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Some statistics are necessary to appreciate the work and the organization of the London Passenger Transport Board.* Its services embrace an area of approximately 2,000 square miles, with a population a quarter of that of England and Wales. Those services traverse the administrative counties of London, Middlesex, Kent, Herts, Beds, Berks, Bucks, Essex, Surrey and Sussex, within the areas of no fewer than 183 Local Government bodies. The outposts of the Board's territory include Letchworth, Baldock, Royston, Brentwood, Chipping Ongar, Tilbury, Tonbridge, Tunbridge Wells, Sevenoaks, Edenbridge, East Grinstead, Godalming, Guildford, Ascot, Windsor, Maidenhead, High Wycombe, Great Missenden, Aylesbury and Dunstable. Excluding tramcars, it owns 7,048 buses, coaches, and trolleybuses (about 760 of the last†) and its road vehicle staff includes 20,098 drivers and 19,730 conductors. There are 84 bus and coach garages and 31 tram and trolleybus depots; 829 routes are operated by the buses and coaches and 22 by the trolleybuses, representing an aggregate length of 2,593 miles, of which the buses account for 2,471. Some 2,000 fixed stopping places are provided.

The wide area served by the Board necessitates a corresponding geographical diffusion of garages and other depots, but the work of overhaul and repair is centralized. Chiswick, where body construction is also carried out, is the headquarters for bus overhaul and repairs. As an example of centralization, it may be mentioned that before 1921 tyre replacements and the complete yearly overhaul of each vehicle were carried out at no fewer than thirty garages scattered all over the Greater London area, while three separate coach factories undertook repainting and body renovation. Since 1921, the time needed for a complete overhaul has also been reduced from 16 to 2 days.

* Save where otherwise stated, the figures represent the position at June 30th, 1937, the date of the last report and accounts. There has since then been a considerable increase in the number of trolleybuses and their routes and mileage, and a decrease in the tram services. 2,060 tramcars were in operation in June, 1937, covering a route length of 226 miles, as compared with 2,560 vehicles and 327 miles in June, 1934, when only 61 trolleybuses were in service. The policy of the Board is to replace all its tramways by trolleybus services, for which Parliamentary sanction has been obtained. This is the greatest conversion of the kind ever undertaken.

† At the beginning of January.

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To do justice to Chiswick alone would require more space than the writer has at his disposal, but the following brief particulars will give readers some insight. Speeding up of the work has been made possible not only by centralized operation—essential as that is—but also by a scientific layout of the works and buildings so as to secure quickness and economy in handling. There are three principal departments:—the body section, including body making, repair, and paint shops; the chassis section; and the general stores. A great factor making for the saving of time and labour is that in place of the customary method of separately grouping each type of machine, all the machinery required for repairing any particular part is grouped together, the result being an immense reduction in handling.

A typical day's work at Chiswick includes the overhaul of ten chassis and fifteen bodies. Overhaul is of the most thorough-going nature, involving first the dismounting of the body and the removal of all fittings, such as lamps, indicators and advertisement boards, lifeguards, and cushions. All defective parts are also removed. After this preliminary process, there begins the complete overhaul and re-conditioning of the body and repainting.

The chassis is entirely stripped, and all worn parts are repaired or replaced, after which it is re-assembled on a moving platform, and undergoes thorough testing before the body is re-mounted.

Chiswick also undertakes the general overhaul of units and component parts needed for the maintenance of some 6,200 coaches and buses, including engines and gear boxes. That by no means exhausts the list of activities; 4,500 tyres pass through Chiswick every week, and the yearly renewals for the combined bus, coach, and trolleybus fleets absorb the produce of nearly twelve square miles of rubber plantations, and cost £220,000.

The trolleybus overhaul methods differ from those employed in the case of buses, the so-called unit system being adopted. The work is undertaken partly at various smaller depots, partly at Fulwell, and in part at Charlton, which is also the tramcar headquarters and the largest works of the kind in the country.

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Such miscellaneous jobs as replacement of the mechanical and electrical units—traction motors, master controllers, motor generators, air compressors, circuit breakers, brake drums, springs, etc.—is carried out at the running depots, to which renovated and new units are from time to time sent for stock replenishment. Body overhaul and painting are dealt with exclusively at Fulwell. Units removed from the vehicles at the various depots are sent to Charlton for attention.

The "progressive system" of overhaul and testing is adopted at Charlton both for trolleybuses and trams, for which purpose the shops are equipped with ropeways designed to travel at a uniform speed of three inches a minute. As already mentioned, body overhaul and painting of the trolleybuses is not dealt with at Charlton, and it may therefore be of interest to describe briefly the more complete method of dealing with trams at these shops. On arrival for complete overhaul, the body is removed from the trucks by an electric hoist, the trucks are replaced by re-conditioned trucks and motors, and the vehicle is then attached to the ropeway. In the course of its progress through the shops, such fittings as cushions that need repair or overhaul are taken out, the control gear is overhauled, the power and lighting cables are tested, and the circuit breakers and switches removed for re-calibration. By the time that the tram has gone through the body shop, its fittings have been re-assembled, and it is ready for the paint shop. Any necessary preliminary work will have been finished beforehand, so as not to delay the painting schedule. The vehicle is then attached to the paint shop ropeway, and the body and trucks are washed, painted and varnished. In the meantime, the trucks taken from the vehicle as it comes into the works have been dismantled and the motors and equipment have undergone testing so as to have them ready for replacement on another vehicle that has come in for overhaul.

A few words should be said concerning the routine day-by-day work on the road vehicles. Cleaning, in particular, is a much bigger job than is generally realized, and has to be done in a restricted period. Some two thousand men are employed every night. The appliances include machines that eject powerful

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jets of water, and spray guns, and the routine work includes vacuum-cleaning, disinfecting, and cleaning of all brasswork. Bus washing is incidentally a much dirtier operation than the cleansing of the Board's railway vehicles; six tons of dirt and sludge are washed alone off the eighty chassis and engines coming into Chiswick every week for stripping and cleaning; and the stores department has to issue some twenty-seven tons of soap a year for the buses and coaches.

The wide area operated over by the Board, the varying length of routes and time schedules, the outlying situation of many of the terminal points, and the considerable variations in the size of the garages—which may accommodate as little as half a dozen and as many as two hundred and forty vehicles, have brought about certain problems affecting the staff. At many centres, it is not too easy to arrange either adequate catering and messroom facilities, or facilities for rest between spells of duties. These difficulties are being ameliorated by the growing provision of mobile canteens—motor buses equipped with restaurant facilities. Altogether, there are some 560 messrooms and 81 fully staffed canteens, some of which provide not only food and drink, but also such amenities as billiards and other games. Thirteen are open all night.

The canteens and messrooms, which employ over six hundred men and women, serve over thirty thousand of the staff every day. The choice of menu, which tends more and more to vary with the season of the year, is comprehensive, embracing 67 meat dishes, 24 vegetables, and 24 sweets.

In so brief a survey, it has been impossible to deal with more than the fringes of the subject. Reference should, however, be made to the newest phase of mechanization, which is now in progress—the conversion of trams to trolleybus routes. The work, which has created a variety of new and interesting problems, actually embraces more than conversion, since the trolleybus is being introduced on a number of sections on which trams had never been employed. Specialized garage design has been necessary for the railless vehicle, due to the fact that the trolleybus, which turns round at the end of a journey, instead of being

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reversed like a tramcar, is equipped with only a single driving platform and control apparatus. (The writer understands that the technical problems connected with double-end driving have actually been overcome). Hence a turntable or reversing loop is necessary at the depots.

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"OFF SPURS AND AT 'EM!"

An Episode of the Maroon War.

By REGINALD HARGREAVES.

> "Cavalry must be prepared to undertake independent operations, . . . and be able to beat by dismounted action strong hostile forces."—*Bernhardi.*

To most people Maroons imply something that goes off with a loud bang on Armistice Day but during the last decade of the 18th century, for the men of the 17th Light Dragoons the word came to possess a meaning considerably more sinister!

In the twenty years struggle between the French and English which marked the end of the 18th century and the early years of its successor. There was one arena of conflict, which imposed a heavy drain upon British naval and military resources, and constituted a perpetual fount of anxiety to Pitt and his coadjutors, this was the French Antilles and British West Indies.

In year 1795 practically all the West Indian possessions under British suzerainty were in revolt, with the single exception of the fertile and wealthy island of Jamaica. But the situation with which its Lieutenant-Governor, Lord Balcarres, found himself confronted was, to say the least of it, distinctly (queasy) difficult. The garrison, as usual, through sickness and the transfer of the bulk of its remaining effectives elsewhere, had been reduced to the proverbial "two men and a boy"; and—the French-owned island of St. Domingo was within easy sailing distance! Even more important, within its own fastnesses dwelt that dubious and incalculable community known locally as the Maroons.*

A queer hybrid, these swine-spearing, rum-guzzling, and turbulent descendants of the native Jamaicans and the slaves

*Literally, hog-hunters.

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abandoned by the Spaniards when, in 1658, they finally ceded the island to their British conquerors. Refusing absolutely to bend the knee to the incoming authorities, this inimical faction had withdrawn itself to the inaccessible hinterland of the interior, where it had quickly succeeded in establishing what amounted to little less than an *imperium in imperio*. From their mountain eyries they emerged only to launch extensive and sanguinary raids against the outlying plantations; their frequent sallies eventually compelling every property owner in their neighbourhood to transform his dwelling into a miniature fortress. Ensconced in a series of intercommunicating glens,—known locally as cockpits,—enclosed by almost perpendicular rocks, unscaleable by anything less agile than a goat, (or a Maroon!), and accessible only through narrow inlets giving on to a funnel-like defile, the impregnable home they had chosen for themselves was easily guarded; while its natural water supply and the fact that, as one contemporary chronicler rather indignantly put it, "it abounded in ground provisions," rendered the starving-out of the inmates an obvious impossibility.

For many years a condition of intermittent warfare had reigned between the black mountain-dwellers and the white authorities at the seat of Government. But it must be admitted that throughout the whole exasperating business, the wily Maroons had had considerably the better of the contest. For, by dint of enthusiastic application, they had perfected a localised system of waging war which could be relied upon to confound their assailants at every turn. Excellent shots, and warned of the approach of their enemies by a system of horn-signals, "so perfect that there was a distinct call by which every individual man could be hailed and summoned," each marksman from his careful ambush conscientiously selected his man and shot him down with exemplary neatness and despatch, ere vanishing, unseen, to take up a fresh position. "Turn where he might," as one near-victim has bitterly complained, "the unlucky pursuer was always met by a fresh volley from an invisible foe, who never fired in vain."

Tactically, this method of conducting operations was un-

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exceptional: but, even if it is impossible to go so far as the dictum of the indignant Colonial,* who insisted that "tactics when practised by natives is no more than treachery," it will readily be allowed that the problem of subduing the rebellious faction within their midst was one for which the responsible military officers could light upon no easy, ready-made solution.

At one period conditions had been rendered easier, or at least more outwardly pacific, by the conclusion of a treaty, whereby the Maroons took oath to abide in good behaviour in return for certain concessions, which the purist might find almost indistinguishable from unadulterated bribery. It was a contract as often honoured in the breach as in the observance, despite the presence in the hillmen's midst of a white "Resident"; but it served well enough for want of anything more binding until, with the general unrest prevalent throughout the islands during 1795, matters again reached the point of explosion.

A trifling dispute in the July of the year brought the trouble to a head†; and by the end of the month the Maroons had flung a flat defiance at the Lieutenant-Governor's head, to the effect that they "desired nothing but battle, and that if the white men would not come up to them, they would come down to the white men."

Now, while no possible charge of pusillanimity can be brought against Balcarres,—after all, he was a veteran of the American War of Independence, wherein he had commanded the Light Infantry under "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne, surviving a grazed thigh and thirty musket balls through his clothing at Hubbardstown without any apparent diminution of his native *élan*—it can scarcely be said that he was inclined to minimise the danger to the white population which this defiance of authority embodied. His first step was to proclaim Martial Law; his next to try and isolate the whole area of the rebel

*General William Heath, one of Washington's most faithful stalwarts.

†Much capital had been made by the Maroons of the fact that, in place of their old and trusted Resident, Major James, had been substituted a successor in whom they entirely lacked confidence. The actual *casus belli*, however, may be found in the sentence to an exemplary flogging, passed on two of the hillmen, on the evidence of a couple of white settlers, found guilty of the heinous crime of spearing tame hogs.

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domain by the blockade of "a circle of forty square miles of the most difficult and mountainous country in the universe."

For the execution of this ambitious project, the troops at the Lieutenant-Governor's disposal consisted of the 16th and 62nd Foot, both so weak as to number a bare 150 men apiece fit to parade for duty; and the 20th (Jamaica) Light Dragoons. In addition, there were stray detachments of the 13th, 14th, 17th, and 18th Light Dragoons, and of the 83rd Foot, in all totalling some further 400 men; together with a force of indigenous Militia, strong only in numbers; and a supply of (local) Major-Generals generous enough to stock a couple of Ruritanias.

Opposed to this mixed grill of rather incongruous ingredients, the Maroons of the Trelawney District,—who formed the actively aggressive faction of the mountain community,—totalled some 660 men, women, and children, all of them, down to the veriest sucklings, capable of the most pestilential war-like activities, conducted within a terrain which was familiar to them to the last pebble and the ultimate blade of grass.

Balcarres' preliminary move was to cover the most obvious outlets to the range of cockpits by distributing his men in four detachments, three of which were respectively commanded by Colonels Sandford, Hull and Walpole; while the Lieutenant-Governor himself assumed control of the fourth, and main, body. This he posted to the south-west of the Old Town which, with the New Town a little further north, constituted the two principal rallying points of the mountain folk's domain.

Active operations were initiated by the Maroons themselves, who, on August 12th, attacked a Militia post, killing and wounding a few men without appreciable loss to themselves. Balcarres' *riposte* was to order Colonel Sandford to attack and carry the New Town from the north, halting thereafter to cut off the Maroons' retreat, until the force under the Lieutenant-Governor advanced from the opposite quarter to "contain" the Old Town and, if fortune proved favourable, bring about its reduction and the retirement of its defenders into the trap his subordinate had set for them.

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Sandford and his party started off full of dash and activity, despite the fact that his Militia contingent was encumbered by a plethora of local Major-Generals,—men of property and substance, and doubtless citizens of the highest probity and worth, but of rather too full habit to embark with enthusiastic nimbleness upon the feat of engineering the wild tract of precipitous and rock-strewn country to which the enterprise was committed. Pushing forward unimpeded by hostile action or the dragging tail of his Militia, Sandford found the New Town practically deserted, which was sufficient encouragement for him to disregard his orders to stand pat on his position, and push on with all expedition, with the idea of taking the Old Town in reverse.* It was an impetuous move upon which the Maroons had been confidently calculating. Distributed under cover along a deep defile, which formed the only communication between the New Town and the Old, they waited until Sandford's main body had passed two-thirds of the way along its three-quarter of a mile length, and then opened a sustained and well-aimed fire. The Officer Commanding was amongst the first to fall; and the column hesitated and stumbled back in confusion. Only one officer kept his head and, followed by a few of the men nearest to him, cut his way through to the sanctuary of the Lieutenant-Governor's lines. For the rest, a grim price was exacted for their leader's rashness; two officers and thirty-five men being killed outright, with as many more wounded, before they finally managed to extricate themselves from the ambush into which their leader's hot-headedness had led them. The Militia, for whose slow rate of progress their cohort of Major-Generals had, for once, sincerely to be thanked, were for the most part far enough behind to escape the *debâcle*; although a few of the more active and adventurous were caught in the skirts of the fight, with a consequent loss of eight killed,—including their Commander, Colonel Gallimore,—and as many wounded. But such was the demoralisation which even their relatively remote contact with the disaster generated in them, that such modest use-

* It is recorded that Sandford was guided by one Thomas, an ex-"Captain" of Maroons; but whether the man was guilty of any variety of deliberate treachery it is impossible, at this interval of time, fully and exactly to determine.

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fulness as they had hitherto exhibited ceased forthwith to have any recognisable value.

The first round had unquestionably gone to the Maroons; neither did Balcarres' subsequent occupation of both Old and New Town in any way advance the success of his operations. The hillmen simply withdrew to the inaccessibility of their chain of cockpits, passing in and out of them practically at will, to raid the nieghbouring plantations for those supplies from which the Lieutenant-Governor had plumed himself he had summarily cut them off. Meanwhile, as the rebels' own historian informs us, "the different military bodies fired frequent volleys into the gullies, which made the woods re-echo, and the Maroons smile!"

By mid-September, Balcarres had retired in disgust to Port Royal, after handing over the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Walpole,* who found himself invested with a responsibility few men would have assumed with relish. After weeks of arduous work, entailing heavy and unrequited losses, the troops,—deserted by the bulk of the Militia,—although that was a loss which could be sustained without any particular sense of deprivation,—were sickly, disheartened, and worn out by incessant duty. Conversely, their opponents, to all appearances, were in as excellent fettle as at the outset of the campaign, and buoyed up, moreover, with that sense of superiority which their success in the operations to date had naturally enough engendered in them. For all that, general conditions were too precarious, with the ever-present possibility of a French invasion, not to speak of the likelihood of a general revolt of the native population, such as had already taken place in the Windward Islands, to permit the degeneration of the local situation into a dilatory *guerre d'usure*.

Fortunately for all concerned, Walpole was a man of initiative and adaptability, and singularly flexible mind. If the Maroons could not be subjugated by warfare's more orthodox methods, he argued, then their own peculiar tactical measures must be assimilated and employed against them; being put into

* To short-circuit any potential animadversions on the part of the swarm of "local" Major Generals, on October 1st Balcarres appointed Walpole Brigadier, with the acting rank of Major-General on the Staff.

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practice, moreover, with that additional skill and precision, only obtainable with disciplined troops, which would tip the scale of victory in the authorities' favour. Having thus clearly and correctly envisaged the essentials of the problem,—after having first rested his men and ensured them an improved service of supply,—Walpole proceeded to re-distribute his posts so as to command the entrances to the cockpits, having first employed negro hands to clear the jungle from their approaches and from the heights commanding them. (Incidentally, in the process "various articles of linen, and plate of considerable value, were found in trunks, hid in the bushes; which proves," as the chronicler submits, "that the Maroons were not so destitute of conveniences as had been said; and many of the dragoons were furnished with chintz nightgowns"; which conjures up a picture to which only the pencil of a Gillray could render adequate justice!).

His preliminary work accomplished, Walpole settled down in earnest most sedulously to train his men to set about their business in small groups or pairs, which, while not unheedful of the advantages of co-operation, could be relied upon to operate efficiently on their own, manœuvring silently and secretly, and taking every advantage of any slightest scrap of natural cover that lay across their line of advance. There were three Infantry regiments under his command; but the men upon whom he concentrated his particular efforts were those provided from two Troops of the 17th Light Dragoons. In this the Commander exhibited both peculiar acumen and particular good sense.

II.

Raised by Colonel John Hale in 1759, the early education of the 17th had coincided with the period wherein the training of the Light Dragoon for dismounted action had been the focus of particular attention. Moreover, during the regiment's service throughout the recent American War of Independence, under the leadership of that firebrand guerilla leader, Banastre Tarleton, the somewhat constricted dictates of Hinde's *Discipline of the Light Horse* had been considerably amplified,

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and the round of duties they had been called upon to perform had been both variable and comprehensive. For the execution of Walpole's new experiment in war-waging, no better material could have been to hand. With cheerful readiness the men of the two Troops said *au revoir* to their horses,—and this in an island so full of excellent "cattle" that each and every trooper had been mounted on a first-class thoroughbred,—shed their spurs and settled down to acquire, with the greatest possible speed and goodwill, the combined virtues of M.I., "Bush-whackers" and Alpini.

Their first trial of strength proved as heartening as could possibly be wished; their ambush of a Maroon foraging party being so successfully conducted as to ensure that not a single hillman survived to return to his compatriots with the tale.

A party of forty of all ranks, however, sent out under Lieutenant Richards a week later, on a reconnaissance of the right crest of the outer cockpit, to discover if possible an alternative entrance, was less fortunate. "Bumping" a strong party of Maroons, in the hot little action which ensued, the injury and dismay experienced by the hill-folk at this bold invasion of their terrain no more than partially recompensed the Light Dragoons for the loss of one N.C.O. and three men killed, in addition to nine troopers wounded.

But instead of indulging in a bout of useless repining, all ranks of the 17th were at pains to take the lesson of this minor *contretemps* to heart; grimly promising themselves a sanguinary revenge with the next opportunity that offered. They had not long to wait. The rainy season having ended, Walpole,—to whose ears, maybe, had come the dictum of "Minden" Phillips, that "where a goat can go a man can go, and where a man can go he can haul up a gun,"*—had succeeded in dragging a howitzer into a position wherefrom it could lob its shells over into the foremost cockpit occupied by the rebels. This was more than the astonished hillmen were prepared to stand; and their withdrawal to an inner cockpit was as unanimous as it was

* An opinion expressed during a reconnaissance of Sugar Loaf Hill, made by this gallant and accomplished Gunner just prior to the investment of Ticonderoga, where he was acting as right hand man to Burgoyne.

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speedy, despite the fact that in retiring they were abandoning the spring which supplied them with fresh water.

Walpole's shells, however, followed the fugitives up relentlessly, until no course was left open to them but to take to the upper heights, at which altitude no missile could hope to reach them. There they might well have stayed, pinned within a limited area, maybe, but for all practical purposes quite immune from attack, had it not been for the sharp eyes of Oswald Werge, one of the Light Dragoon's most promising young Cornets. Having observed one of the Maroon women descending from the upper heights to draw water, he surreptitiously followed her and thus discovered the one, secret path which led to the hillmen's position. Up this path swarmed the troopers of the 17th, like cats up a rain pipe; and once again the Maroons were forced hurriedly to strike camp, retreating down the face of what was little short of a sheer precipice to a third cockpit, also fortuitously furnished with a spring of fresh water.

Thereafter, a period of somewhat desultory "bushwhacking" set in, which flared up on occasion into a brisk little action; as in mid-December, when the 17th sustained a certain number of casualties, including an officer, before putting their opponents to flight. But all the time Walpole's drives and converging movements, conducted on the new principles in which he had so carefully trained his men, were keeping the hillmen on the run, harassing them and driving them each time from their most recent coign of 'vantage.

Matters reached a climax on December 18th, when a little force of the 17th, supported by some men of the 62nd, made contact with a considerable body of the Maroons, strongly posted on the face of a precipitous hillside. Extending on the opposite slope, and keeping well under cover, the blue-jacketed troopers opened a heavy fire; and very soon a dozen or more of the Maroons had dropped. Unaccustomed to heavy casualties,—except amongst their enemies!—the rebels' horns set up a plaintive wailing, which was correctly interpreted as the indication of a wish to parley. An iron-lunged spokesman immediately called out that Colonel Hull,—who was in command

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of the combined Infantry and Light Dragoon detachment on the spot,—would grant them peace if they threw down their arms and made immediate submission. But this was a degree of clemency in which it seemed that the Maroons found it impossible to believe; and affairs appeared once more to have reached a deadlock, both sides lying on their arms and glaring across the intervening valley with unabated suspicion.

But the opportunity of bringing a ticklish and vitiating business to a satisfactory close was not one lightly to be thrown away; so with rare courage Cornet Werge, ostentatiously casting aside his weapons, scrambled down into the hollow below and invited the Maroons to come out and shake hands on the bargain. As Fortescue justly observes, "It was an act of uncommon courage, for both sides, true to Maroon tactics, kept themselves carefully under cover; and therefore the first man to show himself, however pacific his intention, stood a good chance of being shot down." And, as the Cornet was perfectly well aware, the Maroons were excellent marksmen and in no wise prone to waste precious powder and shot.

However, this bold gesture succeeded. Out slipped a Maroon envoy, who solemnly shook hands with the young officer and proceeded to the ritual exchange of headgear, which,—as with the Pearly Kings and Queens of another clime and later generation,—was to be interpreted as the symbol of a perfect *bon accord*.

It was agreed that hostilities should cease, at least temporarily, whilst Colonel Walpole was sent for to discuss terms whereby the whole business could be brought to an end. In the meantime, the stipulation was laid down that neither side should advance from their original positions pending the arrival of the responsible arbitrator.

Then ensued an extraordinary period of waiting. Neither force was as yet quite sure of the other; both sides envisaged a sudden act of treachery on the part of their opponents as an ever-present possibility. Worn out to the point of exhaustion, tortured with hunger and racked with the pangs of thirst, they lay upon their arms and peered distrustfully across at each other, while the slow hours stole away with laggard step; the hot,

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stewy day merged into uneasy night, and the stars in turn paled to the uprush of a steamy dawn.

In the valley separating the two watchful lines lay a well; "but in order that neither force should take an unfair advantage, it was agreed that British and Maroons alike should post two sentries over it." As the long hours passed and thirst mounted imperiously, demanding appeasement ever more insistently, the agony of the waiting men, even with the stolid Britishers, reached a point not far removed from frenzy. But it was the Maroons' power of endurance which was the first to break. Unable to bear the craving for water a moment longer, they begged that the two troopers standing sentry might be withdrawn while they slaked their raging thirst; engaging to recall their own watchmen in turn so that the white men too might drink. This was agreed; and both sides came down to the well and drank their fill. Then, with the balance of the two forces back in their respective positions, once again the guard was mounted. Aloof and watchful, they took post, the giant Maroon with his brass-bound musket cradled in his powerful arms; the lean, unshaven, weather-beaten trooper of the 17th, in his faded blue jacket and soiled white breeches, sweating under the weight of his battered, incongruously-befurred shako,—both of them wary and alert, but the Britisher upheld in his weary vigil by the proud consciousness that he and his had not only beaten their wily enemy at his own game, but had outstayed him in the test of endurance they had all been called upon to undergo.

With mid-morning and the arrival of Colonel Walpole, the campaign was virtually at an end. Terms were agreed between the authorities and the Maroons, which last-named, with their conclusion, almost sorrowfully said farewell to those indomitable Light Dragoons who, upon the hillmen's own confession, had reduced them to such a state of astounded demoralization and confusion.

In his official despatch Walpole was loud in his praise of the men who had served him so well and so uncomplainingly; but the 17th, although naturally gratified, took it all with their accustomed phlegm. It was all in the day's work;—the

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Virginia Horse, Washington's Life Guards, or the wild and woolly Maroons of Jamaica, there they were, a job to be tackled and cleaned up with expedition and with the minimum of fuss.

Which was very much their attitude when, very shortly afterwards, a detachment of two troops suddenly found themselves under the obligation temporarily to perform as "Leathernecks" aboard H.M.S. *Hermione*. Even in this unaccustomed task their performance was well up to the high standard which had come to be associated with them; while in its execution they may be said to have exhibited the nearest approach to that apocryphal formation, "The Horse Marines," of which there exists official record!

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"NOT MUCH ABOUT SPAIN."

By A. M.

EVERYONE seems to have simple ideas about Spain except myself. The Editor said "You have been in Spain. You can write us an article on Spain." He is shrewd and knows I am easily flattered. Some little time ago I had an interview with the editor of one of our most august daily papers. It was about writing an article on Spain. He said "You have been in Spain. I have made up my mind about Spain some time ago. Franco is of course going to win the war. He is the best man in Spain. When the war is over—it soon will be—Franco will come to us for money. As soon as that happens and as soon as he gets a loan then our interest will be paramount in Spain. You can write an article if you like but its quite simple really--don't you think so?" He looked fiercely at me and I said yes, I think so too, and went away feeling rather depressed. My article was not accepted and Teruel has been fought since then. I talked to a distinguished General. He said "You have been in Spain. It is vital that Franco should win. If he does not win Spain must turn Bolshevik and that in turn will make France Communist. Then England will be the next to go." I said perhaps, but what about Spain turning Fascist if Franco wins—what about all those Italians and Germans—what about our ships being sunk—what about the Italians and the Balearic Islands? He said "What about the Russians—they are far worse than either the Germans or the Italians. In any case Franco will soon turn out the Italians when the war is over. The Spaniards have never liked the Italians. The issue seems quite simple to me." I said the only thing that seemed simple to me nowadays was drinking and what about a drink. The General was charming as well as distinguished, so he said yes, and then we started talking.

"I have been in Spain," said the General, twirling his glass

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RECEPTION OF HERR VON STROHRER, GERMAN AMBASSADOR, AT SALAMANCA BY GENERAL FRANCO, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1937

Moorish Cavalry drawn up in the "Plaza Major," at Salamanca. In the foreground are (in white shirts) "Requete" troops, a remnant of the original contingent which escaped from Madrid. The men in German-pattern steel helmets are "Falange" or fascist troops

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and looking intently at a basket containing monkey-nuts. "I like the Spaniards—they seem to me to be gentlemen—I always got on very well with them—but I never could get used to their way of living. Never stirring till about ten in the morning. Lunch from two to four in the afternoon. Then never having dinner till ten in the evening. What they do with the rest of the day I can't imagine." That's just what I consider so dangerous, I answered, mesmerising a container of cheese straws—that they are gentlemen. "What do you mean?" said the General, showing for the first time faint traces of the parade ground. I mean that they are capable of anything, that there is nothing they will not or cannot do and that therefore anything you can imagine a man can do, a Spaniard is just as likely as not to do it. Anything, I added rather lamely, as I hardly understood my latest pronouncement myself. "What I mean by a gentleman" said the General wobbling his empty glass on its base "is someone who will always in a time of crisis do his best for his own country." What I mean by a gentleman, I replied, is someone who does exactly what he likes in a way which hardly anyone can object to. What about Nelson—what about that blind eye business and Lady Hamilton?

A faint smile twitched the corners of the General's mouth. "Only a general is capable of accepting that as a generalization" he said, "and if you are right then you shouldn't be." And so at a single stroke the initiative passed into his hands. "You have been in Spain" said the General, tapping his glass on the counter in a way which brought the barman out of his football pool studies and opposite his client at a single bound. "Have a drink" said the General kindly, evidently sensing that I was about to faint.

What I mean, General, I said, desperately trying to recover my grip, is that the more of a gentleman Franco is, the more will he feel bound to those who have helped him to win the war. I mean the Germans and the Italians. "Not at all" said the General, "if Franco is a gentleman even as you define a gentleman, he will unhook the Germans and Italians from Spain in such a way that hardly anyone could object." Except the

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Germans and Italians, I answered tartly, hoping to score. "Neither the Germans nor the Italians are behaving like gentlemen" said the General flatly.

"By the way," said the General, "which side were you on in Spain?" Franco's, I told him, and then the whole story. Of how, after the capture of Bilbao, we thought in England that Franco would win and that now was the time to get in and do business with him. Of how calm and serene Franco Spain appeared at first, and of how well my business seemed to be prospering. Then—of how closer contact with Franco's bureaucracy brought the knowledge that things were not what they seemed. That there were mysterious and sinister undercurrents beneath the placid surface. The rising power and the menacing intrigues of the Falange Party—the Fascist element in Spain. The discovery of more and more unobtrusive Germans in key positions in the various departments. Of the identification of two regular Italian army corps resting after the capture of Santander. Of the preponderant air power, assured by the presence of the trained pilots and the modern machines of the Italian and German air forces. Finally, of the arrival of the new German ambassador, Von Strohrer, and his staff, and of the rapid change in the attitude of the bureaucracy to us Englishmen. The general oppression of the atmosphere and the feeling I knew so well of being in a cage.

"That's all very well" said the General when I had paused, "but then you never saw the other side. I expect you would find that worse." He finished his drink and said good-night. That's just the trouble—the other side may be worse. It would certainly be less comfortable. Bad food I had heard and filthy hotels. Bombs and lice. Anyway the bombs should keep on frightening the lice even if they couldn't kill them. Just then the General came back. "I say," he said, "are you reading this thing in the *Evening Standard*—Heroes and Beasts of Spain—I suppose its all exaggerated but it makes terrible reading. The man who wrote it is supposed to be impartial." No, I said, I hadn't read the stories. I didn't want to read about Spain—it would only confuse me more.

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How could the man be impartial when he wrote for so much money I thought crossly. All he is really doing is slightly distorting actual incidents in order to make them more exciting or less disgusting to the readers. He probably has to write to earn money anyway. I picked up the evening paper. Terrible Air Raid on Barcelona, 1,000 Dead and Injured, it screamed at me. The word Injured arrested my attention. Terrible Battle, 1,000 Dead and Wounded—but—Terrible Air Raid, 1,000 Dead and Injured. That was about right. An air raid was such an impersonal thing that it was much more akin to accident than to war. I imagined the Franco airmen climbing into their comfortable cabins after a hearty breakfast, scientifically testing their engines and instruments. Probably the day's work had two or three different objects. To try out a new compass or bomb. To give some young pilot experience of anti-aircraft fire. Cool, work-a-day, and scientific with an undercurrent of feeling that they were helping in some dim great cause. Then the climb to a great height at which one feels not in the least part of the earth. The funny little ant's nest below. The quick turn when the bombs have been released and a fast trip home.

One thousand dead and injured in thirty seconds. In England one hundred and forty dead and four thousand hurt every week of the year by motor cars. There is a terrible affinity between the two. The line of demarcation between intent and non-intent is thin and wobbly. It seems that whenever men climb into these machines they become part of them and lose their humanity, that there is a distinction between human war and slaughter by machine. War has always been terrible and painful but then so is death and so is birth. It is what we know as human. But these calm scientific destructions from the air seem to me to partake of the horrible nightmare logic of insanity.

I have, therefore, only one simple thought about Spain. I think that England with one heart-shaking roar should rise up and proclaim "Enough of this madness. We are going to stop the fighting not only in Spain but anywhere else. Whoever dares to oppose us in this our aim must reckon with the might of England against which no man or country may prevail."

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FROM MIDSHIPMAN TO FIELD-MARSHAL. THE CENTENARY OF SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C.

By J. Paine.

> " I am all in favour of centenaries. It is good for us to praise famous men and to call a halt for one second from the eternal crabbing that is so characteristic of much work that is done at the present day."
>
> —*Stanley Baldwin.*

On the ninth day of February, one hundred years ago, the wife of the Vicar of Cressing, near Braintree, in Essex, gave birth to a son who was destined to receive the three greatest honours that a British soldier can hold, a Field-Marshal's baton, the Victoria Cross and the Colonelcy of The Blues. The Rev. John Page Wood had his son christened Henry Evelyn, but the public never took kindly to the first name, nor was much attention given to the " Sir " which eventually came his way, and so all and sundry were wont to refer to Wolseley's most trusted lieutenant as just plain " Evelyn Wood." The name, unfortunately, conveys little to the present generation, despite the fact that the man who bore it was one of the foremost workers in the reconstruction of that little professional Army which put the first expeditionary force into the field in 1914.

Nearly twenty-seven years have slipped by since last I saw Evelyn Wood. The occasion was a most auspicious one, the Royal Progress procession of the then newly crowned King George the Fifth. Roberts and Wood rode side by side, and riding a few paces ahead was French. The three had some-

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CORNET WOOD, 13th LIGHT DRAGOONS, 1855

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thing in common, for not one had commenced his career in the British Army. Bobs' first commission was in the Indian Army, whilst both Evelyn Wood and the future Lord Ypres served in the Royal Navy before going into the Cavalry. Wood was only sixteen when he served with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea. He performed more than one act of gallantry, was severely wounded in the attack on the Redan and was recommended for a Victoria Cross which the Navy never gave him. The Army was kinder in this respect and after serving for two years as a cornet and lieutenant in the 13th Light Dragoons, he won and received the coveted decoration in the Indian Mutiny when serving with the 17th Lancers and Beatson's Horse. It was in this campaign that Evelyn Wood, then only twenty-two years of age and still a subaltern, raised and commanded the regiment which in due course became King George's Own Central India Horse.

During the 'sixties and 'seventies Sir Evelyn's name appeared in turn among the officers of the regiments we now know as the 2nd Black Watch, Leicestershire Regiment and 2nd Cameronians, but he hardly saw any regimental service as an infantryman, most of his time being taken up with important staff appointments at home and abroad. He was one of the scornfully labelled "Wolseley Ring" which in 1873 accompanied Sir Garnet to Ashanti, where he raised and commanded a force which was promptly dubbed Wood's Regiment. For his services in this campaign and in the Boer War of sixty years ago he received the C.B. and G.C.M.G. and was promoted Major-General. His next and final spell of active service was in Egypt, where he not only commanded troops in the 1882 Expedition and in the Sudan affair two years later, but also held the difficult post of Sirdar of the Egyptian Army in which capacity he made splendid use of his powers of organization.

Prior to his appointment as Adjutant-General to the Forces in 1897, Evelyn Wood proved a very able Quartermaster-General. He scrapped all the old troopships and in their place hired, when required, up-to-date liners. One of many reforms introduced by him when in command at Aldershot in the late 'eighties

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was the reduction in the number of sentries in and about the neighbourhood. To find out how many sentries there were, he journeyed forth himself one night and found one guarding the Duke of Wellington's statue. The sentry on being asked by Sir Evelyn for his orders, replied "To see as 'ow no one steals this 'ere statue." The statue weighed just on fifty tons. Wood's command at Aldershot was productive of so much progress that when the Duke of Connaught was named as his successor, the suggested appointment was the subject of criticism in some quarters, but as things turned out the Duke proved that he was thoroughly competent to carry on the good work of his predecessor.

Evelyn Wood's active duties ceased in 1904 when he vacated the command of the 2nd Army Corps. He had been promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal in the previous year. During his lifetime he filled many rôles and could boast of numerous distinctions. His tunic literally blazed with war medals, decorations and orders, none of which were won easily. He was a City Liveryman, Barrister-at-Law, Doctor of Civil Law and Constable of the Tower and had been a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Essex. He succeeded Viscount Wolseley as Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, an appointment reserved only for the most eminent. Wellington, Hill, Anglesey and Hugh Rose were rewarded with this much coveted honour and the last three holders have been Haig, Robertson and Birdwood. When Wolseley wrote Wood thirty-one years ago congratulating him on his appointment he said, "When a boy, I always said I meant to be Colonel of the Blues, and although I never hinted that fact to anyone outside by own family before I was offered that honour, the hope always reigned in my heart. . . . May you live long to be Colonel of the finest Regiment in the King's Army."

Evelyn Wood's portrait by W. Ouless, exhibited at the Royal Academy over thirty years ago, now hangs in the hall of the Fishmongers' Company, of which he was Prime Warden. Like all famous men, Sir Evelyn often had to face the photographer and portraits taken at different times will be found in a large

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number of books, a few of which are worthy of mention such as Charles Williams' "Life of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Evelyn Wood, V.C.," published in 1892, Commander Robinson's "Celebrities of the Army" (with the V.C. riband on his tunic coloured blue in error, thus giving the impression that it was awarded by the Navy), four of Evelyn Wood's own works and the autobiographies of the late Major-General Sir Edward May and Colonel B. de Sales La Terrière, who described Wood as "one of the most lovable men I ever met." Williams, the war correspondent, terminated his biography of Wood in a rather peculiar way by laying stress on what he considered his "one ineradicable fault" and one, apparently, that all ranks of the Service had against him. The mind is put at rest when reading on, for the fault was simply that "he was up much too early for the convenience of those who are late of getting to bed, or are heavy sleepers."

Sir Evelyn's pride in his campaign medals was once the subject of chaff on the part of Wolseley. The latter coming in the mess one evening noticed that Wood's ribands were each enclosed in a small black border, so that each bright coloured rectangle was enclosed, as it were, in a small frame. One is left in the dark as to whether this was done to show off better the ribands on his red serge or to add to the length of the rows, but the harmless vanity of it tickled the fancy of Sir Garnet, who chaffingly remarked "Hullo! Evelyn. You seem to have got some more medals lately. Where did you get them? From the Mahdi?" But Wood's slight deafness could be very convenient at times and he turned off the question with some remark about the number of gazelle he had shot, pretending that this was the subject of Wolseley's remark.

Our only general, as they used to call Sir Garnet, thought a great deal of Wood and in his "Story of a Soldier's Life" he refers to Colonels Evelyn Wood and Baker Russell as "able men, designed by their Maker to be dashing and excellent leaders." An officer of high rank who knew Sir Evelyn intimately has recorded the fact that, when giving his views, the Field-Marshal was not exactly a retiring personage, nor unduly modest, but he

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possessed a delightful sense of humour and a kindness and chivalry that were unique. He was certainly outside the ordinary run of men and always on the lookout for adventure. His most marked characteristic was personal courage, a quality which he admired so much in others that it often formed the theme of his conversation. He had a wonderful power over horses and rode with the hounds in his native county almost to the day of his death. It was said of him once that nothing was too big to tackle, nothing too small to notice. In '79 he was known to the Zulus by the name Lakuni, which was the native word for the particular type of hardwood with which these dusky warriors made their knobkerries.

In a discussion on Sir Eveyln Wood's accomplishments one would be guilty of a grave omission if nothing was said about the various books which he found time to write during the last twenty-four years of his life. During the 'nineties, when he was Quartermaster-General to the Forces, he had three books published, doing most of his writing before breakfast, an unavoidable task during one particular year, when he had to visit every barrack in the United Kingdom, to say nothing of searching for suitable artillery practice grounds. Together with Lord Wolseley and other notabilities, including the American Ambassador, he visited the Crimean battlefields in 1894, acting as guide to the party, and on his return published some reminiscences in the *Fortnightly Review*, which he afterwards expanded into a volume entitled "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," the merits of which greatly impressed Professor Knight, who even went so far as to say that the book was more illuminative than the well-known accounts of the campaign by Kinglake and Russell.

To be thoroughly conversant with the subject Evelyn Wood actually read forty-nine works on the Campaign of 1815 before he began his "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign," which after appearing in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, left the press in 1895, being followed two years later by his "Achievements of Cavalry," a most instructive work, but devoted in the main to the exploits of French, Austrian and German troops. There is,

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however, a chapter on the action at Villers-en-Cauchies in 1794, where the British 15th Light Dragoons delivered a brilliant charge, and at the end of the volume one will come across a discussion on Mounted Infantry, a history of which is now in course of compilation. Of the twelve achievements dealt with by Sir Evelyn in this book, which was reprinted in 1900, six had appeared in abbreviated form in the pages of the "United Service Magazine" in 1892. Articles from the pen of the Field-Marshal will be found in *The Cavalry Journal*, *The Saturday Review* and other periodical publications and at times it suited him to turn reviewer and preface writer of other people's works.

In so far as the general public is concerned, Sir Evelyn Wood's most popular contribution to literature is his autobiography, which from the peculiar circumstances attending his early change of profession could only have one title, "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal." The book had a wonderful sale when first published in two volumes in 1906 and within the space of one month a fourth edition was announced. The following year witnessed the issue of the fifth edition in one volume followed five years later by an abridged shilling pocket edition without illustrations. The life story of this famous soldier told in his own words makes splendid reading. One of the many pictures which adorn the work is an attractive portrait of the author at the age of seventeen attired in the handsome uniform of a cornet of the 13th Light Dragoons. The interesting series of letters relating to the Indian Mutiny contributed by Sir Evelyn to *The Times* in 1907 were reprinted in the following year in book form under the title, "The Revolt in Hindustan, 1857-59." During the years of the Great War he edited a two volume work, "British Battles on Land and Sea," and wrote a fine book entitled "Our Fighting Services." When a revised edition of the latter work was contemplated, the passage relating to Lord Kitchener was submitted to that celebrated soldier for his approval. His disapproval addressed in a letter to Sir Evelyn was couched in the following manner, "the inclusion of so long a passage about myself would assign too great importance to my work, and would mar the proportions of your interesting

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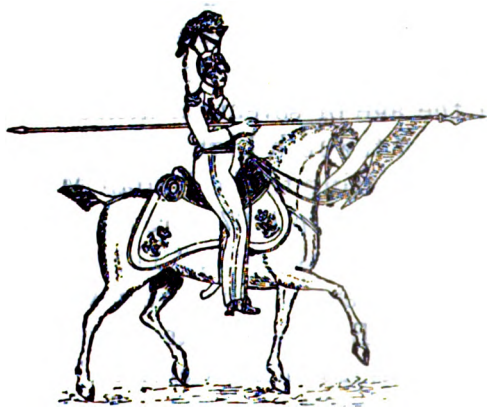
book, which has taken the whole history of our Fighting Services for its subject."

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood's last book "Winnowed Memories," published in 1917 and reprinted in cheaper form in the following year, is rich in stories and anecdotes concerning the author's comrades and friends. In submitting to his admirers this fine volume of recollections he endeavoured as far as possible to avoid repetition of stories already told in his autobiography "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal." At this juncture the curtain must be drawn down lest one be tempted to lavish further praise on all these interesting and valuable works. The distinguished soldier who wrote them, after surviving six campaigns and gaining imperishable honour, passed away in the year following the Armistice. He was then within a few weeks of his eighty-second birthday.



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A DAY ON THE SAMANA.

By "MANUSCRIPT."

I FOUND when I joined the Headquarters Staff of Kohat District, that some were fortunate enough to spend the hot weather months at Fort Lockhart, on the Samana Ridge.

The bulk of the Kohat District lies in the Miranzai and Kurram valleys, which run westward from Kohat like a long narrow tongue, between the Tirah to the north and Waziristan to the south, right up to the Durand Line, our frontier with Afghanistan. It was by this route that Lord Roberts advanced over the Peiwar Kotal, and on to Kabul, in the winter of 1878-9.

A proportion of the inhabitants of the Miranzai and Kurram valleys belong to the Shiah section of Mahomedans, whereas the bulk of those who surround and greatly outnumber them are of the Sunni persuasion. Since the treaty of Gandamak with Afghanistan in 1879, the British Government have offered the Shiahs protection against the Sunnis, and it is largely for this reason that the people of the two valleys remain loyal to us, and we are enabled to maintain our long line of communications up to the Afghan border, with a comparatively slender garrison and little trouble.

The Samana Range, which lies north of Hangu, 25 miles west from Kohat, divides the Miranzai Valley from Orakzai and Afridi Tribal Territory, and was the scene of fierce fighting during our 1897 Tirah campaign.

It's height varies between some 5,000 and 6,500 feet, Fort Lockhart being perched on the highest point of it towards the eastern end.

The inhabitants of the Samana are Rabia Khel, an Orakzai clan; they are Sunnis, but since 1897 have given no trouble to the British Raj. Before that, however, several small punitive expeditions were necessary against both the Rabia Khel, and other sections from the Tirah; and as a result we were, by that year, occupying a line of forts along it. The most important of

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these, from east to west, were Fort Lockhart (after Sir William Lockhart, who had first commanded a small expedition against the Rabia Khel in 1891, and was later Commander-in-Chief of the Tirah Force in 1897) Saragarhi Post, and Fort Gulistan (originally Fort Cavagnari, after our ill-fated envoy who was assassinated in Kabul in September, 1879).

In August that year, at the time of the outbreak, these posts were garrisoned by the 36th Sikhs, Commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Haughton, the father of the present Kohat District Commander.

While studying for the Staff College examination some years previously, I had read with great interest the story of the 1897 campaign, in which Sir William Lockhart had under his command 44,000 troops, and no less than 60,000 transport animals, including camels, mules, pack and draught bullocks, ponies and even donkeys (but no elephants!). And there are still plenty of people in Kohat City who then supplied the British troops with such things as eggs and chickens, and ponies on which they could ride up the 4,000 foot rise to the Samana from Hangu.

I had been thrilled by the accounts, both of the famous assault on the heights of Dargai by the Gordons and others, at which Piper Findlater, three other British soldiers and two officers gained the Victoria Cross, and of the gallant defence of Fort Gulistan and Saragarhi Post by the 36th Sikhs. The former did not fall, but the puny garrison of the latter, 21 Sikhs in all, were eventually slain to a man, after holding out, though vastly outnumbered, from 9 a.m. till 4.30 p.m. on the 12th September.

Now having come to Fort Lockhart, I was keen to visit the scenes of these historic episodes. On making enquiries, I found that, under present conditions—curiously peaceful considering that close at hand beyond the Miranzai valley, operations against the recalcitrant Mahsuds and Wazirs have been in progress for nearly a year—there would be no difficulty in going to Saragarhi, Fort Gulistan, and thence on to the top of the Samana Tsuk (Tsuk in Pushtu means needle or point) which overlooks Dargai. All that was required was to arrange with the District Officer

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of the Frontier Constabulary at Hangu for a "Badragga" (escort) from the Local Levies.

Two other members of the District Staff, "H" and "M" were keen to come with me, so we fixed a Sunday in early September for our expedition, and "H" who knew the D.O., F.C. Hangu well, rang him up and soon had the necessary arrangements in train.

The distance from Fort Lockhart to the Samana Tsuk is only about 8 miles, but the route involves alternate descents and ascents of from 500 to 800 feet. The most convenient plan, therefore, appeared to be to make a day of it, and take lunch with us. This "H" who was secretary of the small mess in which the three of us "chummed," promised to produce. It meant increasing the strength of our party by a "Commissariat echelon," comprising "H's" bearer Khwaja, a seasoned campaigner who had accompanied many a shikar party, our Khidmatgar (waiter), known for obvious reasons as "Fat boy," our mali, an aged but tough Rabia Khel, and an extra cooly, nondescript.

It seemed probable that "Fat boy" would prove a weak link in our administrative chain, but he was impressed mainly because the day after "H" had recently assumed the mess secretaryship, he had produced a telegram reading "Mother hopeless reach." "H" had somewhat brutally replied that if he went it must be for good, so we felt that a good day in the country would benefit "Fat boy" both mentally and physically.

Our Sunday came, and we set out after breakfast under almost perfect conditions. A beautiful sunny day, with just sufficient breeze to keep one from getting too hot walking, air like the proverbial champagne, and wonderful scenery. Before us stretched the Samana, first a 500 foot drop, then 300 foot up to Saragarhi, behind which Gulistan lay hidden, beyond that the Tsuk terminating the range, backed in the distance by the faintly visible mountains leading up to the Safed Koh. Unfortunately at this time of the year it is nearly always more or less hazy, which limits one's view of the distant panorama, and is unfavourable to good photography.

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On our left, 4,000 feet below, lay the Miranzai valley, with, just visible, the main road from Kohat to Thal and Parachinar, the 2 ft. 6 in. railway to Thal, and in the foreground Shinawari, the advanced base of Sir William Lockhart's Force in 1897.

On our right a deep drop to the Khanki Valley, and then range upon range of tangled hills, the Tirah proper. At this time of year, nearing the end of the monsoon, the hills were all softly green, in many places thickly covered with scrub, and not harsh and forbidding at all.

Our route lay along a well defined track, with for the most part a good surface, though here and there badly damaged by the small "spates" resulting from the heavy storms which come thundering down from the Safed Koh.

Our advance was in miniature that of a column in frontier warfare—the levies of our Badragga providing the advance guard and piquetting ahead of us—ourselves the main body—and finally the transport column, escorted by a levy rearguard.

In a very short time we realised that there was every chance of our expedition degenerating into another instance of the administrative tail wagging the fighting dog, so rapidly did the Commissariat, "Fat boy" doubtless setting the pace, drop behind.

In this case, however, there was no real danger, so we decided to push on, and soon passed Saragarhi, our visit to which we had decided to defer until the return journey.

As we passed it and started to descend again, Fort Gulistan came into view, standing out well on its own small hill top, with the Tsuk behind it.

Our track led past a small village, and as most of the inhabitants, young and old, turned out to gaze at us, we decided to stop, take some photographs, and give our lunch some opportunity to close up. We exchanged greetings with the villagers. However rascally their intentions, Pathan greetings are always a model of politeness. On meeting, "Strai Mah Shai" or "May you never be poor," and the answer "Khwar Mah Shai," "May you never be tired"; on parting "Pah Makkhe de Khah," "May good be before you," answered by "Amin ta Sarah," or "and the same to you."

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The Rabia Khel, like all the tribespeople who inhabit these wild hills, are hardy and on the whole long lived. It is indeed a case of survival of the fittest, as they are not yet in a position to reap the benefits of modern medicine and surgery. And, in addition to death from natural causes, their average longevity is considerably reduced by the feuds or "badis" in which they are interminably embroiled. On the other hand they are not a prey to the innumerable nervous disorders which accompany the march of modern civilization.

They, in very truth, may be said to wrest a living from the soil. Every possible piece of ground is tilled in the summer, the most precipitous slopes being terraced into layers of small "Katches," while in the winter they are accustomed to vacate the higher villages and withdraw into the snug little valleys which abound between the ranges.

Our doctor in Fort Lockhart, who was in the habit of visiting the villages in the vicinity, and as far afield as he was permitted to go, to practice his profession, had seen some curious phenomena.

In one case a child 2½ years old was still being suckled by his mother; in the doctor's opinion this was rendered possible by sheer affection, but it is rather, I think, nature's answer to a severe economic problem, being so much the cheapest way for them. In another case the mother of a young infant died, so mother-in-law, a middle-aged woman who had been a widow for a number of years, immediately took up the duties of wet nurse, and by the second day was producing entirely adequate nutriment for the child!

By the time that we had taken our photographs, our supply column had closed up, so we pushed on to Fort Gulistan, first descending some 500 feet and then climbing another 300.

There we were met by Bela Singh. the Sikh Jemadar in command of the garrison, one platoon of the 5/13th F.F. Rifles plus some mules for water carrying purposes.

The jemadar and his men were most hospitable—their month's sojourn in this lonely little outpost must render any visitor welcome. We first of all examined the fort, going up

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to the top of the tower, from which there is visual signal communication not only to Fort Lockhart, but to Thal, and to Miramshah, 60 miles away up to Tochi Valley.

The Jemadar then gave us some excellent tea, and we learnt in conversation that the men liked being there very much, except in the winter; it was healthy and everything was very cheap—eggs, chickens, milk, etc., being obtained from the villagers at almost incredibly low prices.

We then started off again on our final stage—a rise of some 800 feet to the crest of the Samana Tsuk, accompanied by a fresh relay of very cheerful levies.

The climb was moderately steep, but we were eager to see the view from the top, and made short work of it, albeit with some loss of breath and tissue. A little way up the slope we passed a large water tank cunningly constructed in a hollow, and full of what appeared to us to be thick yellow pea soup. But the levies drank from it with evident enjoyment, and assured us that it was very good water. They appear to prefer a sort of combined thirst slaker and meat meal, and must have achieved almost complete immunity from the usual intestinal troubles, through drinking such stuff from their early youth.

From the top of the Tsuk the view was magnificent, despite the slight haze over the higher hills. It was from this point that Sir William Lockhart watched the heroic storming of the Dargai Heights by the Highlanders and others in 1897.

From the summit the ground fell away almost perpendicularly down to the Chagru Kotal (Kotal = Saddle) which leads to Dargai village and the heights beyond. Below the village we could just see a cemetery in which some of the those who were killed in the assault are buried, and could appreciate to the full the great difficulties of the ground up which the attack had to be made.

In the middle distance to our right we could see the Sampagha Pass, over which our troops later advanced to Bagh in Maidan, the Afridis' fertile upland plain and sanctuary in Tirah proper. Beyond the Pass the higher hills guarding the sanctuary shimmered in the haze.

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Looking to the left of Dargai the tangled mass of hills rose gradually to those north of Parachinar, where the Massozais inhabit in the summer villages at heights of 9,000 feet and more. Behind them again towers the main range of the Safed Koh, topped by Sika Ram on the Afghan Border, with his 15,600 feet snow capped majesty; but this splendour we could only imagine owing to the haze.

In 1930, I had been fortunate enough to see most of this country from an aeroplane. The Massozais had been truculent, and it had been decided that a salutary lesson from the air was required. So, after due warning to evacuate their villages, a brief but intense bombing blockade was executed.

Owing to the kindness of a friend in the Royal Air Force I was taken on two of these bomb raids—doubtless a most irregular proceeding, but very instructive and interesting. By great good fortune, on that occasion, there had recently been a severe storm, and, as often happens, visibility was for the time perfect.

Never shall I forget the panorama on which I gazed from my front seat in the "Hinaidi," cruising above 12,000 feet. The only limit to the view was the power of the human eye. I could see snow-topped mountain ranges which must have been more than 100 miles away. On the one hand Sika Ram, and looking past his flank, Afghanistan, that country with so many historical associations and such a subtle fascination for all who serve on the North-West Frontier of India. On the other, the successive ranges of the Tirah, the Khyber beyond Peshawar, Mohmand, Dir, Swat, Bajaur and Chitral, culminating in the vast mountains beyond, topped by Nanga Parbat.

Standing on the Samana Tsuk I could see it all again in my imagination.

We gazed our fill at the scene before us, and took some photographs, but before long our thoughts inevitably turned to nearer and more personal matters; the inner man clamoured for lunch and beer. Alas, in our final dash to the top we had left "Fat boy" and the supplies far behind; we could see them struggling slowly upward still some distance away.

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So, to pass the time "H" inaugurated a competition for the levies who were with us. "I'll give you five minutes," he said, myself interpreting. "and then he amongst you who can point out to me the greatest number of human beings in the surrounding landscape will win the prize—Annas Four." These men, like all who spend their lives on the hills, had marvellous eyesight, and could probably see as well with their own eyes alone, as we with field-glasses. They entered into the competition with great keenness.

When the five minutes were over, each man came up to "H" in turn, while the others were hidden below the crest, and pointed out his "bag." Sixteen was the highest, where we could probably have spotted half a dozen, but "H" was not to be denied; "Well," he said to the supposed winner, "I've seen all those sixten now—and there are you five and we three sahibs as well, making 24 in all, so the prize is mine?" The countenance of the limit man was a study, dismay at losing the prize and appreciation of the joke struggling for mastery; while the others, disinterested financially, laughed immoderately. A minute later, however, "H" patted him on the back, and handed over his just reward.

By this time the supply and transport had struggled to the top, "Fat boy" bringing up the rear. We selected some flat rocks on the very summit of the Tsuk for our table, sent the escort 30 or 40 yards to leeward, and got down to it. There were no trees, but we wanted no shade. Everything was perfect; the ground between the rocks covered with purple vetch, a sprinkling of blue gentians and many varieties of rare and beautiful little alpine flowers; the air fresh, and the sun not too hot. Below us, where the ground fell away almost sheer for 1,500 feet or more, swifts with their beautiful blue sheen darted up and down and round about, and in the distance we could hear some hillman playing a delightful little air on his pipe.

On opening up the boxes we found that "H" had done us more than well, but our appetites now matched his preparations, and we did full justice to a very good meal, washed down with draughts of excellent Murree beer.

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The lunch disposed of, save for a luscious Kabuli melon, which we reserved for a halt on the return journey, we looked round for suitable places between the rocks on which to dispose our bodies more or less horizontally; then for 15 minutes silence reigned supreme.

Before starting down the hill, there were still one or two small pieces of ritual to be enacted; first a group of the entire party, "M" and myself,the levies, servants and coolies, was posed and taken by "H." He then poised our three empty beer bottles on suitable rocks at about 30 yards range, with nothing but the drop to the valley behind them, and we had a short and amusing competition between three teams, ourselves, the levies, and the servants, to shatter them with rocks or stones.

Two out of the three we pulverised ourselves, but the levies joined in with unexpected zest and got the third, proving themselves excellent marksmen, considering that cricket is not one of their pastimes. We could not help thinking how unpleasant it would be to be surprised in a defile and stoned by such men.

Now, well roused after our post-prandial siesta, we headed homeward and quickly dropped down to Fort Gulistan. Here the Jemadar awaited us, and begged us again to feed with him. In vain we protested that half an hour previously we had eaten an enormous lunch. He would take no refusal, and led us to a table laden with tea, hard-boiled eggs, sliced cucumbers and chupattis. We found the tea most refreshing, but, much to the hospitable Jemadar's disappointment, were quite unable to attempt the eatables. Having thanked him and bade him farewell, we essayed the next lap of our journey, to Saragarhi Post. This now involved a drop of 300 feet followed by a climb of almost 800 feet in 2 miles. We tackled it at speed, less concerned than on the outward journey with the whereabouts of the Commissariat.

At the top of the hill on which the original little fort stood, there is now only a small stone hut used as a shelter by the levies, and the first memorial to the heroic garrison of 1897. A second and more symmetrical column has more recently been erected outside Fort Lockhart. After photographing the old memorial

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and it's plaque we dropped down to the main track again, and stopped ten minutes to eat a slice of the very succulent melon, before the final climb of 6—700 feet and 3 miles to Fort Lockhart. Resisting the temptation to recline and sleep, we set off again, and making the final stage in good style, reached our quarters to find tea and our English mail awaiting us.

It had been a magnificent day, and we returned well impregnated with the "Spirit of the Hills." Now we would like to go further afield over the surrounding country and visit some at least of the interesting localities which abound. With the Shiah-Sunni situation as it is, the former would make no objection to this, as long as we remained in their territory, but others, less well disposed, might well develop the story of such trips by British officers into rumours that the "feringhis" were about to enter Tirah again, a certain cause of unrest.

But looking ahead, why not? or would it be looked upon merely as another act of selfish aggrandisement by "perfide Albion?" With roads and every other kind of development, we could bring material prosperity to their country. Could we bring lasting peace?

The tribesmen, though fiercely independent, and jealous of their lands, will do almost anything for money, and are by no means averse to certain of the amenities of modern civilization. The time may be not far distant when their thirst for the latter will conquer their traditional hunger for independence.

Would they be better off? Perhaps they are fortunate beyond their deserts in clinging to their splendid isolation. At least they have so far avoided some of the pitfalls of modern Western culture.

Looking out over the peaceful evening scene from my verandah in Fort Lockhart, and reflecting on our day,

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Costez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

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SHOOTING IN PALESTINE.

By Cclonel F. A. Hamilton, late 3rd Cavalry, I.A.

At Jenin in 1920-21 in moments of relaxation, when the rain and mud of the Palestine winter permitted, we went shooting; in pursuit of the elusive chikor or red-legged hill partridge, a handsome bird heavier than his French cousin and more sporting to shoot, to say nothing of his table advantages. His habitat was the rocky hills around Jenin and the Jordan Valley covered with a low brown scrub, and wild lavender, with patches of myrtle and stunted oak. On these same hills at frequent intervals were small circular water-holes cut out of the solid rock to form reservoirs for rain water. These holes dated back thousands of years. Many of them were full of succulent mud, beloved of that best of all game birds, the woodcock. Yes! We shot woodcock on Mount Gilboa in the hills above Magiddo, at the mouth of the Mussmuss Pass and on Mount Tabor, not far from the village of Nain. We shot duck and snipe on the banks of the Jordan, that narrow and somewhat sluggish stream in which Naaman of old, much to his indignation, was ordered to immerse himself, and be cured of his skin disease.

We shot wildfowl along the Brook Kyshon in the Vale of Esdraelon. We shot in many places, often in a party consisting of the little Brigadier; the Staff Captain and some of us in the Regiment, including the Parsee doctor. There were dogs and good dogs, not quite the sort of shooting dog that you would see at the end of a covert in old England during a "Battue" but they did their job. The Brigadier's dog was a pug-nosed Boston terrier, brindle and white, known as "Tiger," a character and a wonderful retriever in spite of his nasal handicap. I had

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"Whisky," a fox-terrier with a wonderful nose, but no retriever. They both put up game within shot and little escaped their notice. There was alas much jealousy between these two. There were also other dogs!

Our mode of conveyance was "horse" and to every man an orderly or two to carry gun and cartridges. These orderlies were Sowars (Indian cavalrymen) accustomed to spotting game from their youth. On one occasion I took with me the Mess Orderly, a man with a smattering of English. Not far from a waterhole he spotted some footmarks in the soft ground. "Ham, ham!" said he excitedly. I did not grasp his meaning. He tried again, "Bacum, bacum!" said he. I then realised that the tracks were those of wild pig. My usual attendant was Ahmed Khan, a man of my old Squadron, he was a nailer at marking a bird down and an excellent retriever. On one occasion, however, he failed me. It was just as the sun was setting. I had shot a woodcock and could not find it. I turned to Ahmed Khan for help. He was on his knees, it was the hour of the evening prayer.

The country over which we shot was grand, the air was marvellous, the scenery magnificent. From the top of Gilboa we could see in the near foreground Beisan (Bethshan of the Bible), the Jordan Valley, the Jewish colonies with their little pink-roofed houses nestling amongst the eucalyptus trees, the black goats' hair tents of the "Bedouin" and in the distance the Mountains of Moab and the quaint old Roman bridge at Jisr-Majamieh. We could see Esalt and all that remained of Jericho, Sodom and Gomorrah and the five cities of the plain, and far away to the north, snow-capped Hermon and Little Hermon, were visible on a clear day.

In this country we found the natives of Palestine working in the fields and ploughing their teams of oxen and dressed as they were in the Bible days.

The Arabs who lived in these black tents, our men referred to them as "Buddoos," also loved sport, their favourite "Shikar" being raids at intervals on the Jewish Colonies. As cavalry it was our duty to intercept these "forays" or follow the offenders

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up and recover the stolen sheep or goods of their Jewish victims. On one such expedition a mobile column of the Regiment was in the saddle on and off for seventy-five hours. The operation was successful the malefactors were rounded up, and the loot restored. On our return to camp I turned to James, a young officer of "fearful guts" and said "What will you do now James?" "Well sir," he answered, "I think I will take out a polo pony after tea and knock a ball about!" The Parsee doctor who had volunteered to accompany us, a man not of a riding conformation and no horseman, groaned as he lifted himself painfully from the saddle!

This same James was "Un homme sans peur et sans raproche." In his capacity as a cavalry officer he considered it a point of honour when in doubt to charge!

During our shooting expeditions we sometimes discovered strange things. One evening after shooting, Julian and I were preparing to mount and ride home when my orderly said, pointing towards the hills, "Sahib, there is a cave in the side of the rock." We went some fifty yards up a "wadi" to investigate and found a cave, the entrance to which was closed by a large boulder. Julian, always venturesome, rolled the stone away, exposing to our view a vault containing four stone receptacles each the size and shape of a long bath, and all empty. Julian was much interested. I was not so thrilled, and, thinking of a hot tub and the comforts of camp, rode home giving the matter little further thought. Now Julian was a very keen Squadron Commander and prided himself on the equipment and turn-out of his men, horse and lines.

The next day, my weekly Saturday inspection took place according to plan. Julian's Squadron was the last to be visited. He met me, looking less bored than was his wont, and as he saluted I noticed a look of triumph on his countenance. We walked round the horse lines and everything being as smart and tidy as usual, I was preparing to say something complimentary and return to the office. "But Sir," said Julian, "you have not seen my new watering arrangements."

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I followed him to the troughs where much to my astonishment I saw neatly arranged in line, four familar-looking stone vessels filled to the brim.

" I thought you'd like them !" said the Squadron Commander. " So much nicer than those messy canvas troughs." I admitted that they were.

On returning to the office I found on the table a letter from the Governor marked " immediate." The contents were to the effect that " The Sepulchre of one Ali Bin Talib, a rich merchant who was at the time in Jerusalem, had been mysteriously robbed of its " Sarcophagii " and could I throw any light upon this matter.

I replied that I would inquire, and sent for Julian.

Two nights later he and I were dining with the Governor. As our host passed me a glass of sherry he said, " I thought you would be interested to know that there was some mistake about that sepulchre. When we went to see it yesterday morning, the Sarcophagii were there all correct. Strange though, don't you think ? " said he on a thoughtful note.

Julian winked at me over his glass in a manner that was the reverse of respectful to his Majesty's representative. And so another international incident was averted.

Another evening " Henry " the Adjutant and I were shooting woodcock. It was getting rapidly dark, and I was searching for a lost bird. Henry, with his usual diplomacy, managed to lead me away, but it was not before the moon was well up, that we started for camp. We must have lost our direction slightly. The country seemed strange to me, it was certainly not the way we had come. As we rode over the crest of a hill we saw in the " wadi " ahead of us, what looked in the bright moonlight like a mass of white stones and small branches of dead trees, but of an unusually light colour. As we drew nearer our horses snorted, stopped dead, and refused to move. We dismounted and throwing the reins to Ahmed Khan advanced to have a closer look. The stones and trees were the skeletons of horses, a whole troop of them at least, horses of the Turkish cavalry, victims of a greater bird of prey, they and their riders bombed to eternity by

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our Air Force in the great retreat. Little wonder that our horses were terrified.

We sometimes varied our mode of transport to the shooting grounds. An empty railway wagon, cleaned and disinfected, fitted with camp furniture, our own mess arrangements and good Indian servants. We spent some great days shooting hard and the nights were pleasant enough. The obliging station-master at Jenin would allow us to be hitched on to a goods train bound for the Jordan Valley. Our favourite stopping place was Beisan (Bethshan) Station and from this place we had good days with the duck and snipe. The shooting ground commenced within a few hundred yards of the station. We took with us creature comforts and after a hard day had many a pleasant talk over the hot whisky-toddy. We always took with us a Russian Samovar that best of all water-boilers, which kept up a constant supply of hot water.

Our Brigadier, a very keen sportsman, was supplied by Government with a five-seater touring car to assist him in his military duties. Combining duty with pleasure he often took one or two of us with him, and stopped at likely places for a little Shikar. I was unlucky, for every time I went with him the car broke down. On one memorable occasion we were out practically the whole night. The B.M. and I scoured the country for help and succeeded in procuring tea in a bottle from a road-making-gang's hut, and had a messenger sent in to Jenin. On my return to the car I found that those jealous shooting dogs "Whisky" and "Tiger" had had a terrific set to in the car. The little Brigadier, in spite of a bleeding hand from dog bites, received during his attempt to separate them, and the fact that he had had nothing to eat or drink since lunch, was as usual, quite impertured. He was glad of the tea and help arrived soon after in the shape of a Rolls-Royce tender.

A few weeks later he again invited me to come with him. I took the precaution to smuggle in light refreshments, a thermos of hot coffee and an extra pullover or two for night wear, all wrapped up in a towel. As the orderly placed this bolster-like package in the car the Brigadier, eyeing it suspiciously, said,

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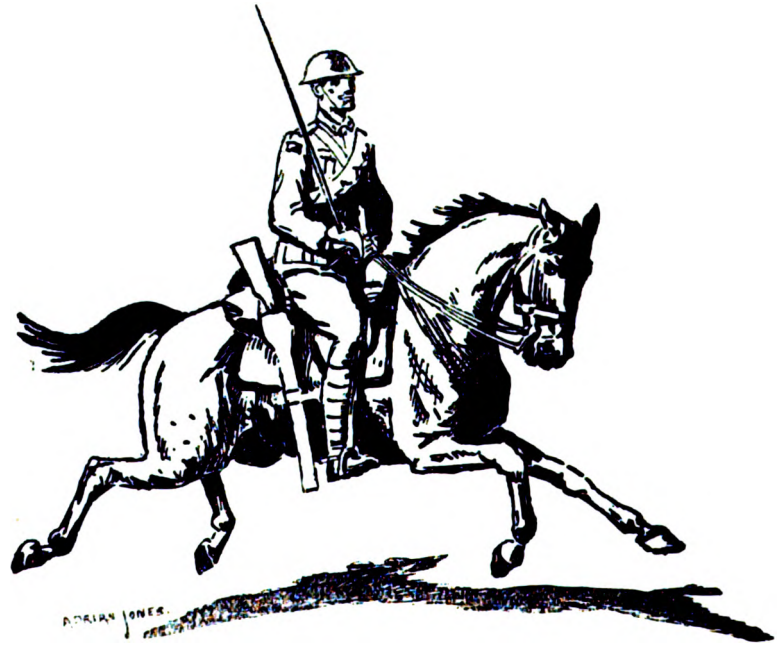
" Yeh kya Chiz hai " (What is that?). " Sahib-ka kupra," (the Sahib's clothes) replied Ahmed Khan. The little man smiled cynically and said nothing.

The inspection and shoot went off well, but on our return journey we broke down far from home and were absolutely stranded. The Spartan Brigade Commander had brought neither food nor drink as it was to be only a half-day trip. The bolster came in very useful after all; it is better to risk incurring a slight reprimand than go without food or raiment!



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AN EPISODE OF 1915

By N. S.

As a builder of men, marvellous life and wonderful profession, there is nothing to beat a cavalry man's life, but the trenches had not come into his calculation and if he has to be dismounted, it is far better that he should be mechanized.

Personally I would always prefer to be killed in more or less clean surroundings either in the air or sea or possibly tank and not in a rat-infested germ-laden and stinking trench.

Before one finishes with the war with all its human and inhuman episodes I think it would be of interest to relate an instance which had an element of grim humour.

I.

I had a most excellent and good-looking sergeant who was a first class horseman and horsemaster, and used literally to garner spoils at Olympia and elsewhere in all lemon cutting and tent-pegging events.

At the very beginning of the war it was everyone's chief ambition to "wet his sword."

There was not much chance but occasionally someone might chance on a Uhlan or two reconnoitring from the advance guard and then the adventure started.

The first effort was to get between them and their advance guard as otherwise in the excitement of the chase one could easily be lured straight into the enemy's advance troops especially round about the Compiegne Woods where it was difficult to judge one's position.

It was in one of these chases that my sergeant was galloping full out after a fleeing Uhlan. He told me he could easily have

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whipped out his revolver and shot either horse or man but he preferred to "wet his sword."

Unfortunately a trooper was also chasing another down a ride which ran at right angles to the one the sergeant was galloping down in the same woods.

Seeing the trooper's quarry suddenly flash past him, he just managed to swerve his horse to prevent a broadside on crash.

As it was both cannoned off, swearing, and were thrown into the undergrowth and both Uhlans got away.

There was much chaff when this got around and although the sergeant was very popular one mischievous trooper started a haunting little ditty with a refrain,

Sergeant—didn't wet his sword
But did he wet his breeches,

and if the sergeant happened to hear anyone whistling this tune he would get furious. This seemed to have got on his nerves. One day when we were doing a snake-patrol the "eyes" reported that they had seen German cavalry in a village on which we were advancing.

Being leading troop officer it was up to me to ride forward and verify this, and make my dispositions quickly to rout them out, so as not to delay the advance of the main bodies. He asked to accompany me but at first I was against letting him do so as I wished him to take over command if anything happened to me, but I realised he had a sound reason in saying that he would not know the lie of the ground and so let him come along. Everything seemed quiet and although the two eyes, who had taken cover, must have been spotted if the Huns were in possession, they had not been potted at.

However, they pointed out the head and shoulders of a Uhlan horse, and through field-glasses the German bit could be easily seen.

We spread out and trotted further towards the village waiting to hear the whizz of a bullet, but nothing happened.

Fearing an ambush I sent patrols round each side at a gallop and when I judged they had got sufficiently round to convince me there was no ambush we galloped forward.

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Still not a shot!

Suddenly the horse's head and shoulders began to move.

The sergeant pretended his horse had run away and went full out at the Uhlan whisking out his sword.

Suddenly I saw him throw up his sword but it was too late to stop his horse crashing into the other and the rider was sent through a shop window.

The rider turned out to be an English officer who having been cut off in the retreat from Mons had lain "doggo" being well looked after by a Belgian châtelaine and hidden in her "cabinet de toilette" when the Huns occupied the rest of the château. He had "commandeered" the horse and this was the first and somewhat violent meeting with his own cavalry. He was lucky in one way as he was shipped back to "Blighty," got a soft job and was treated as one of the earlier heroes wounded in the war. I eventually took over this Uhlan horse as second charger when my own "Vanderbilt," who had been leader in the Brighton Coach, was killed near Ypres.

He was a friendly curly coated old hairy and did me well, but I was careful to use my own cavalry bits in case there were any more Sergeant—s charging about. Still the gallant sergeant had not "wetted his sword" and another verse was added to the ditty relating to his constant passion for getting into trouble at cross roads.

Nearly three months after this episode when the filthy trench warfare had become the fashion our horses were left behind in billet and the regiment was sent up in buses.

Before piling ourselves into these "number nines" called so because like the army pill of the same name they were supposed to go through everything or anywhere like the London Bus of that number, one had to inspect one's troopers to see that they were complete with "plum and apple bombs," ammunition and every sort of weapon a fellow could wish to carry in order to "straff" his own species; also "iron" rations, gas masks (so called), 1st field dressing and other highly delectable sundries to add to his own personal discomfort.

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Every trooper in his enormous trench coat looked like a christmas tree festooned with lethal indecencies.

At that time gas masks were more or less simple consisting merely of some chemically prepared cotton on which to become efficacious one had to make water.

This when pressed to one's resentful nose and mouth formed a gas which was supposed to act as a counter-irritant to the Huns " Specialeté de Maison."

On this occasion my sergeant had concealed a sword under his enormous coat. A curious and embarrassed look spread over his face when he awkwardly tried to sit down opposite me in the number nine, but I pretended that I had not noticed anything.

It was not till we had been three days in the Salient that strange things began to happen.

Always at dawn at a particular loophole when we were " standing to " the trooper who manned it was shot " through the back." I decided to fill a dead man's tunic with clay and make a dummy as although we were right up in the salient the shooting had been too accurate for a spent bullet coming from the nearest Hun lines, 1,500 yards to our right-rear.

The next morning my dummy was shot the bullet in identically the same direction from the right shoulder down and through his " heart " and into the parapet.

Walking back down the communication trench and down a small depression I saw an engineer at work on a field telephone and was about to speak to him when I was interrupted by a burial party. By the time the burial party had passed the engineer had vanished.

I thought this rather odd as he ought to have been standing at the salute till the burial party had passed and some sort of connection between the engineer and my shot dummy immediately struck me.

In the course of the day Sergeant P. and myself had the opportunity to crawl over to the foot of a clump of dense fir trees. On examining one of these we found that there were distinct traces of it having been frequently climbed by the mud on the branches, bark worn off and twigs broken.

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I climbed up and found a wonderfully concealed crowsnest from which I had a direct view on to the particular loophole less than 200 yards off.

In the meanwhile Sergeant P. had found on the ground two empty Mauser rifle cases. I gave the sergeant leave to be absent at "standing to" next dawn telling him to be very careful to conceal himself and wait till the man fired at the dummy before shooting him down so as to make certain that he was the culprit.

Soon after the dummy had been riddled by another bullet Sergeant P. appeared but with a bloody sword.

He turned to the troopers and told them that if he heard anyone whistling or singing that —— ditty again, it would be their blood on his sword.

Sergeant P. had left his revolver and rifle behind in a dug-out, had climbed after his man whilst he was taking aim at the dummy and struck him with his sword the moment after he had fired.

The man was the engineer or rather a very brave Hun dressed up in one of our dead engineer's kit and there were many like him behind the lines in that infernal Salient sacrificing their lives, but alas scoring up many notches on the butts of their rifles before they themselves were finally "notched."

From a psychological point of view it is extraordinary to think what little things will upset a brave man's nerves.

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A NOTE ON INTERCOMMUNICATION FOR MECHANIZED CAVALRY.

By Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Straight, M.C.,
Royal Corps of Signals.

The cavalryman cannot carry out his task unless he has got an adequate system of intercommunication by which he can issue his orders and render his reports. In order to be adequate a system must provide close personal touch between the commanders concerned.

When cavalry was first employed orders and reports were given verbally to selected mounted officers who carried them from one commander to another. Within small bodies of troops various visual signals made by hand from the saddle were employed to control troops and to indicate what they had to report. Both these methods of intercommunication had their limitations, namely distance, visibility and in the case of signals, coded vocabulary.

When the art of writing became general and writing materials were made up in a portable form the reliability of the mounted orderly or liaison officer was increased because he could be given a written message, report or sketch map, signed personally by one commander for delivery personally to another.

A well-mounted orderly, carrying no equipment superfluous to the job in hand, had a speed and a radius of action which were high compared with those of the troops he served, and, since he could be sent off in any direction at any time, he was a most satisfactory means of intercommunication, flexible and comparatively fast.

The introduction of visual telegraphy offered a traffic carrying capacity which could only be attained by the employment of

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many more mounted men, and since it imposed no restriction on vocabulary, it was a valuable means within its own limitations These were bad visibility and the loss of personal touch.

In the Great War barbed wire and heavy shell fire limited the use of mounted orderlies, and bad visibility, either natural or induced by smoke and dust, limited the use of visual signalling.

How do we stand to-day? In order to achieve anything like a satisfactory speed, relatively high when measured against that of the forces they serve, or to have a cross-country performance anything like good enough, mounted orderlies will require to be very specially mounted. In fact, nothing but aeroplanes or fast tanks will possess these qualities, and in order to provide these mounts on a scale which would give a really flexible and satisfactory intercommunication system it would be necessary to detail large numbers of such machines, vehicles and personnel.

So large are the numbers that if any other system is available it must be examined to see if it offers anything like the same service in flexibility and personal control.

The development of wireless seems to offer such a system. Wireless has the following characteristics:

(*a*) It provides personal communication between the people operating the wireless sets, either by telephone or by key.

(*b*) Its signals are broadcast.

(*c*) It is invulnerable except at its terminals, *i.e.*, the vehicles carrying the sets.

(*d*) It requires no time for installation, since the equipment required can be carried in the commander's vehicle.

(*e*) It can be worked while the vehicle is moving.

(*f*) Its signals are liable to be jammed.

(*g*) Its equipment requires trained personnel for operation and maintenance.

It will be seen that these characteristics can be divided into what may be termed advantages and disadvantages, but if they are examined closely it will be seen that training in the use of

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wireless will so diminish the disadvantages that the balance in favour of wireless is very large. In considering the possibilities of such training being carried out, it should be remembered that there is no magic at work in the modern wireless set. The set will always work if it is given a chance and the rules for ensuring that it gets its chance are few and simple.

Let us examine the characteristics in a little more detail :—

(*a*) Personal communication in its simplest form is made by speech between the principals. So, in using radio telephony (R/T) in modern cavalry the commanders must, to get full value out of their wireless, use the set themselves and not delegate all the operating to a signaller. It is true that the commander is a busy man. He has other jobs to do and for this reason it is as well to provide a relief for him so that he can remove himself from the wireless set without leaving it unattended. This relief is a signaller. In certain circumstances it is possible that any one commander will be out of R/T range and communication will have to be made by key signalling (W/T). Any commander who can train himself to operate the key and to read morse signals will reap the benefit in the improved service which he will then have at his disposal, because morse signals are heard much more easily through interference and over longer ranges than speech is.

(*b*) The fact that wireless signals are, generally speaking, broadcast, implies that a commander has not got to worry about directing his signals towards the tank with which he wishes to communicate. At the same time it implies that the enemy may hear him and that his wireless set may receive signals which are not meant for him. Such signals will form interference, which may be accidentally caused by other wireless sets or purposely caused by the enemy with a view to wrecking the system of communication.

(*c*) Invulnerability except at terminals is a great boon, especially in these days of cross-country vehicles and

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heavy shell fire when no land line is safe however carefully it is laid or built, even if land lines possessed adequate flexibility and speed of installation.

We can minimise the effect of damage at terminals by increasing the number of terminals, that is, the number of vehicles which carry sets and in an arm for which an adequate intercommunication system is an esesntial, every vehicle should be equipped with wireless.

Characteristics (*d*) and (*e*) again, are great boons and merely accentuate the value of wireless over any other form of system for cavalry.

(*f*) The term jamming is used in a general sense to describe the interference which may be caused to a listener by noise, signals on neighbouring sets and frequencies or by deliberate transmission by the enemy on a high-power station with a view to making the system unworkable.

In armoured fighting vehicles on the move there will always be noise, both mechanical and electrical. Its intensity will vary with the speed at which the vehicle is moving, the type of country over which it is moving and to some degree, with the weather. It must therefore, be accepted as normal, and all personnel whose duty it is to work wireless must be trained to read the incoming signal through the noise. Again if there is interference from other wireless stations this must be shut out by the listener. At the first experience of either of these forms of interference it will appear impossible to hear the desired signal, but it will be found that, by training in active listening as distinct from mere hearing, the attention can be fixed and held on the desired signal.

Deliberate jamming by an enemy station is another matter. As a rule the enemy will search for the frequency of a group of stations with which he wishes to interfere and then start transmitting on it with a power

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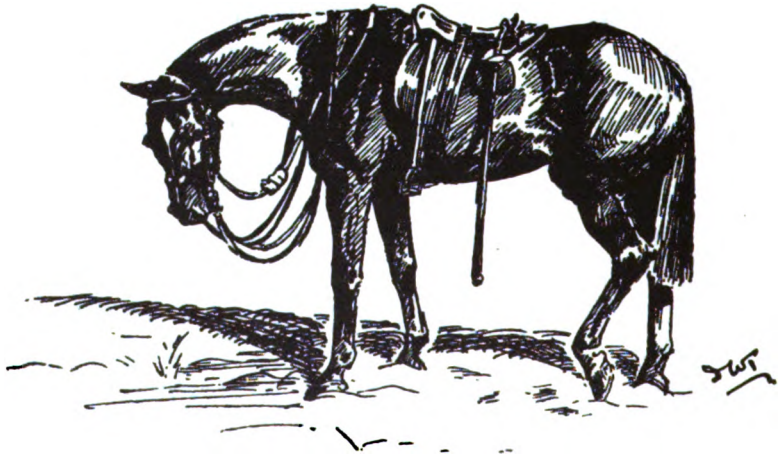
which he will calculate to swamp the incoming signals.

There are methods of dealing with this menace to a wireless system but it must suffice to say here that jamming on this scale will only be possible if the jammer is prepared to forego the use of his own wireless on the frequencies on which he decides to work.

(*g*) The service of maintenance is the process of ensuring that the set gets its chance to work. It is divided into two types, daily maintenance and general testing and overhaul. Daily maintenance consists of the ordinary routine examination of batteries and connections which must be done by the user of a wireless set—just as similar maintenance is done by the driver of a vehicle. General testing and overhaul will require special personnel, whose duties are outside the scope of this article.

From these characteristics, therefore, we see that wireless provides a very flexible means of personal communication between cavalry commanders, a means which has attributes which satisfy the demands of a highly mobile force without imposing the strain on machines and personnel of constant journeying to and fro. But we also see that in order to get full value out of this means, or indeed sufficient value, the commanders themselves must be able to listen and speak on the sets.



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CAPTAINS ESSAY.

" A rose by any other name—"

By Captain V. C. Ritchie, R.H.A.
" N " Battery, Royal Horse Artillery.

Subject.

" *Some people say that with the complete mechanization of British Cavalry there is a danger of the characteristic of that arm, defined in F.S.R. Vol.* 11, *Section* 3, *being lost, and of cavalry, in consequence, becoming little different from mechanized Infantry.*"

Discuss this assertion and suggest means as to organization, equipment and training for maintaining the Cavalry Spirit.

The Cavalry Spirit.

The term " Cavalry Spirit " has been in use for a long time in the British Army and, as is to be expected, is most commonly used by cavalrymen. It embraces in one term the quickness of thought and action and " dash " usually associated with that arm. The mobility of cavalry and their ability to attack mounted, confers on them the power of shock action, provided they were well led and operate on ground suitable for their employment. Until the advent of the tank no other arm had the mobility necessary for such " shock action." Shock action, unless well directed is useless. Gallant episodes of British military history such as the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava exemplify the cavalry spirit but actions of this kind, if too often repeated, would not provide good recruiting propaganda.

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The idea that a soldier's highest duty is to die for his country should be relegated to the past, and his obligation to make the enemies soldiers die for their country substituted.

Is the cavalry spirit the monopoly of the cavalry? No one can say that the action of the cavalry in the earlier stages of the Mesopotamian campaign was fought with dash, though subsequent charges at Abassia, in the western desert, and at Beersheba and El Mugar in Palestine showed it. The Naval equivalent of the cavalry spirit is the "Nelson Touch." Lord Beatty's action with the Battle Cruisers at Jutland is instructive. Only a pall of smoke hung astern of him where, but a moment before, one of his ships had been. The Flag Captain appears on the bridge and reports that another, too, has exploded and sunk. "There's something wrong with our damned ships to-day!" says Beatty; "Make the signal, keep closer to the enemy." The cavalry spirit, surely!

The exploits of British submarine commanders in the Bosphorus and their harassing of Turkish shipping in that sea are those of which any cavalryman might be proud. They were raids, carried out with a skill and courage, that have few equals in history.

Airmen such as Colonel Bishop, Captains Ball and McCudden and, on the enemy side, Baron von Richtofen showed the cavalry spirit in its highest form.

Enough has been said to show that the cavalry spirit is not the prerogative of cavalrymen. It is common to some individuals in all the armed forces of the crown. It is easier to display with some weapons and organizations than with others but in the end it is the man—the leader—that counts.

One curious fact emerges from the foregoing examples. This spirit of bold leadership is more often to be found in the hunting man or the man bred and living in the wide open spaces than in the townsman. The reason is that the "out-door man" has more self-reliance, a better eye for summing up a situation and is more accustomed to taking the chances of the chase. War does not come amiss to him. Lord Jellicoe, Lord Beatty, Sir Roger Keyes, Captain Carpenter of "Vindictive" fame, Lord Haig,

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Lord Allenby, Sir Philip Chetwode, and at least two of the airmen mentioned above all rode to hounds, as indeed did most of the great leaders of history. "Alexander had a horse which he called Bucephalous."*

What therefore of the future?

As long as British blood flows in mens' veins there will be a supply of men who can lead men and of those who will follow a good leader. Some such leaders will appear in all arms of the service. The cavalry—no matter to what armament they are converted—will get their share, provided young men of sporting stock continue to join their ranks.* Heredity and upbringing, in the matter of leadership, count for much.

The tank and the armoured car, like the horse, the submarine and aircraft afford ample scope to men who can think quickly and act with dash and determination. The tank is but the armoured knight. An abstract quality such as the cavalry spirit should be independent of the mount.

Assuming, therefore, that the leader will be still with us in the reorganized cavalry it remains only to give him weapons and an organization with which he can fulfil his rôle in war and exhibit his latent qualities.

Organization.

The Cavalry Brigade of the future is probably to consist of two light tank Regiments (Cavalry) and a motorized Battalion. The main duties of cavalry are reconnaissance and protection, with a third—independent action round a flank. Mobility is the first essential—a mobility greater than that of the force it is protecting, or for which it is reconnoitring. Both reconnaissance and protective duties demand the power to disperse quickly to cover a wide front, to enter or search difficult country, such as woodlands and broken ground, and to concentrate again quickly.

The battle rôles of cavalry such as delaying the enemy, the formation of a mobile reserve, the carrying out of a pursuit and the covering of a withdrawal all demand a mobility greater than that of the formations comprising the main force, even if the fire

* See note at end of Essay.

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power is relatively less. Ability to carry out a raid postulates the same necessity.

A chain is as strong as its weakest link and the weak link of the suggested future organization is the motorized battalion.* A tank is an unsuitable vehicle for reconnaissance. It is unlikely to see without being seen. It is noisy. It is easily surprised by mine, gun or block. Tanks, in small numbers, cannot cover a wide front without leaving gaps. The motorized battalion cannot really assist as once the men have left their buses they are infantry and have not the mobility necessary to work with the other components of their brigade. As long as they remain in their vehicles they cannot fight.

The light Tank Regiments provide the fire power of the future organization. What is required to supplement them is a regiment of skirmishers which can cover their movements. The motorized battalion cannot fill this rôle for the reasons already given. Wherein lies the answer?

The German Army is trying out a motor-cyclist regiment and a regiment, carried thus, recently completed a march of 256 miles in 12 hours and arrived at its destination with about 1% casualties to machines and the personnel fit to go straight into action. Surely the motor-cycle is the logical successor to the horse for cavalry purposes. It is cheap and powerful, costs nothing when standing idle and is produced in mass for civilian uses. It can go almost anywhere a horse can, as anyone who has witnessed a motor-cycle hill climb can testify. It can carry a man with his weapon and equipment a great way without fatigue to man or beast and at great pace for a very small cost. It is easily concealed and can reverse in its own length.

A regiment mounted thus could disperse quickly to cover a wide front in practically any country. In advance or withdrawal the man leaves his machine under cover till required and then either slips away at the last moment in a withdrawal or mounts and advances when the light tank regiment has opened the way for further advance.

* See note at end of Essay.

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In reconnaissance the powers of search conferred by the inclusion of such a regiment in the Brigade would be very great both as regards the frontage that can be covered and the type of ground that can be explored.

With, or even without, a side-car automatic weapons could be carried and the fire power of the regiment would be very great without detracting from its mobility. A suggested organization is given in Appendix A.

It will be noted that a considerable number of A T rifles have been included in the establishment of the rifle troops. This is considered necessary for the following reasons. One rôle of the brigade is protection. Protection against what? Surely one of the greatest threats to the main body will be an attack by light tanks. The front on which the brigade will be working will be too great for the R.H.A. battery to deal with all eventualities and moreover its armament is not ideal for A T defence. The light tanks will not be suitable for this purpose on account of their weapons nor is it desirable that they should become involved in a running fight back towards their main body.

A regiment organized as suggested offers, it is submitted, the following distinct advantages.

(1) It affords a highly mobile covering force to the light tank regiments.
(2) It can reverse readily in a narrow lane.
(3) One mechanical breakdown only immobilises one man, (and he can get on a comrade's carrier).
(4) It can traverse ground that a motorized battalion could not, can cover a greater front more quickly and is more flexible.
(5) Its vehicles are less easily blocked than buses or armoured carriers, or tanks.

The disadvantage of increased road space occupied is outweighed by these advantages.

Training.

Given the right type of man, a suitable organization and efficient weapons, training presents no difficulties. The advent

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of the motor car and motor cycle into civil life has done much to quicken, not only the powers of self preservation and mobility of pedestrians, but also the brain of the driver of these vehicles. Quick decision and the art of anticipation become second nature, as they do with a horseman. Sports for the masses, such as dirt track racing and hill climbs, that have followed the advent of the motor cycle, have much in their favour. They are the poor man's point-to-point, increase his skill and daring and make him master of a machine. Such competitions for rank and file in a mechanized regiment would foster the cavalry spirit and enhance a man's skill. The displays of this nature given by the Royal Corps of Signals and Metropolitan Police at the Royal Tournament offer of a good type of recreational training. Military training and games remain as necessary as heretofore.

Conclusions.

(1) The cavalry spirit is an abstract quality latent in certain individuals of all the armed forces of the crown.

(2) It is often the outcome of heredity and upbringing.*

(3) The mechanization of cavalry should not destroy the spirit as the source of supply of officer and man will, it is hoped, remain the same.*

(4) It is necessary to give the cavalry an organization and equipment suited to the fulfilment of their rôle.

(5) The present organization of a cavalry brigade has one serious shortcoming, viz., the Motorized Battalion.*

(6) A motor cyclist regiment is a more logical solution and offers many advantages, and is a necessary adjunct to the light Tank Regiments.

(7) Training on present lines, adapted to the new "mount," will conserve the "Cavalry Spirit."

Note by Author.

This article was written in June, 1937. Since then two alterations, bearing on the subject matter, have been made in organisations.

(1) The Mechanised Battalion has been abolished from the organisation of the Mechanised Cavalry Bde. and replaced by a third Light Tank Regiment.

(2) Chargers have been reduced for officers. It is considered that this will adversely affect the prospects of getting the most suitable type of young officer and will jeopardise his training if he does join.

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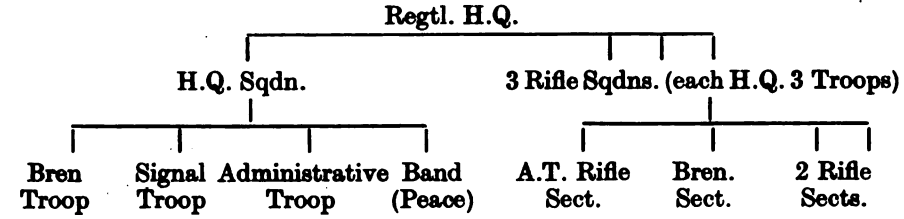
N.B.—An outline organisation only is given in Appendix A. A detailed organisation and establishment for a motor-cycle Cavalry Regiment has been worked out by the writer and yields the following totals for the Regiment.

Personnel	..	Officers	22
		W.O.I	1
		W.O.II and Sergeants..	20
		Other ranks	408
Vehicles		Light Armoured Car	1
A Echelon	..	Motor cycles	350
		Motor cycles and side-car	30
		Mobile Field Cookers	5
B Echelon	..	30-cwt. lorries	5
		Light Workshop repair vehicle ..	1
Weapons	..	Revolvers	83
		Bren M.G.'s	12 (4 for A.A. use if required)
		A.T. rifles	36
		Light Automatics	6
		Rifles	285

APPENDIX A.

Organisation of a motor cycle Cavalry Regiment.



Vehicles.	Weapons.
Light Armoured Cars for Regtl. H.Q. Bren Troops, Signal Troop : Side-cars. Sqdn. Leaders and Bren Section in Rifle Sqdn.'s Side-cars. Mobile Field Cookers : 2 H.Q., 1 Rifle Sqdn. 30-cwt. Lorries: 2 H.Q. Sqdn., 1 Rifle Sqdn. All remaining personnel : Motor cycles.	All Officers, W.O.'s and Sgts. and D/R's: Revolvers. Bren Troop and Bren Section Rifle Sqdns. : Bren M.G.'s. A.T. Riflemen : A.T. Rifles. Remainder : Rifles.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The January " Army Quarterly " contains a very varied and interesting series of articles, including a large proportion of an historical nature. Of the others, an anonymous review of the war in Spain is perhaps best worth perusing. The writer, who has visited the territory held by the insurgents, is confident of their eventual victory, but is somewhat critical of Franco's past conduct of the campaign, and especially of the decision to go to the relief of the Toledo Alcazar, instead of attacking Madrid, which must at that time have fallen easily. Major-General Rowan Robinson reviews unfavourably Captain Liddell Hart's recent articles in *The Times* advocating a defensive policy and strategy for this country in the event of a European war in the near future, but succeeds in finding no very convincing reasons to prove that it is either necessary or possible for us to practice offensive methods with success. Lt.-Colonel Burne questions the invariable necessity for keeping a general reserve for battle; those commanders who either had no reserve at all, or used it early, have usually been more successful than those who retained large reserves, and used them late or not at all. He would have F.S.R. altered so as to make it clear that such a reserve may on occasion be dispensed with altogether, and must never be valued too highly or retained too long. Lt.-Colonel Graham Seton Hutchison has some apposite thoughts on the training of soldiers, and especially of machine-gunners, in these mechanized warfare days.

The " Fighting Forces " for December, 1937, contains an article " Youth or Age " by Major Grant, to which subsequent events have given point. He stresses the (at that time) unduly

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advanced age of those holding high command, and the ill effects of this state of affairs right down the officers' list. He suggests more drastic weeding out of the less efficient in the lower ranks, so as to allow the best to rise faster and attain command at an early age, and the formation of a general list of officers by arms or groups of regiments, so as to level up rates of promotion. Recent reforms show this to have been a very accurate forecast of the trend of War Office thought to-day. An article, continued in the February, 1938 issue, on "Naval Specialization" by Commander Russell Grenfell, advocates a return to more general training for all officers, and a confinement of the more necessarily specialized officers to duties not involving their rise to high command. The Air correspondent advocates greater attention to air defence as against air attack or counter-attack on the part of the Royal Air Force, which, as he points out, at present contains twice as many bombers as fighters. In the February, 1938, number, Mr. Rogerson pleads for better publicity for the Army, and suggests a more helpful and sympathetic attitude to a Press always ready to help," and less beating of the personal big drum." Lt.-Colonel Shaw suggests that a vehicle rally be now substituted for the Horse Show as a means of bringing the Army and the public into closer touch, and instilling into mechanized units greater pride in and knowledge of their new form of "mount." A good anonymous item advocates more elasticity and initiative in attack if cohesion and momentum are to be maintained.

The "Duncan" Silver Medal Essay by Major J. A. L. Deane forms the principal item in the "Royal Artillery Journal," and contains a number of useful proposals for the organization and training of anti-aircraft artillery groups. There is also a vivid account of an anonymous artillery officer's experiences in France in 1914, which makes most interesting reading. Major-General Fuller discusses the art of propaganda, which he regards as a most potent weapon of attack on the "civil will" in any future conflict, and declares that we shall certainly pay for our present neglect of it, if continued.

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The " Royal Engineers' Journal " includes a good description by Captain Myers of the pulling down of Waterloo Bridge, and an account of the Youth movement in Italy, which the anonymous writer, though admitting and regretting the Jingoistic and aggressive spirit of many of its aspects, considers it of great value in building up the moral and physical standards of young Italians.

The " Royal Tank Corps Journal " includes accounts of the Tank Brigade Training of last year, of the Waziristan operations of the spring of 1937, of the engagement at the Shahur Tangi in that campaign, when a tribal attack on a convoy was beaten off by the 8th Light Tank Company, and of a reconnaissance of the western desert of Egypt by a combined party of the 3rd and 5th Armoured Car Companies. Other articles deal with Russian tank tactics, with a tank attack at night in the Great War (at Proyart in August, 1918), and with various matters of tactical and technical interest. It will be clearly seen from a perusal of the Journal's list of contents, and of its pages, how varied and full of interest and importance is the work of the Corps both in peace and in war. The Journal is indeed a publication which no officer of any newly mechanized arm can afford to neglect to read, and therefore contains much that is bound to be of use to cavalry officers whose units are changing over from a horse basis now or in the near future.

Two articles in the " Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly " are also well worth perusal on the same grounds. " Protection," it is stated in the first of these, must become a habit, and an outline is given of suitable measures to be taken both on the move and at the halt; sub-unit commanders are primarily responsible for initiating them, but they must be co-ordinated by the unit commander or second-in-command. In the second article " Vehicle Mastership," a sketch is given of points which will require special attention when units pass from the comparatively well-provided and regular conditions of peace-time service to the more vigorous tests of war. It is emphasised that, as with

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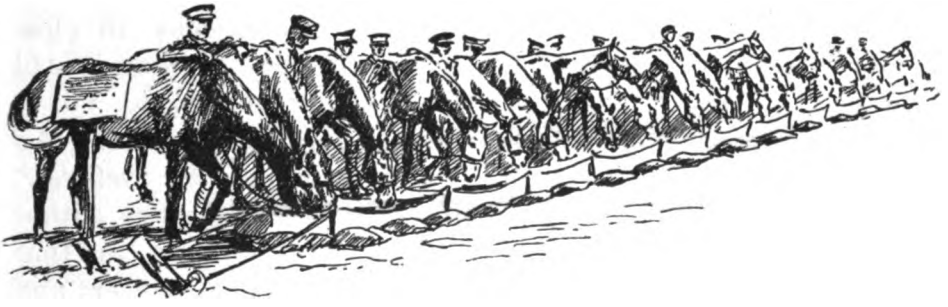
the horse so with the vehicle, " the master's eye maketh the horse fit," and only by forethought, preparation and research can vehicle mastership be brought to the high standard necessary for complete and continuous efficiency.

The " Canadian Defence Quarterly " contains two admirable articles on problems of present-day Europe, two useful outlines of the Spanish Civil War, and the Sino-Japanese War, and papers on the problem of the battleship and the importance of leadership in creating and maintaining morale—all very readable and excellent.

The " Royal Air Force Quarterly " has a series of articles describing the Dominion Air Forces of the Empire, in addition to papers on international law and air bombardment, bombing attacks on bombing aircraft and war in pre-classical and classical times. The lighter items which form a regular feature of the magazine are fully up to standard.

E.W.S.



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FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The United States "Cavalry Journal" for November-December contains a series of brief articles many of which might interest a British reader. Lt.-Colonel J. G. Yenchar opens the number with a brief life of Sheridan. He shows how the badly organized Federal cavalry was virtually at the mercy of the Confederate horsemen until Sheridan reorganized the Fededal mounted units and proceeded to lead them on a totally different plan. Next, Major E. S. Johnston writes on "The Objective and the Cavalry Leader." A well-worn theme, but attractively stated—both from the strategic and tactical point of view. "Economy of force" signifies a right opportionment of force thinks the writer—rightly so. Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins treats of "the Composition of Army Covering Troops and the Employment of Mechanized Force in this role." He comes to the conclusion that a mechanized force employed alone for protection is likely to fail "except in the easiest kind of a situation and against an inferior enemy." Mounted units and horse artillery are still required for reconnaissance in close country or of defended localities. A cavalry division is still needed, he thinks, and it should be kept concentrated, but it must be supported and supplemented by mechanized units. An article from a Russian source, written by one, M. Svetayew, treats of "Cavalry in the Spanish Civil War." The author begins by stating that horses are not plentiful in Spain, and that the pre-war Spanish cavalry was both limited in numbers and poorly trained. Only the detachments of Moorish cavalry were really worth considering. The Spanish cavalry proper nearly all joined General Franco and were mostly distributed to other arms. The Moorish cavalry formed the nucleus of Colonel Monasterio's "column" which seems to have performed moderately well in various lesser enterprises until the war became

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stabilized. By the summer of 1937 the insurgents no longer tried to keep any mounted formations but distributed their few mounted units as reconnaissance troops. In February, 1938, however, the insurgent mounted troops attempted an attack on entrenched infantry and came to grief badly. The government troops began the war with no cavalry. They were content to use mechanical transport and mismanaged their reconnaissance altogether. Since then cavalry has been raised and is being used in a more sensible fashion—also to better effect. It is worthy of note that wherever mounted troops have taken proper precautions against aerial or tank attack they have not suffered too severely. But, as happened on October 29th, 1936, at Secena, where a mounted column was surprised in a village, whenever mounted troops have been surprised by armoured vehicles, they have run the risk of total destruction.

In the January-February number Major E. E. Schwien begins with a long article in which he tries to reproduce the opening of the Great War in 1914. Under the title of "They Didn't Know How" he shows, with several maps, how the Germans should and could have formed a mounted corps on their right flank which might have overlapped and rolled up the Allied left. The whole hypothesis is most plausibly argued: certainly, and on the face of things, it seems conclusive. But it is just as well possible to argue on the other side that the famous Plan XVII of the French was a gift for the German High Command. Neither does the author quite take into consideration that when, in fact, the German cavalry came into contact with, at any rate, British cavalry and infantry—as for instance at Néry—it did not come away with the honours of war. It is not enough to say that the French instead of leaving all bridges standing on this flank might have destroyed them and so delayed the whole advance of such a mobile corps as he recommends. Anyhow the author gets out of this latter dilemma by advocating *Horse Cavalry* as the sole method of achieving such a success. Horsed cavalry would have got over the rivers in spite of broken bridges. "We must not make the mistake of England. We must not place all of our eggs in one basket and consider

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mechanization as the sole answer to the problem of mobility . . . until mechanization possesses the cross-country, cross-stream capabilities of the horse, the *principal* mass of this mobile force must consist of *horse* cavalry." Major E. S. Johnston continues, in the same vein as in the last number, with an article entitled "Mass and the Cavalry Leader." His present study touches upon the correct allocation of numbers and striking power to the objective in view. That is "his dream." His conclusion is, "some day, like the Germans of 1918, we will need our cavalry, need it desperately. It will be there in proper strength, adapted to the purpose, if our cavalrymen make this dream come true." Major R. W. Grow next examines General Hawkins' views expressed in the previous number (see above). His view is that tanks as such cannot perform the rôle of a covering force; but that mechanized cavalry will and must learn and improve its capacity for such a task." In the meantime "proper team work between horse and mechanized cavalry will constitute the most important problem confronting our senior cavalry commanders for years to come." Again he adds, "in our cavalry we do not want a 'mechanized force' of tanks in the European sense. We do want a mechanized cavalry that is cavalry in every sense of the word."

The French "Revue de Cavalerie" for November-December does not contain any matter of interest in the provinces of tactics or organization. It opens with a long illustrated description of the museum just opened at the cavalry school of Saumur. This is the gift of M. Barbet de Vaux. This collector amassed in the last 35 years an extensive and remarkably rich collection of weapons, uniforms, relics, pictures and bric-à-brac mostly relating to distinguished French soldiers, nearly all of them cavalrymen. It is clearly a collection of immense value; in particular the collection of swords of the Napoleonic period must be of outstanding merit. Among these many remarkable items it is strange to read of the presence of a sword of honour presented to General Picton by the Duke of Wellington in 1815, before Picton fell at Waterloo. The sword is engraved with an

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appropriate inscription in the Duke's name. There is also a sword that was worn by the Prussian General von Lützow. A brief article on motor bicycles by Médecin-Capitaine Muffang makes the astounding statement that motor-cycle production in France fell off by no less than 83 per cent. between 1930 and 1935. The author appeals to the army to occasion a revival in this industry.

The Austrian "Militärwissenschaflicke Mitteilungen" contains nothing of cavalry interest, although offering reading of topical interest as to the wars in Spain and China. Will this 70 year-old journal now bring an honoured career to an end?

No other journals to hand offer any matter of real cavalry interest.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

The first volume of the War History of the *Bavarian 1st Heavy Cavalry* (Schwere Reiter) Regiment deals only with its activities on the Western Front in the Bavarian Cavalry Division, from outbreak of war until the 20th January, 1915, when after, being two months in reserve at Metz, it left for Russia. It acted entirely as mounted infantry, "the 2nd Squadron was the only squadron of the regiment which had the good fortune to measure itself with the enemy in a charge." Riding forward on the 13th August, 1914, among small woods on the frontier near Avricourt, the squadron sighted a party of French cavalry, found to be two troops, and charged. It is claimed that only 5 Frenchmen got away, all the rest were unhorsed, wounded or dead—but only 2 prisoners were taken back as trophies. The German squadron lost one N.C.O. killed, one N.C.O. wounded by a bullet, the commander and one man slightly wounded by lances—it is earlier stated that the French "for the most part dropped their lances, and drew their swords"; but numerous horses were injured. The squadron then retired. The French account is that two Dragoon troops on reconnaissance duty collided with a German squadron and came under enemy fire—apparently of a *Jäger* cyclist company—suffered heavily and lost their leader.

"An Infamous Army."

I suppose that one of the most difficult things to do well is to write a historical novel. Actually all novels are historical—it is a physical and merciful impossibility to write about the present and even if you write about the future the projection of the people you are trying to describe is no more or less phantasmal. Nevertheless, writers of the so-called "present

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day" novel have the contemporary tricks and turns of speech and habit to help them in making their characters seem real.

Miss Heyer has chosen the episode of the campaign of Waterloo round which to build her story—and therein lies my criticism of it. Let it be clear at once that my criticism applies to her book as to whether or not it is a really important novel. In spite of an almost terrifying competence which Miss Heyer displays not only in the marshalling of her historical data, but in its adroit insertion into the scheme of her story, it is evident all through the book that she is more interested in portraying this data than in the characters of her novel. It seems to me that the art of writing fiction lies in fitting whatever background you have chosen in time round the personalities of your story, rather than in first of all choosing your background and then painting your characters into it.

If this theory is right and Miss Heyer has violated it then she has committed a most interesting and even brilliant literary crime. I can the more sympathise as I myself admit to a complete enthralment in the drama of the Hundred Days. Miss Heyer has succeeded admirably in her attempt to give a picture of what English people in Brussels experienced and thought while the issue between Napoleon and the Allies was being decided.

The main characters of her story, Charles Audley, an officer on Wellington's staff, and Lady Barbara Childe, are well drawn and interesting as far as she is able to make them so in her preoccupation of giving authentic but lightning sketches of the major personalities on the Allied side, while paying no slight attention to the military operations. All these sketches are interesting, but none more so than that of Wellington and his military family, while the description of the battle of Waterloo itself would do any military historian credit.

If I were a film magnate with a last card to play before the Insurance Company closed down on me I should buy the film rights for this book. If I were going in for an examination in history of this particular period I should borrow from it for those little personal touches and quotations which make exam-

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iners believe you have read your subject profoundly. Finally, if I knew some friend was obsessed with worry, I would give him this book as an effective opiate. All of which goes to show that "An Infamous Army" is in its rather curious way a remarkable achievement. A.M.

"The Civil War in the United States." By W. B. Wood and Brigadier-General Sir J. E. Edmonds. (Methuen.) 12s. 6d.

This revised re-issue of a very notable and admirable book, first published as long as thirty years ago, has been made primarily for the benefit of candidates for the forthcoming Promotion Examinations, for which the 1864-5 campaigns of this war have been set. The first portion of the original work, dealing with the 1861-3 campaigns, has been replaced by a newly-written introduction, and the narrative of and comments in the operations of 1864-5 have been fully revised to bring them into line with the most recent information and research. This has been well and thoroughly done, but the effect is inevitably to make the book somewhat scrappy. It is a little disconcerting, for instance, to read in the text (p. 227) "Sheridan's campaign was as brilliant as any conducted during the war" and then in a note, "His conduct of the campaign as a whole is open to criticism." However, unless the book were to be completely re-written, this was probably the best method of bringing it up to date. It retains all its former good qualities of reliability, soundness, and readability, and the authors have spared no pains to incorporate in this new edition the mass of fresh material made available by such authors as Dr. D. A. Freeman and Colonel Conger in the United States, and by General Fuller and Captain Liddell Hart in this country. The result is an excellent history of the American Civil War in brief compass, fully worthy of the reputation of the authors and of the good name won by the book's first edition.

"The Territorial Army." By Colonel G. R. Codrington. (Sifton Praed.) 4s. 6d.

This is a second edition, revised and brought up to date, of an admirable little book on the Territorial Army, first published

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six years ago. Its re-issue, at a moment when the new War Minister's recent reforms have stressed the importance now attached to the second line army in our scheme of defence, is timely and appropriate. It has been revised in accordance with the most recent regulations and official figures, and retains all its value as the only book of its kind covering the subject with fullness and yet with brevity.

"Journey to Turkestan." By Sir Eric Teichman. (Published by Hodder and Stoughton).

It is difficult for those who have not had personal experience of a motor journey in the desert to realize the uncertainty of a venture such as is here described by the author.

The perils of motoring for over 1,000 miles across the Gobi Desert with no road to guide them are so well described, that it makes the reader (as it probably did the writer) wonder whether the destination will ever be reached. It was a remarkable feat for a Ford V.8 bought new in Pekin for £237, and sold on the conclusion of the journey for more than the amount originally given. The whole journey is filled with thrilling experiences and the very excellent photographs enable one to picture the primitive dwellings in the various villages which lay on the route. T.T.P.

"Highland Ponies." By John Macdonald, with foreword by the Duke of Atholl. (Published by Eneas Mackay of Stirling). Price 5s.

Ponies play an important part in Highland life, and the author introduces us to all the best known breeds in Scotland. The Duke of Atholl points out that the Highlands have been little affected by the advent of the motor as far as ponies are concerned, and in addition to the useful purpose they serve in peace time, he foresees great scope for them in time of war. Horses will be scarce and the highland pony is a first class pack animal.

The prevailing colour seems to be dun or dark cream, equally important for war purposes as for stalking. The duns as a rule have a black stripe down their backs reminding one of the

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Kathiwar ponies of India, and when they put their ears back at the sight of a dead stag and a blanket has to be placed over their heads, one almost thinks that there must be some Indian blood in their veins.

This is a most interesting little book. T.T.P.

"A Hundred Grand Nationals." By T. H. Bird. (Published by Country Life). Price 15s.

Here is a book which will interest every reader of the Cavalry Journal. For a century the "National" has stood out as the greatest race of the year, and one in which cavalry officers have played their part since its earliest days. As the time comes round each year, we study the list of riders, and if unable to get to Liverpool ourselves, we get a thrill on the wireless as we follow the fortunes of some young cavalry officer doing his bit to keep up the credit of his regiment. We all remember David Campbell's victory in 1896. He was the first cavalry officer to ride the winner, but his example has since been followed by several others, and the author gives an account of every race for 100 years. The illustrations, some of which have not previously been published, are excellent and although this is an expensive book, it is well worth the price.

"Rhymes of an Irish Huntsman." By Stanilaus Lynch. Illustarted by Michael Lyne. ("Country Life.") £3 3s. 0d.

A happy combination of a hunting poet and a hunting artist, both Irishmen, who have contrived to impart the true Irish atmosphere to their rhymes and drawings, neither could have been inspired by any other part of the world. The edition is limited to 175 signed copies of a handsomely produced volume with some of the illustrations in colour and others in black and white.

Mr. Lynch writes of all the scenes connected with Irish horses and hounds, Irish life and character even to a sale at Sewell's yard and to the Dublin Show, that great annual international event with the elaborate preparations and its attendant excitement. The Irish horse, the Royal Dublin Society and their

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Show at Ball's Bridge are, to many of us, an unbreakable link between this country and the Free State in which connection the retention of "Royal" in the title is significant.

Mr. Lyne's drawings are excellent. In the scene facing page 15, particularly realistic, one can pick out the particular hound that has come in for the huntsman's approbation, but if one is to be critical his distance, notably in the drawing facing page 12, is sometimes a little at fault, and one would like to think that there are so many fat sleek horses and hounds in the Irish hunting field. The artist is also apt to take liberties with some of the equipment, as on page 34, where both martingale rings are on one rein.

"The Horseman's Week-End Book." By Gordon Winter. (Seeley Service.) 8s. 6d.

The author has produced a delightful book, one that any horseman will read, if not from cover to cover, at all events the greater part—some 170 pages—which can be called an abbreviated anthology of horsy writings, prose and poetry, grave and gay. These extracts, chosen with a touch of genius, range from Münchausen to Tschiffeley, Geoffrey Gambado to Geoffrey Brooke, from Dickens to Somerville and Ross, from Chaucer to Browning, and from Job to Siegfreid Sassoon. It is a well thought-out collection and if the brevity of the extracts is sometimes tantalizing the reader can always turn to the originals for the full story and as there are excellent indexes of both titles and authors the reader is never at a loss.

The instructional part of the book however is not so happy although one is reluctant to criticise because of the excellence of the major theme. I will therefore content myself with just a few corrections as a hint to the author to revise his work before the next edition.

The book opens with an alphabetically arranged list of ailments some of which come within the experience of the ordinary horseman, others are too obscure and rare. We are told for instance how to treat "bed-sores" (*sic*). The final chapter is a glossary of riding, hunting and stable terms and we read that

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if a horse is behind the bit it is because "there is too much weight on the forehand."

The "boning" the author recommends for brown boots will ruin them, in fact it will ruin any but those made from black Krupp or Bordeaux leather and only when cleaned with the old fashioned liquid blacking.

In his chapter "Buying a Horse (A Guide to those who venture at Public Auction)" we read, "Of course, it is quite possible to make mistakes at auction sales." Quite possible!

"Taglioni's Grandson. The Story of a Russian Horse." By Peter Shiraeff. Translated by Alfred Fremantle. (Putnam.) 7s. 6d.

This is a translation from the Russian and deals with the life of a peasant breeder and trainer of trotting horses with his entourage. If the life stories of three generations of trotters and the life of certain members of the peasant and bourgeois class both under the Tsarist rule and during and after the Revolution are of interest to readers in this country, the book can be read with profit. But trotting races make a limited appeal here, the Russian Tsarist civilization has disappeared for ever and further the condition of these peasants is in such a state of flux that the picture the book gives of their life is almost meaningless.

The terror of the Russian revolution one feels is somewhat mitigated when we read that the hero "Erect and angular as heretofore, through all the shocks of the revolution had preserved inviolate his sumptuous foursquare black beard" which we read elsewhere reaches to his navel.

Then there are the interminable morbid and desultory conversations in the Chekhov manner which seem inseparable from Russian fiction. The translator would have done well to consult someone conversant with English equine terminology and to have avoided such mistakes as talking of a horse's ankles. We also read of a mare so vain as to "fall into the dumps" because she is stripped of her smart trappings. Apart from the terminological and psychological howlers there is a matter

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of bad taste which should have been avoided. It gives one somewhat of a shock to read in cold print that obscene epithet defined by Dr. Johnson in his dictionary as a term of endearment among sailors.

"The Elements of Hunting." By R. S. Summerhays. Illustrated by T. Invester Lloyd. (Country Life.) 7s. 6d.

Can a book be too elementary for the present day youngster embarking on a hunting career? This treatise on the elements of hunting is just what it purports to be and will enable boys and girls to take the field with confidence knowing that if they can keep the advice in mind they will avoid the major solecisms, always providing they do not get too excited to act on it.

The subject is exhaustively dealt with as far as the *range* of the subject is concerned for there is no phase of hunting that is omitted, although the author wonders if he has stopped too far short of complete instruction. When one considers the title there is no doubt that he has struck the exact note and produced a book of inestimable value to the beginner. The only difficulty, in the absence of tradition, is to persuade people to acknowledge themselves beginners or we might recommend this excellent work to young and old alike.

There is a description of two "good hunters" on page 7, veritable nightmares as regards conformation with which the author seeks to prove the proverb "Handsome is as handsome does."

The beginner will be encouraged to read that he can clothe himself in hunting kit for £11, but I cannot agree that he should wear his hat "tilted at a jaunty angle."

The author warns his readers that Cubbing is properly "Cub hunting" and that "Whippers-in" are not "Whips" but to call them "First" and "Second" as he does is quite as displeasing an abbreviation.

May I in conclusion call attention to two slips which I am sure the author will wish to correct in the next edition. The word used for the middle antler of a deer is "bay" and not "bray." And the correct place for anyone sent to watch a

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covert on a hunting day is as close to it as he can get and on a cub-hunting day about 50 yards away. I am sure his readers would be interested to hear the reasons for this difference in procedure.

There are 16 illustrations by T. Invester Lloyd of hunting scenes, very correct from a hunting point of view and very pleasing artistically. S.G.G.

"Turning Wheels." By Stuart Cloete. (Collins.) 8s. 6d.

Though stories of Africa are not rare, the main episode with which this story treats and the primitive strength with which it is written make this one of the most important books of the year.

It is the tale of the Voortreckers, the men and women who formed the advanced guard of the Boers when they, finding it impossible to exist under English rule in Cape Colony, migrated north in search of a land of promise.

In one short paragraph the author describes it thus:

> "It was the sepage of a small, great-hearted people into a continent. Secure in the knowledge that they were a chosen race, certain of their capacity to endure, and forced by the Boer necessity for space and freedom, they followed rivers to their sources, crossed great watersheds and followed new rivers; hunting, fighting, and reading the Bible as they wandered."

On account of the author's treatment of the strong theme of sex which recurs through the story, this book cannot hope to escape the accusation of coarseness. The author, however, is justified both in the frequency with which it recurs and the bold colours which he uses. Life in those days and in those surroundings was coarse: men's loves and lusts ran in the same primitive groves as did their hunting, their fighting and their husbandry. Their emotions were fired by hunger, danger and the primitive urge for self-protection, a main factor of which was pro-creation. Because the author has not cloaked the last of these in the modern negligée of psychology with trimmings of inhibitions and frustrations, it may seem to some to be alarmingly naked. Rightly. The loves and feelings of his characters

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were as heavily rich as the valley soil they tilled, as stark as the mountains they traversed, and as urgent and fierce as their fears and hungers—and so equally devoid of all delicacy.

The characters are excellently well drawn from Hendrik van der Berg, the quakerish leader of the clan riding in the lead, a gun in one hand and a Bible in the other, to the last Kaffir servant trailing in the dust miles in rear. Zwatte Peite du Plessis, the hunter ranges miles ahead; Tante Anna de Jong, elephantine and blousy, lolls in her waggon, her eyes and ears missing nothing and her head full of philosophy and wisdom and the knowledge of the ways of men and women; Sara, Peite's Amazon sister, rides beside him; Sannie of the honey-coloured hair dangles her sunburned legs above the rear axle to set a fire in all men's eyes; Hermann, her first lover, rides on his red horse not far away. . . We ride with each in turn, and learn to know and love them.

The tale itself, though told in straightforward, Blackwood style and devoid of all subtleties and tricks for dramatic effect, is never the less drama of high quality. One is held enthralled from the moment we first glimpse Sannie's legs dangling so provokingly, through raids and hunts and fights until the climax of Sannie's abduction by Peite. Then comes the story of Hendrik's maniacal pursuit after the lovers and Sara's terrible death, which is the finest passage of the book. Even then there is no ante-climax; and the drama only reaches its zenith when the last Zulu charge has surmounted the blood-spattered waggon walls of the lagar, and the last assegi has ceased to quiver in its victim. C. D.

All those who find recreation in the pursuit of the hare with hounds should most certainly read "Thoughts on Beagling" by Mr. Peter Wood. Here set down is a collection of simple, undiluted thoughts, based on practical experience, which can supply to novice beaglers the elementary knowledge of their sport and to more experienced followers much food for meditation. This little book is no treatise on the breeding of hounds, kennel management or the wiles of the hare, and we shall have

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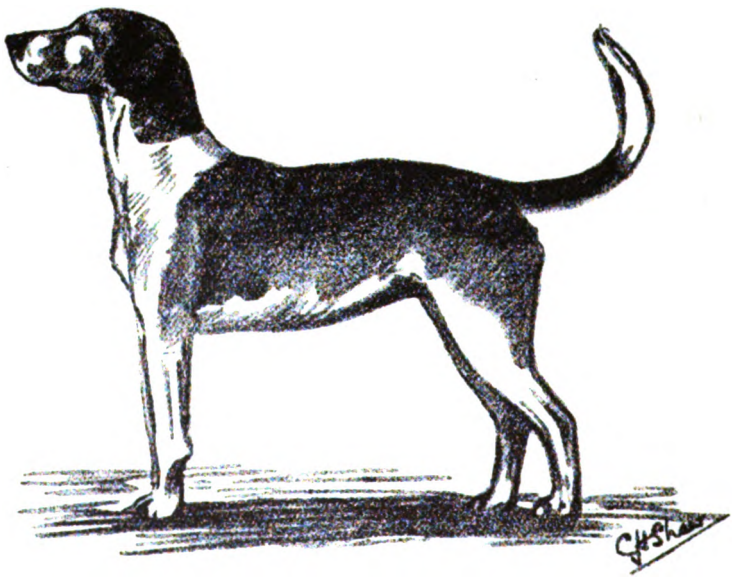
to wait a few years before we read the author's memoirs; instead the impressions of a young man, who has hunted beagles for several seasons, are here set down concisely and clearly in an attractive style.

There may be many masters of beagles who will not agree with Mr. Wood that " whereas foxhounds are being improved daily, the beagle is left to himself to work out his own salvation as best he can midst a myriad of age-old ideas." If such a statement is incorrect and beagles have not reached the high standard of efficiency which some masters claim, there is still consideration necessary for further improvement and for the maintenance of a high level of breeding and I predict that " Thoughts on Beagling " will in that light be of immense value to the cause of beagling.

R.W.



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SPORTING NEWS

LAHORE HUNT HORSE SHOW, 1937.

In previous years, the Horse Show has taken place on one whole day and a half day. This year, two consecutive whole days—the 26th and 27th December —were allotted which were well justified, in that they allowed more time for the judging of classes, for many of which the time allotted is normally nothing like sufficient.

The number of exhibits were slightly less than last year, probably due to the Waziristan Operations but as an offset to this, the quality was very high.

The standard of jumping in all the jumping classes was particularly high this year, resulting in many ties in the final rounds and consequent "jump offs." As usual, both the classes—"Polo Ponies" (Light Weight) and "Polo Ponies" (Likely to make)—had a large number of entries, and the judges had no easy task in selecting the winners. The class "Best Troop Horse Punjab Police," produced a marvellous standard of steadiness. In spite of terrifying noises and objects of all types, and being nearly hit over the head by large, waving flags, the horses remained calm and steady through it all.

The "Handy Hunter Competition" did not fill so well as in past years, due to a stricter enforcement of the condition that the exhibit must be the *bona-fide* property of the exhibitor. This bears out the fact that very few horses of the hunter type are really owned by the average person; they are nearly always horses hired from the Government. A special class for hired horses will probably have to be introduced next year.

On both afternoons of the Show, the 28th Field Brigade R.A. gave an excellent display in the form of an "Activity Ride," an event which is always popular with the spectator.

Now that the majority of British Cavalry Regiments are in the process of being mechanised, the future of those classes which cater for the Cavalry B.O.R. is somewhat in the air. It is understood that by next winter there will be no British other rank's horses on the strength of a mechanising regiment, which will mean that their days of exhibiting at a Horse Show are over. One wonders what the future of the Horse Show holds. Let us hope for the best.

A. G. RUSSELL, Major.
Hon. Sec. Lahore Hunt Horse Show.

LAHORE.
25th January, 1938.

CLASS 1.—E. AND C. HORSES, 15.1 HANDS AND OVER.

1st	Captain J. B. Hobbs and Sqr. Leader C. W. Gore ..	Showman
2nd	Major R. A. de Salis's	Happy Thought

CLASS 2.—E. AND C. PONIES, UNDER 15.1 HANDS.

1st	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Spanish Charm
2nd		

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CLASS 3.—INDIAN HORSES, 15.1 HANDS AND OVER.

1st	Captain J. H. Needham's	Nigel
2nd	Col. and Mrs. L. N. Thomson's	Mother Hubbard

CLASS 4.—ARABS AND INDIAN PONIES, UNDER 15.1 HANDS.

1st	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Olive Stone
2nd	Lt.-Col. J. Le. C. Fowle's	Quick Shot

CLASS 5.—STABLE OF THREE.

1st	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Spanish Charm Olive Stone Grecian
2nd	Captain L. M. Murphy's	Bonfire Bagatelle Chequers

CLASS 6B.—INDIAN FILLIES, 24 TO 48 MONTHS OF AGE.

1st	Miss P. H. Miller's	Teresa
2nd		

CLASS 7A.—HACKS: HORSES, OPEN.

1st	Col. and Mrs. L. N. Thomson's	Mother Hubbard
2nd	Lt.-Col. C. H. Landale's	Silver River

CLASS 7B.—HACKS: PONIES, OPEN.

1st	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Spanish Charm
2nd	Lt.-Col. J. Le. C. Fowle's	Quick Shot

CLASS 8A.—HACKS: INDIAN HORSES.

1st	Col. and Mrs. L. N. Thomson's	Mother Hubbard
2nd	Lt.-Col. C. H. Landale's	Silver River

CLASS 8B.—HACKS: INDIAN PONIES.

1st	Major R. A. de Salis's	Sunny East
2nd	Col. and Mrs. L. N. Thomson's	Red Pepper
3rd	Lt.-Col. J. Le. C. Fowle's	Quick Shot

CLASS 9A.—LADIES' HACKS SIDE SADDLE (OPEN).

1st	Mrs. Simon White's	The Witch
2nd	Mr. G. E. B. Abell's	Cherry Ripe

CLASS 9B.—HACKS, PAIRS, OPEN.

1st	Lt.-Col. J. Le. C. Fowle's	Quick Shot
	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Olive Stone
2nd		

CLASS 10A.—OFFICERS' CHARGERS (MOUNTED BRANCHES).

1st	Lt.-Col. D. E. Whitworth's	Tantalus
2nd	Major R. A. de Salis's	Happy Thought

CLASS 10B.—OFFICERS' CHARGES (DISMOUNTED BRANCHES).

1st	Major H. B. Ellis's	Peter
2nd		

CLASS 10C.—INDIAN OFFICERS' CHARGES.

1st	13th D.C.O. Lancers'	Nomination
2nd	6th D.C.O. Lancers'	Nomination

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CLASS 11B.—POLO PONIES (LIGHT WEIGHT).

1st	Captain L. M. Murphy's	Bagatelle
2nd	Captain K. W. Bols's	Winnie the Pooh
3rd	Major G. Carr-White's	Bachelor's Joy

CLASS 11A.—POLO PONIES—HEAVY WEIGHT.

1st	Mrs. R. H. Wordsworth's	Lucinda
2nd	Major Wansburgh Jones'	Chandelier

CLASS 11C.—POLO PONIES (LIKELY TO MAKE).

1st	Mrs. Bucher's	Star
2nd	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Grecian
3rd	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Olive Stone

CLASS 12.—BEST POLO PONY.

1st	Major Wansburgh Jones'	Chandelier
2nd	Lt.-Col. C. H. Landale's	Silver River

CLASS 13A.—HUNTERS (HEAVY WEIGHT).

1st	Lt.-Col. D. E. Whitworth's	Tantalus
2nd	Captain J. H. Needham's	Nigel

CLASS 13B.—HUNTERS (LIGHT WEIGHT).

1st	Mr. N. J. Wilson's	Jemima
2nd	Captain J. D. de C. Guille's	Golden Blair

CLASS 14A.—JUMPING (OPEN).

1st	13th D.C.O. Lancers'	Nomination
2nd	Sam Browne's Cavalry's	Nomination
3rd	Sam Browne's Cavalry's	Nomination

CLASS 14B.—JUMPING, B.O.R's.

1st	3rd Carabiniers'	Nomination
2nd	3rd Carabiniers'	Nomination
3rd	5th Field Battery, R.A.	No. 149

CLASS 14C.—JUMPING, I.O.R's.

1st	Sam Browne's Cavalry's	Nomination
2nd	Sam Browne's Cavalry's	Nomination
3rd	Sam Browne's Cavalry's	Nomination

CLASS 15.—TEAM JUMPING.

1st	3rd Carabiniers'	Team
2nd	Sam Browne's Cavalry's	Team

CLASS 16A.—BEST GUN TEAM.

1st	5th Field Battery, R.A.	A Sub-Section Team
2nd	3rd Field Battery, R.A.	Team

CLASS 16B.—BEST PAIR LIGHT DRAUGHT HORSES.

1st	3rd Field Battery, R.A.	Pair
2nd	5th Field Battery, R.A.	Pair

CLASS 17A.—BEST TROOP HORSE (BRITISH).

1st	3rd Carabiniers'	Nomination
2nd	3rd Carabiniers'	Nomination

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CLASS 17B.—BEST TROOP HORSE (INDIAN).

1st	6th D.C.O. Lancers' No. 552	Nomination
2nd	13th D.C.O. Lancers' No. 175	Nomination

CLASS 17C.—BEST TROOP HORSE (TROOPS OF INDIAN STATES).

1st	Jind Bodyguard's	Comrade
2nd	Faridkot State Forces'	Don John

CLASS 17D.—BEST TROOP HORSE (PUNJAB POLICE).

1st	M.H.C. Banta Singh's	Hector
2nd	M.C. Gul Baz Khan's	Adam

CLASS 18A.—HANDY HUNTER COMPETITION.

1st	Major T. L. Shea's	Saugor
2nd	Mr. N. J. Wilson's	Jemima
3rd	Mrs. P. L. Orde's	Favourite Fault
Lady's Prize :	Mrs. Simon White's	The Witch

CLASS 18B.—HANDY HORSE COMPETITION.

1st	9th Light Tank Company's	Nomination
2nd	9th Light Tank Company's	Caliph
3rd	6th D.C.O. Lancers'	Nomination

CLASS 19.—CHILDREN'S PONIES.

1st	Best Pony : Master J. H. Abell's	Brownie
	Best Rider : H.H. The Raja of Chama	

CLASS 20.—TONGA PONIES.

1st	Hari Ram's	Tonga No. 78
2nd	Shahabud Din's	Tonga No. 54
3rd	Mohd Salim's	Tonga No. 72

CLASS 21A.—PACK MULES.

1st	L.A.T.T. Company's	No. 4 Troop Team
2nd	2nd Bn. The Royal Scots'	Team of Three

CLASS 21B.—PAIR DRAUGHT MULES.

1st	L.A.T.T. Company's	No. 1 Troop Pair
2nd	2nd Bn. The Royal Scots'	Pair

CLASS 22.—BEST HORSE IN THE SHOW.

1st	Major R. A. de Salis's	Happy Thought

BEST INDIAN HORSE IN THE SHOW.

1st	Col. and Mrs. L. N. Thomson's	Mother Hubbard

CLASS 23.—BEST PONY IN THE SHOW.

1st	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Spanish Charm

BEST INDIAN PONY IN THE SHOW.

1st	Col. J. Le. C. Fowle's	Quick Shot

BEST IMPORTED PONY IN THE SHOW.

	Mr. W. D. Vanrenen's	Spanish Charm

Printed by J. J. Keliher & Co., Ltd., London, S.E.1.

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FIELD MARSHAL EARL LIGONIER, 1743

Colonel of the 8th Regiment of Horse, 1720-1749

(Later 7th Dragoon Guards)

By David Morier

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[illegible]

[illegible] EARL LIGONIER, 17[illegible]

[illegible] Regiment of Horse, 1720-1749

[illegible]th Dragoon Guards)

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

JULY, 1938

EDITORIAL.

SOME of our readers may think that this number, with its new title, should have had at least one article on the future of the Cavalry under their new conditions. The fact is, however, that the mechanization of the Cavalry is not yet completed.

No definite pronouncements have been made yet as to the future strategical and tactical handling of mechanized Cavalry. We are therefore unable to comment either on the fact of mechanization or the use it will be put to in War.

Many serving and retired officers, however, must have formed already fairly definite conclusions as to how they consider the new arms should be handled, and the relative importance of various types of vehicles, light tanks, armoured-cars, motor cycles, machine-gun carriers, etc.

The Editor very much hopes to receive some of these ideas in the form of articles to be put in the Journal either under a *nom de plume* or signed. The directors of the Journal feel sure that nothing but good can come from free discussion and suggestions about an arm of which no-one living has any experience in War. The theories and ideas of those who are actually using them are just as likely to be valuable as those of the unfortunate people sitting in the War Offices of the world who have to compile theoretical books of instruction.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CAVALRY ON MOTOR-CYCLES.

April 16th, 1938.

SIR,

Captain Ritchie's proposal, in your April number, for a regiment mounted on motor-cycles is extremely interesting. I suggest that the efficiency of such a regiment would be still greater if every motor-cycle were fitted with a comfortable pillion-seat and carried two men, at any rate as regards the rank and file. This arrangement would cut down road space, petrol consumption, and cost of equipment by nearly one-half. It would provide a second man to man-handle a machine over obstacles which would defeat a single rider, while perhaps its greatest advantage would be that it would enable the passenger to act as an observer, undistracted by the difficulties of the ground, while the driver devoted his attention to the road.

This might be an important matter when in close contact with the enemy. A single rider, when negotiating rough tracks, will have to keep his eyes glued to the path, and will risk bumping right into hostile patrols. With a pillion-rider however, the latter will be able to keep a sharp look out and also to observe the country even when travelling at speed.

Yours faithfully,

E. P. YEATES, Major.

The Editor,
The Cavalry Journal.

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FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL LIGONIER, K.B.

By Captain Donald Anderson.

Among the thousands of excellent citizens, presented to this country by the French King's foolish revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was Jean Louis de Ligonier. Though persecuted for their faith at home, the Huguenots were deterred cruelly from finding relief from their miseries by emigration. Tradition states that this second surviving son of the sieur de Monteuquet —a child of five at the revocation—had to be smuggled over the frontier in a barrel.

After continuing his education in Switzerland, young Ligonier made his way at the age of seventeen to Dublin. There he was given refuge by his mother's brother, a lieutenant-colonel of Irish Foot in the service of William III. This was in 1697, the year of the peace of Ryswick and the death of Mary II of England.

On the re-opening of war with France four years later, Ligonier joined Marlborough's army as a volunteer, and was one of the two who first climbed the breach at the storming of the citadel of Liège, his companion being killed by his side.

In the following year he bought a captain's commission in the 10th Foot, with whom he fought at Schellenberg, Blenheim, and Ramillies. At Oudenarde, Wynendael, the wood of Taisnière, Malplaquet, and in most of the actions and sieges in the Low Countries down to 1710 he played parts of progressive importance.

In 1712 he was appointed governor of the key fortress of Saint Philip in Minorca. Two years later he sailed with Lord Cobham for Vigo as adjutant-general; and greatly distinguished himself by carrying the strongly held Fort Marin, sword in hand at the head of a hundred grenadiers. In 1720 he was

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appointed colonel of the 8th Horse (now 7th Dragoon Guards), then commonly known as "The Black Horse" from its black facings. He held this colonelcy for twenty-nine years.

Under Ligonier's diligent, skilled, and kindly command the Black Horse soon became one of the finest regiments in Europe. It was recruited mostly from younger sons of ancient and respectable Irish families; and so much as twenty to thirty guineas would be paid for the privilege of joining as a trooper.

On an occasion, the regiment was ordered on foreign service while its horses were out at grass and clothing was due for renewal. At the royal review before sailing, it had the disadvantage of standing between two freshly equipped English regiments. But George II had a keen eye for real quality; and, as a good General, he wished to give the Colonel an opportunity of heartening his men under the supercilious stares of their smarter neighbours.

"Ligonier," he said, "your men have the air of soldiers; their horses, indeed, look poorly—how is it?"

"Sire," replied the Colonel, "the men are Irish and gentlemen, the horses are English."

A contemporary manuscript records also: "From the time of their leaving Ireland, there never was an instance of a man's having deserted; there never was a man or a horse taken by the enemy; nor a man tried by general court-martial; there were but six men died of a natural death"—Ligonier kept an additional surgeon for his regiment at his own expense—; "and there were thirty-seven private men promoted to commissions." Small is the wonder that this regiment still recalls with pride its old name "Ligonier's."

In the words of its regimental historian: "For nearly two hundred years his name has been a household word in the Regiment. To this day one of the first articles of faith a recruit learns is his reverence for the name of Ligonier—to this day no Regimental Sports are held but at least one event is called after him. Chargers innumerable have borne his name, the very children have been christened after him. His kindly face is to be seen in the Officers' Mess, in the Sergeants' Mess, and in the

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Recreation Room; his crest and motto are borne by every member of the Regiment; his old Standard now hangs within the barrack walls. These are the outward and visible signs of the influence this great soldier has exercised over all of us for nearly two centuries; but there exists another influence, equally real though intangible—it is a spirit which calls and has called to each one of us from the past, whose voice is equally insistant in peace or in war, whose message is uttered in greater or less degree to each one of us, setting before us an ideal of nobility of character, of devotion to duty and to the Regiment."

In 1735 Colonel Ligonier was promoted brigadier-general; in 1739 he became major-general, governor of Kinsale, and master of the Irish buckhounds. His plan for the defence of Cork is preserved in the British Museum.

In 1743 he commanded the second division of the army in the march across the Rhine and at the battle of Dettingen. For his conduct at the latter action the King created him a knight banneret, a revived mediaeval distinction granted nowhere but under the royal standard on the field of battle. Next year he was invested with the knighthood of the Bath. Promotion to lieutenant-general followed quickly.

At Fontenoy, in 1745, he commanded the British foot, and was given the credit for the successful withdrawal of the army; though he himself gave the credit to his subordinate, the Earl of Crawford, whose brigade covered the retreat. Crawford returned the compliment by declaring Ligonier "an extremely good officer." During this campaign Ligonier acted as adviser to the young though able Duke of Cumberland; and accompanied him home for the suppression of the rising in Scotland.

While the troubles in Scotland were being dealt with by his superior, Ligonier was sent back to the Netherlands in command of all the troops in British pay. In this capacity he was engaged in the bloody affair at Roucoux, near Liège, where Prince Charles of Lorraine, commanding the allied armies, tried to do more than his forces allowed, and was worsted by Marshal Saxe. At one point of the action Ligonier had eight battalions under his hand against fifty-five of the enemy. In his own words, "as

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soon as two French brigades had been repulsed, a third brigade ran in." A retirement began, but Ligonier rallied his British battalions, and they advanced again. Then the Dutch gave way, and the whole line had to fall back. Ligonier covered the retirement with the British cavalry.

Early in 1747 the Duke of Cumberland resumed command on the Continent; and Ligonier took the rank of general of horse. At the battle of Lauffeld Marshal Saxe was determined to crush the flank of the British infantry, then retiring steadily but unsupported by their allies, who had fled. Ligonier saw the danger; he placed himself at the head of a brigade of dragoons composed of the Greys, Inniskillings, 4th, 7th, and the Duke's. Straight at the massed French cavalry he led them, crashed through, and fell upon the infantry behind. There the depleted brigade was galled by musketry from in front and by superior French squadrons on the flanks. Ligonier's horse was shot under him; and the brigade was broken beyond reform. Cumberland galloped in to rally them, and with difficulty led them out through the French dragoons to rejoin the main body, which was enabled by Ligonier's diversion to retreat in safety. But Ligonier was captured.

Marshal Saxe presented him to the French King, with the words, "Sire, I present to your majesty a man who by one glorious action has disconcerted all my projects." Louis XV, who had watched the charge from a distance, complimented Ligonier, and later employed him as an intermediary in the negotiations which ended in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

This was Ligonier's last battle. By now he was sixty-seven years old.

On his return home the electors of Bath returned him to Parliament, without his having offered himself as a candidate. In 1749 he was transferred to the colonelcy of the 2nd Dragoon Guards; and in 1753 to that of the Blues. Four years later the Duke of Cumberland's feud with Pitt came to a head, and Cumberland had to resign; Ligonier succeeded him as commander-in-chief of the army and colonel of the 1st Guards. Other honours fell thickly on him. He was created viscount,

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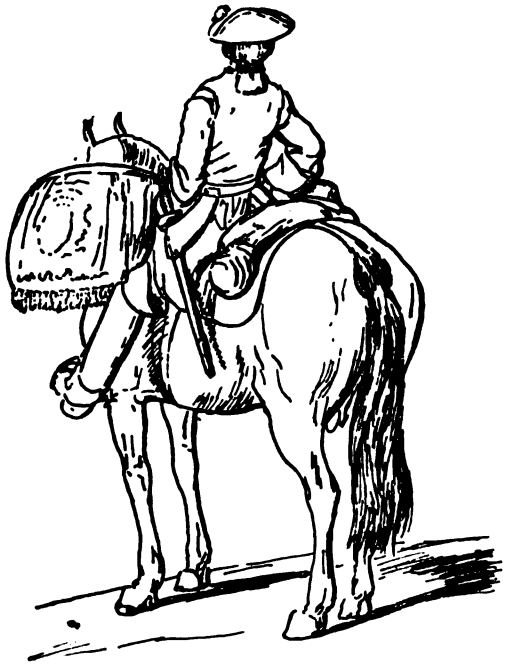
baron, and earl; and was sworn to the Privy Council. In 1766 he attained the rank of Field-Marshal.

At ninety years of age Lord Ligonier died, full of honour and achievement but, strangely, not of wounds. In his nineteen sieges and twenty-three general actions—in one of which twenty-two bullets pierced his clothing—not once did an enemy sword, bayonet, or missile cut his skin.

Above his monument in Westminster Abbey is carved the epitomic legend, "Rege et Victoria". Equally apt would have been the Ligonier family's motto, "Quo Fata Vocant," a call which John Ligonier never knew how to disregard.

The portrait of Lord Ligonier, reproduced as a frontispiece to this number of the Cavalry Journal, is a very fine example of the work of David Morier. It was probably painted about 1743.

The Editor of the Cavalry Journal is indebted to the kindness of Nobile Gr. Uff. G. N. de Facci Negrati, of the Italian Embassy in London, for permission to reproduce it.



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A CAVALRY OFFICER'S EXPERIENCES ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER DURING THE WAR.

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

I.

Early in August the mess table of the 1st Bengal Lancers at Peshawar presented the unusual sight of nearly a full complement of officers; those on leave in India had been suddenly recalled, and instead of the customary four or five at this season, all of us, except those at home, were there. War, the incredible, stupendous war with Germany, had been declared. Little news came over the wires. A hush, a hush of intolerable suspense, brooded over the rising of the curtain. We had a dim vision of the Germanic hordes, like the Huns of old, swarming hoarse-throated across the frontiers. Concerning France and Britain, all was silence.

Then, one sweltering afternoon at polo, we learned of the landing of British troops at Boulogne, to the strains of "Tipperary."

A few evenings later, the Colonel came very late into dinner. He said:

"The British Expeditionary Force is in action!"

I cannot describe the emotional effect of this long-expected announcement. Our Army was small; all of us had brothers, cousins, friends of school and Sandhurst, at that moment engaged in what we had been taught to believe would be the one tremendous, decisive clash between the nations. And we were out of it.

That was the unendurably bitter part. We were out of it. All would be over in a few days, or weeks at the most. So we all believed—except Tom Burke, the doctor, who would never

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wear his medals. He enraged us by declaring with a chuckle that we should all get more than enough of it before it was over. He always did pose as holding views contrary to the ordinary—just to provoke. No, chained inexorably to the Frontier, inert and useless, playing polo, we must wait with what patience we could to hear the outcome of the cataclysmic duel—to learn our country's fate.

I cannot recall without a heartache the faces of those youthful companions around the mess table on that night. Their bones are lying in Flanders, on the Frontier, in Mesopotamia, in Galipolli, in Palestine.

Next day, with an unrecapturable sensation, I read the first casualty list. I had known so many of them. A brother of one of our officers was among the killed.

With ever lengthening faces we moved the flags backward on the great war map in the mess. The official *communiqués*, the press, spoke in a language of vague and airy optimism, but, to educated soldiers, that rapid retrogression declared a disaster of the first magnitude. Rumours came of an Expeditionary Force from India. Individually our officers began to go; the Staff College graduates to billets on the staff; the Colonel to an ill-fated East African expedition; Jumbo Fulton, our youngest subaltern, (who had spent his leave between Sandhurst and joining, in the new adventure of flying), to the Flying Corps—soon to crash among the Turks, and to undergo indescribable hardships as their prisoner. Some of the infantry battalions in Peshawar mobilized for France. We marched with them to the station, wished them, enviously, God speed, while their trains pulled out to the strains of "Tipperary" from the massed bands on the platform.

What frantic efforts we made, those of us who were left! what letters, telegrams, petitions, importunities to everyone we happened to know in high places. Many wrote to the King.

An officer of the Kyber Rifles achieved the impossible feat of vanishing from Landi Kotal, and by means still unknown, of evading the close network of authority and getting home. Eventually he was identified with a sergeant killed at Loos.

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II.

Holland-Pryor, now commanding, sent me down country to our old friend and Honorary Colonel, the Maharajah of Mahdipur, on a forlorn mission; namely, to try to induce him to use his great influence with the authorities to get us sent to France. It proved, indeed, a curious experience. I arrived on the very day that one of the Maharajah's infantry battalions, which had been mobilized to form part of an Imperial Service Brigade for Egypt, was to entrain for its concentration camp. His Highness determined to give them a right royal send-off. Everybody of consequence was commanded to the station, which had been bravely decorated with bunting; several bands played rousing airs on the platform, another whole battalion stood drawn up as a Guard of Honour. The troop-trains waited ready, chalked in huge letters with "Berlin Express," "To Potsdam," "The Mahdipur Tigers," etc., etc. Presently the strains of a distant band told us of the heroes' approach. The band marched in great style on to the platform—but there was very little behind it. Most of the men had slipped away home on the way from their barracks. His Highness, however, was not the man to be disconcerted by a little miscarriage of that sort. After a moment's consideration, he gave a few energetic, rapid orders. In a twinkling, the battalion on Guard of Honour were marched into the empty places; the doors were slammed on them; the guard blew his whistle; bands blared;—and amid rousing cheers from us all, and with tears running down their cheeks, off went these fire-eaters to kill the Kaiser. What happened to the poor wretches, unmobilized, without a stitch of kit beyond what they stood up in, I never heard.

In spite of this, and some similar incidents, the response of Indians as a whole to a call far remote from their lives and their understanding, must remain one of the marvels of history. From the beginning, recruits poured in, and continued to do so up to the end. Perhaps the excitement of nations moving to war, makes a profound, irresistible appeal to the primal instinct of mankind.

The Maharajah heard my petition with warm and practical

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sympathy. He immediately wired to Simla requesting our release for France, and offering to replace us on the Frontier with two of his own cavalry regiments, at his own expense. But nothing came of it.

III.

After the first enormous upheaval, the few of us who were left began to settle more or less into the routine of a training depot. We sent off a draft every month to reinforce the Indian Cavalry Division, which was now on its way to France. I had had the heart-breaking experience of watching its great fleet of transports, ships of every size and description, setting out from Bombay—where I had gone in the forlorn hope of being able to join the Division as a French or German or Italian interpreter, declaring that I could speak these languages like a native; but on being put to the test, was told I must have meant like a native of India. Another little group of transports lay, almost unnoticed, in an obscure corner of the harbour, destined for "The Gulf"—later to grow into the enormous Mesopotamia Field Force. Now, in our new rôle, very heavy duties fell on me; henceforward there would be no leave and very little leisure for the Adjutant; he would have to work all through the hot weather as through the cold, for temporary officers, recruits, remounts, poured in unceasingly upon us.

They soon began to arrive, these "Temporaries" or "Indian Army Reserve of Officers," as they were called officially; men of all conditions—planters, railway men, men from the Departments, Salt, Police, Indian Civil, etc.; but the majority were young business men from the offices and banks and mercantile houses of the cities.

IV.

It is impossible for me to speak of Holland-Pryor, our new Colonel, without falling into superlatives. He was, without exaggeration, the finest soldier I have ever met, alike in the field, on the training ground, in the office. More cold, firm, austere than ever in outward seeming, I soon discovered while working with him the extraordinary depths of that clear decisive mind. His calm vision penetrated unerringly to the bottom of

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every character. He treated every officer according to his temperament. The fractious, insubordinate X, he spoke to like a dog, downing him, so to speak, with a sledge-hammer whenever he came volubly into the office with some urgent wild scheme. X. himself used to complain, laughingly, that the Colonel treated him like a coolie, but, figuratively, he licked Holland-Pryor's boots, and became for the time a valuable officer and a pleasant companion. It was inevitable that this man should soon play an epic part. Soon, when I had seen him in action, I should reverence him even more. High physical courage, I believe, argues a high, if possibly—or probably—an inarticulate philosophy; a man, I think, who holds his own life as negligible in the pursuit of duty, or even of sport, *must* be admired.

V.

In October came the orders to send a regular officer with reinforcements to France. Army Headquarters detailed a senior Captain by name for this duty.

On November 19th, exactly a month after the previous order, came a second one, telling us to send another reinforcement officer. Each of us formed up solemnly at orderly room to put forward the reasons why we should especially be selected. I claimed, with unbecoming immodesty, that, most of the onus of the war measures having fallen on me as Adjutant, I could do with a change. Ned Pott claimed that as Master of the P.V.H., since Dickie Grosvenor's departure, he had performed a public service which merited recognition. After we had stated our cases, Holland-Pryor continued to stare at us without remark, so that we began to repeat our arguments, with a feeling that they did not sound quite so convincing under that cold grey gaze as when we had rehearsed them to ourselves. The choice fell on Pott.

Holland-Pryor told me privately that I should go next month. I lived, therefore, in a state of exhilarated expectancy, counting the days until the 19th of December. Sure enough, on that day, the telegram came; but it told us to detail one of the I.A.R Officers, whose training by that time, it was thought, should have

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fitted them for active service. Never again did they call for a regular officer from us for the Western front.

Sick from hope deferred, I settled more or less into a life that seemed curiously unreal amid the distant reverberations of the War. One lived in the same house, the same mess, but surrounded by different and ever changing faces. Territorial and down-country units had replaced our old friends who had gone overseas. We played polo, we hunted, we danced, we kept up Christmas with a show of gaiety—among strangers. Appalling numbers of the companions of a few months before, including Dickie Grosvenor, our great Master of the P.V.H., were already dead or maimed. Never, I think, had I felt so lonely as in those days; a ghost haunting the scene of old happy memories, separated from the former life by an incalculable gulf of spirit.

VI.

This drab period was relieved for me by a brief, warm, intimate friendship with a remarkable man, who was then the Brigade Major. Our friendship began in the unusual manner of my breaking two of his ribs by a stupid foul at polo. Instead of being angry or reproachful, he took the very painful accident as the most trivial occurrence, at once stopping my apologies with good-humoured laughter. His typically British, masculine, virile nature, so irresistibly attractive, immediately captivated me. Although the fact was scarcely known in our narrow circle, he was world-famous as an Arabian explorer; in the Royal Geographical Society his name already figured among the immortals. During the next few months scarcely a day or night passed that we did not foregather; and then one morning as we rode back down the Mall from hunting, an orderly met us with his orders for Mesopotamia. No words can describe his delight.

Fame has not treated Gerard Leachman with the same lavish recognition as it has meted out to his great and more picturesque colleague in the Arabian field. Without in any way attempting to suggest an invidious comparison between Leachman and Lawrence, it may be said that Leachman's

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achievements were in some respects the more remarkable. Possessing the personality of an essentially normal British officer, loathing anything in the nature of limelight, working in a clouded and remote theatre of the world-war, without money, without publicity, his hands ever tied by conventional officialdom —disappearing " into the blue " for months at a time on his white pony, in an old battered sun-hat and uniform, he became, indeed, a legendary figure among the Mesopotamia Field Force—the " Uncrowned King of Mespot." But, beyond there, his renown did not reach. He still awaits an historian.*

VII.

I attended at about this time a singular meeting of the Hunt Committee—the most extraordinary, perhaps, in its annals. The portraits of the past Masters hung on the walls of the Club. One of these ex-Masters, Z, had been seized with panic during the retreat from Mons; had behaved in a manner which had resulted in his being cashiered for cowardice. Curiously, I had noticed him at a Point-to-Point sometime before; how he forced himself to ride, although his nerve had obviously gone; how, once a fine horseman, he constantly gave himself bad falls through involuntarily jerking his horse's mouth at the moment of taking off. It was moved that, in view of his disgraceful conduct, his portrait should be taken down from the gallery. I protested, I remember, against this motion. I felt that I might very easily do the same thing myself. Indeed, had not even Arthur Wellesley abandoned his men in one of his early engagements? None of the half-dozen of us passing judgment around that table had been in a battle; who were we to condemn?

Years later, when I read of that officer's death from wounds; of how, after being cashiered, he had immediately enlisted in the ranks; had been wounded again and again and again; had won almost every Allied decoration for gallantry, and had, finally, been reinstated in his old rank by the King—it pleased me to remember that I had not felt competent to turn my thumbs down.

* A life of Leachman under the title of "Paladin of Arabia," was written by Major N. N. E. Bray, in 1936.

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In April there were rumours of trouble on the Frontier; and late one afternoon a camel *sowar* arrived at my bungalow with orders for the Movable Column to march for Shabkadar that night.

During that summer we took part in three battles, of which, in normal times, one would have provided the sensation of several weeks as a major disaster to the British arms, while the other two would have been proclaimed in the press under enormous headlines as being among our most important victories in Frontier history. But amid the larger events of the World-War, they passed unnoticed.

In the following pages I shall try to describe in their proper sequence some of the skirmishes and battles and cavalry charges of that summer, together with the part we had in them.

CHAPTER TWO.

I.

The Movable Column, consisting roughly of a Brigade and two of our squadrons, marched out to Shabkadar Fort, which lies on the margin of a kind of neutral belt a few miles wide between the Border and British India. Although we were on the way to a disaster, as these things are measured by the smaller scale of India, many of us set off in picnic spirits. We were surprised by the air of gloom over an infantry mess whom we passed having their lunch on the roadside. Perhaps their gloom was prophetic.

The troops were camped inside and around the huge mud walls of the Fort; those outside—including us—entrenching themselves within a perimetre earthwork. We learned from the Political Officers that the hitherto obscure Chaknawar Mulla had been stirring up the tribes to Holy War on the ostensible grounds of our fighting against Constantinople, the Holy See of Islam. As everybody knows, the Mahomedans believe that if they die while fighting for their Faith, they go straight up in their earthly bodies to a paradise where hundreds of lovely women are waiting to welcome them. Their burial, therefore, and anything in the way of mutilation of their bodies, are, in the light

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of this belief, supremely important to them. I stress this point because, in one way or another, we were for ever coming against it in our frontier fighting; it explains many of the horrors.

It also gives our Intelligence a fairly certain indication of when the tribes intend to come down for a big fight; since, for some weeks previously, their emissaries will be buying large quantities of linen in the Peshawar bazaars—in which to wrap up their dead and carry them back to their own villages for burial. The Chaknawar's people had recently bought several camel-loads of it.

Active service seemed a delightful holiday to me after the endless routine of the office and training. Morning and afternoon we sent out a patrol towards the foothills under Hafiz Khor, and I always went with it, filled with eagerness for the first view of the enemy. So far, although half of civilized Europe were already veterans, I, a professional soldier, had never seen a shot fired.

One morning the Divisional General, General C. J. Blomfield, who had his headquarters in the Fort, went out to make a personal reconnaissance, accompanied by Holland-Pryor and me. It was, I remember, such a glorious sparkling morning, with the great snow-peaks visible on the far horizon, that even that landscape looked pleasant, although it appeared, as ever, barren, deserted, the ruined towers of Hafiz Khor, and further back, of Shabaz Khor, standing out among the jagged crags like skeletons. Our horses' hoofs rattled very noisily over the stones in the wide and lonely desolation. I began to doubt if it could ever be peopled again, so lonely did it seem, in spite of the fact that innumerable battles had been fought there since, and probably before, Alexander's time. We stopped here and there, scouts out ahead, to note some feature of the ground, to scan through our glasses the tangle of fanged rocks which rose up behind the long low line of dunes. We had at last turned back, and were crossing a channel in the wide shallow stony bed of the Subhan river, when there broke out a rather insignificant half-hearted sort of popping from the spurs behind us. I heard a faint whining in the air, then an angrier screech, as

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a bullet ricochted off one of the boulders near by. Insensibly we quickened our pace. The polo pony which I was riding chose this moment to lie down in the middle of the stream, rolled over, and gave me a complete ducking. Holland-Pryor came back and pulled me up. Some wisps of smoke floating in the clear air above the crest of the dunes, showed us where the shots were coming from. All laughing very heartily to show our contempt for this trivial danger, we cantered out of range. Presently a few gaunt figures showed themselves among the rocks on the skyline behind us, sinister-looking in the middle of that wilderness. They were the men, whom I had never harmed, who had never harmed me, but who wanted to kill me, and whom I wanted to kill.

While I had been struggling in the water, a bullet struck a rock about a yard from my head. It hit so hard, with such a smack, such a cruel viciousness of impact, that, although it missed my body, it made an indelible impression on my mind. From that moment I knew that I could never be a hero.

The enemy had begun to arrive. We were warned that night to look out for sniping into the camp. While on my evening round, I found that our new Medical Officer, Bertie Carter, (soon to become so famous in Mesopotamia—who had recently been posted to us in place of Tom Burke, the latter having gone to Egypt) had rigged up a sort of operating theatre in a hastily dug hole just under the ground level. Buckets, swabs, antiseptics, chloroform, rows of glittering knives, all the rather dreadful paraphernalia, lay there with the aspect of an invitation. It reminded me, I don't know why, of the pictures of the cockpit in the Victory at *Trafalgar*. It was a side of the "greatest of sports" on which I had not much dwelt, and I turned away with a little shudder into the hospital tent. As I entered, one of the fever cases, lying on the ground, seemed to give a quiet sigh and relax more comfortably. If Bertie had not stooped down to close his eyes, I should not have suspected that the man had, at that moment, died.

The enemy did not snipe our section of the perimetre that night, nor in fact, at all during this brief unfortunate expedi-

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tion, though towards midnight we were put on the *qui vive* by one or two blares of rapid fire from the troops on the opposite side of the Fort.

When the majority of the Chaknawar's *lashkars* were reported to have reached Hafiz Khor, the G.O.C. decided to make a demonstration along the near side of the foothills, hoping by this means to encourage any dilatory *lashkars* to hurry up to the rendezvous. The methods of mobilization and transport of these people are so primitive, and the necessity of removing their dead for burial after an engagement so urgent, that they can only fight one pitched battle before dispersing again to their homes. The General hoped, therefore, to get them concentrated in their fullest numbers, and then to smash them in one decisive encounter—on the same principle that you let a boil gather up to its head before you lance it. He meant this slight demonstration to be, as it were, merely a poultice to quicken the gathering of the boil; on no account whatever to become a serious engagement with the enemy; and then to go out the next day with his whole force of all arms for the real thing.

The Brigadier commanding the Movable Column had charge of the demonstration. I think, but cannot be sure, now, that one of our squadrons went with the Column, while certainly Holland-Pryor and I remained with one squadron at Headquarters, as Divisional Troops, expecting on that day to figure only in the rôle of spectators.

In case the General might want mounted orderlies, or any other routine service from us, I passed the morning with him and Hugh Wilson, one of our officers who was his A.D.C., up on the platform of the observation tower on the Fort. Through the shimmering heat-haze we could only make out very indistinctly with our glasses some dots of infantry, almost invisible among the khaki boulders, creeping over the plain towards the gentle rise of the dunes. Presently we could no longer see them at all. We began to fear that the enemy, having seen the strength of our force, might have thought better of it, and gone off home again. Soon, however, the faint report of a few scattered shots reassured us on that score. For three or four hours nothing much hap-

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pened, just an occasional shot or two. The General, always genial with youngsters, was in the best of spirits; he chaffed us for a while, his short, robust figure shaking with rich chuckles; then, being an artist of some merit, he got out his book and began to make a sketch of the landscape.

While writing these lines I remembered that after the General's death some years ago, his family gave me, among other souvenirs, all his old field message books, and having searched through them, I am now looking at that sketch which I watched him making over twenty years ago, on Shabkadar observation tower. It brings back again, vividly, the emotions of those unusual hours, divided now from the present by a film of such different experiences that they had seemed almost to belong to the dream-stuff of another existence.

In the book, also, are memoranda of the orders he gave, and an abstract of the messages which he received. Here is the first entry:

Messages received 18/4/15.

10.0 a.m. (from O.C. Abazai).

Patrol Guides Cavalry fired on by small party of enemy on foothills south of Alikandi—one horse killed and one wounded.

This news caused some uneasiness, since it indicated that the scope of the operations might spread beyond our immediate front. Meanwhile, every moment it became more and more difficult to see what was going on, owing to the enormous and ever-increasing crowd of holiday sightseers. At the sound of the first shot, they began to pour on to the scene from every village within a radius of about fifteen miles, on foot, on *tats*, in ekkas and tum-tums, all agog to see the fun, a huge jostling kind of Derby Day crowd, except that most of them looked like characters out of the Old Testament. They swarmed over the plain between us and the foothills, clustering thickly on every little eminence from which they might get a better view; and when our retirement began, large numbers of them were actually between us and the enemy; and since it was often impossible to distinguish them from the Tribesmen, their presence in the line

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of fire, the fear of killing them by mistake, very seriously hampered our action, particularly that of the guns and machine guns.

The next entry in the book is a message from the Brigadier, embodying one from the advanced battalion commander.

11.52 a.m. (from G.O.C., K.M.G.).

Following from VIII Rajputs.

Enemy appears rather strong along foothills and Hafiz Khor a.a.a. Am rather held up at present and can only advance with difficulty. Please state if any instructions a.a.a. I have sent to tell them to hang on, but not to get tied up in rocky hills.

And again, *sic:*

12.22 p.m. (from General Young, 1 mile E. of Hafiz Khor).

Enemy have received about 100 more reinforcements (a.a.a.)—More are seen arriving from West (a.a.a.). VIII Rajputs ordered to withdraw slowly.

It must have been shortly after this, that, suddenly, a tremendous roar of musketry broke out among the hills. Still busy with his sketch, the General, who had been wounded at Omdurman, and on Spion Kop, to whom this kind of noise was nothing new or terrible, remarked to me with a chuckle:

"Listen, Hathi, my boy, to the battle which doth so furiously rage!"

I grinned, trying not to show the agitation which was shaking me from head to toe. No sound that I had ever heard before had filled me with such an awful excitement as this loud-echoing thunder-roll of masses of men killing each other out there, in the wilderness. I longed to be in it, yet dreaded the order which would send me there.

There are no more notes in the book for that day; nor is my memory of the sequence of events after this at all clear. I do remember that soon we saw more troops advancing up the foothills, when, according to the plan, all should have been clear of them, well on their way back to camp; that the barking of the field guns began to add to the uproar; that before long a change came over the happy atmosphere of our little party on the obser-

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vation tower. A steady trickle of wounded began to arrive. A wounded officer, his sleeve and jacket soaked in blood, made some grave report to the General; Hugh was sent flying off to the Brigadier, and I hurried down the ladder with orders for our squadron to move out at once. From man to man there quickly spread the consciousness of something awry.

We will suppose ourselves for a while with the Brigadier commanding the Column. Halted on the plain at some distance from the foothills, with the greater part of his force in hand, he had seen the advanced battalion scale the dunes; he had heard the desultory firing; on receipt of the message quoted above, he had instructed the battalion commander to withdraw slowly. All was going according to the plan. More and more parties of the enemy could be seen among the distant hills, hurrying to the scene: tomorrow the boil would be ripe for lancing.

At about one o'clock the yakdans were unloaded, a picnic lunch was served, the Brigadier and his staff sat under the shade of some boulders taking refreshment in the midday heat, when they were made uneasy by the sudden loud volume of fire which had so shaken me five miles away on Shabkadar observation tower.

The Brigadier's A.D.C., young Pollard-Urquahart of the Royal Sussex Regiment, happened to be a great friend of one of our subalterns. He dined very frequently in our mess, and I knew and much liked this unusual boy. He had, for so young a soldier, an unique knowledge of army history and traditions, he could tell you the story in faultless detail of any regiment since the date of its raising, and he had read the biographies of the Commanders in every out-of-the-way corner where the British arms had fought. No one felt more passionately the stigma of being left inactive in India during the War, for he burned to distinguish himself, not for the sake of medals, but out of a kind of mediæval chivalry. The boy was a knight. It is easy to understand with what delight he galloped off on the Brigadier's order to him to find out what was going on up in front.

So far as the scene may ever be reconstructed (for almost all

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the actors in it are dead), it would seem that he pushed his way through the retirement amid the mazy jigsaw of the hills, to the rearmost double company. He saw this almost totally cut off by the enemy, the Tribesmen shouting uncouthly as they leaped down the crags from rock to rock, pouring in a murderous fire at point-blank range. He saw two British officers struggling desperately to carry off the body of a comrade. Here was a situation of which he must have often dreamed. Instead of carrying out his orders, of trying to get back at once with his report to the Brigadier, he drew his revolver and rushed into the fight.

No news came from the battle line.

Soon the remainder of the Column, with cavalry and guns, was moving forward to extricate the remnants of the battalion.

The afternoon was wearing on when our second squadron moved with all speed out of the camp. Dead and wounded were coming in, as we rode out through the Fort gates. Holland-Pryor, if I remember rightly, rode on to the squadron which had already become engaged up in the hills, telling me to stay with the other one. Our orders were to cover the retirement fairly wide on the left flank; to seek an opportunity of charging the enemy, if he should come down from the hills to follow our retirement up. But he did not come down.

The part that I played in this, my first battle, was surely a strange one. First we occupied tactical eminences close under the dunes; then, as the long lines of infantry began to creep down the slopes, to retire across the plain, we fell back, abreast of their rearguard; and when they began to slant away eastward towards Shabkadar, the other squadron joined us, and we covered the front rather than the flank. By this time, having partially got over my emotional disturbance, I was anxious to hit back in some way. I can see myself with our rear troop prancing about on the little stony hillocks in the plain, surrounded by crowds of the jabbering Biblical sightseers, at once amused, exasperated, and a little afraid of them. I had not pictured this kind of company in the middle of a battle. But during the retirement I scarcely heard the hum of a bullet, or saw any signs of the

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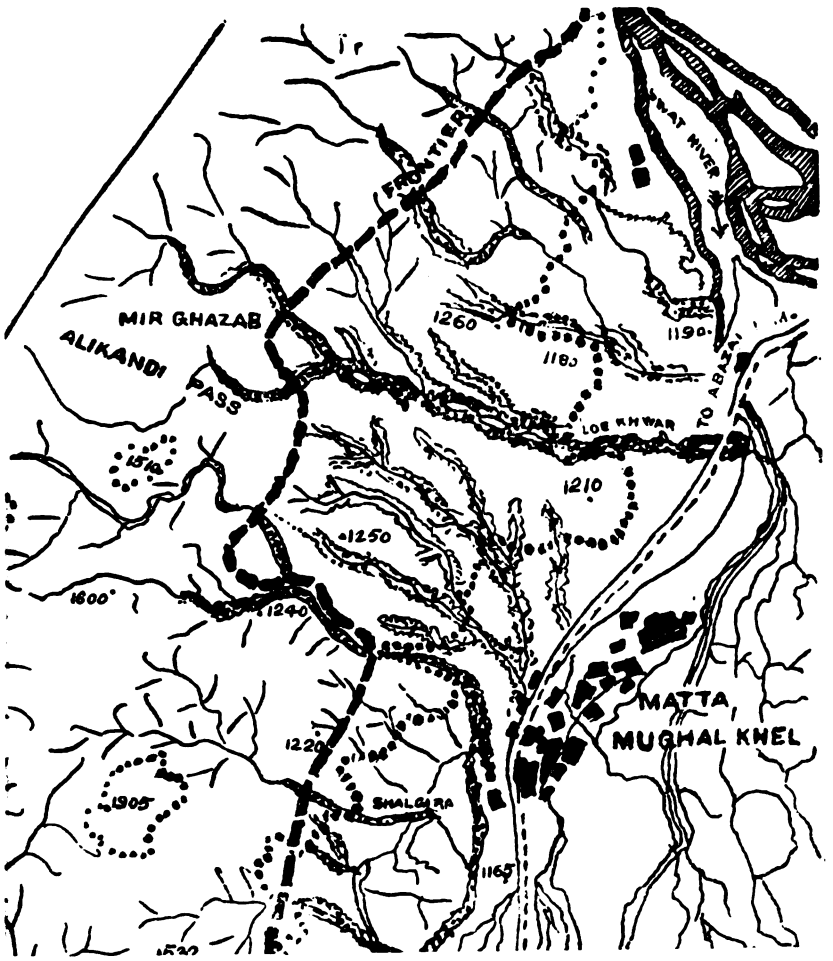

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enemy. He was, as it turned out, already quite satisfied with his day's work.

Towards evening, after the message had come that all the other units were back in camp, and while we, having reformed, were jogging in along the road, a wild fusilade broke out from one section of our perimetre under the Fort. The bullets whistled over our heads and rattled among the roadside trees, smacking off bits of branches. It turned out that, as sometimes happens on service, a small portion of our troops had been seized by a sudden unaccountable panic, and had started blazing away over the parapet at nothing—causing, fortunately, only a few casualties among men who were sitting on the latrines.

Up to this time I had no clear idea of how the battle had gone, nor of anything much out of the ordinary having happened; but as I rode under the gate of the Fort with the rearguard, inclined to be jocular, the haggard face of Hugh Wilson, who stood there checking the units as they came in, gave me a shock.

"We've taken an awful knock, old boy," he said gloomily.

He then told me, with his hand on my horse's neck, of the mishap to the VIII Rajputs:—how a number of officers and men were still lying out, missing, behind us in the hills, including our young friend Pollard-Urquahart, the Brigadier's A.D.C.

Gloom lay over the mess that night. As the sun went down like a red ball behind the ragged peaks, lighting them up in a wild and eerie flare, I tried to stop my imagination from picturing the scenes that might be going on among the savages out there, over the bodies of our comrades. One good thing, experienced Frontier officers agreed that the Tribesmen, in their ferocious, unrestrained excitability, would have hacked to death at once any of our men who had fallen alive into their hands: they would not keep them alive to torture them. At dinner, as the dark shadows stole down over them, we kept glancing silently towards the hills.

The following note appears in the General's message book for the next day:

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19/4/15. Morning information that Lashkar has withdrawn and that Mahasul's son and Bazwan's brother are among the killed. Stated that 100 dead were carried away from Hafiz Khor at night by tribesmen. In afternoon casualties more or less accurately estimated at 160. We went out at 11.0 a.m. with Movable Column. 2 squadrons. 1 Section R.F.A. and recovered bodies . . . . no sign of enemy and cattle coming down to graze.

So the boil did not wait to be lanced. In a blaze of reputation unsurpassed among the Tribes, the Chaknawar withdrew with his spoils—British rifles, revolvers, boxes of ammunition, uniforms, accoutrements, fragments of officers' bodies.

At eleven o'clock, the Column marched out; and as we rode forward screening the infantry towards the foothills, we saw from afar off the bodies of our men, stark naked, glistering at intervals along the dunes, where they had been laid out as a mockery against us.

The melancholy recession, keeping pace with the slow step of the *dhoolies,* crawled its way back across the now peaceful landscape to Shabkadar. After lunch we paraded to bury the dead.

The next day we marched back to Peshawar.

CHAPTER THREE.

I.

The summer months of 1915 passed drearily with us. All hope of ever getting away from the Frontier to one of the main theatres had receded. Our Reserve officers passed quickly through our hands to France or Mespot, and others came, in an endless succession, but never a one of the few remaining regulars was sent. And of our little experience of warfare, we could not feel very proud.

In these grey times I enjoyed a status among the Mohammedans in the place out of all proportion to my merits, or even to my inclinations. It came to me simply because I happened to be the master of my servant, Adbul Majid. This austere and

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imperious elderly gentleman was an *imam*, a *mulla*, a holy man—"*mulla jee*," the men always addressed him.

When the troops were out, he led the morning and evening prayers and took the service on Fridays; and I came in for the reflected glory.

On August 4th, the anniversary of the beginning of the War, we dressed up in our gold lace and went to a special service in the church to pray for peace. But without much conviction, for by this time war seemed to have become the ordinary and permanent state of society. The clergyman had a German face, and a German name.

II.

On August 29th, sudden orders came to march out against the Mohmands once more. It was reported that the Babra Mulla, in order to maintain his prestige in face of the Chaknawar's meteoric rise to fame after the April affair, found himself compelled to bring down a much larger force into British territory; and, if he were to retain his ascendency, to eclipse the rival's success by an even greater feat of arms. Spies said that he was gathering the biggest *lashkar* that had ever opposed us.

Owing to the season's heat, we marched in the evening and early night. And we meant to wipe out the stain of the previous affair.

The Column went into perimetre camp, not this time under the walls of Shabkadar Fort, but on the bank of the dry Subhan Khwar nulla bed, a mile or so down the Michni road.

At the risk of being tedious, I must try to describe in some detail the events of the next few days, for the reason that they led up to a battle which will live as a classic of the Frontier—a battle in which all arms were engaged, and in which the cavalry brought off a conventional, old-fashioned charge.

For the first day or two, we existed in a state of extreme discomfort. A few trees along the roadside gave some shade to the northern face of the camp, there were some little groves dotted about outside it, but most of the space inside the perimetre, into which a Brigade of all arms and two squadrons of

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cavalry with mule transport, had been crowded, lay bare all day to the full force of the sun. At the beginning we had no tents; we bivouacked on the ground. For our mess, the best we could do was to rig up a thin piece of cloth—the inner lining, I think, of a tent—on lances stuck upright into the ground. The continual digging and deepening of the perimetre trench, the marching to and fro of the patrols and pickets, the coming and going of the animals, horses and mules, to the watering place just outside the camp, raised a cloud of dust which hung perpetually over us, thick as a London fog. Scarcely less thick than the dust were the flies; they clustered maddeningly over our faces, bare arms and knees, keeping everyone for ever on the twitch. Cholera raged in the village just opposite to us on the other bank of the dry and stony river bed. In the evenings we saw the ragged little funeral parties setting out at their jog trot, and with their wailing dirge, towards the village cemetery out on the plain. I know nothing more melancholy and forlorn than those frontier burial places, unenclosed in the wilderness, with their nameless little piles of stones where here and there a rag or two fluttered on a bamboo stick, and the jackals and hyænas slunk about and howled in the nights.

But worse than the dust or the flies or the menace of cholera, was the inescapable heat. Nowhere could you get relief from it, night or day. Our first two nights there, I had the novel experience of lying awake the whole night through without a wink of sleep. The hospital tent—about the only tent then in the camp—of the British battalion which adjoined our section of the perimetre, stood a few yards away from our mess. Our meals were made unappetising by the sight of the stretchers hurrying to the tent, and by the continuous, unnerving, animal-like groans of the men who had gone down with heat-stroke. We made great friends with the platoon of this regiment which joined that flank of our machine gun post in the trench; one particularly bright and cheery little character there was in it, who did a lot to keep us amused; but every day one or other of the platoon "went west" from the sun; and once, when a stretcher came past up at lunch from which issued more than

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usually shocking sounds of heat-apoplexy, we learned with regret that it was our cheerful little neighbour.

Later I was to undergo a severe winter in France, but there can be no doubt which is the worse. Cold is, indeed, bitter; standing all night in a front line trench, up to the knees, or perhaps the waist, in freezing mud, causes acute pain; but there is a fire in the dug-out, and blankets. Back there, in a few minutes you are warm again. In a summer campaign on the Frontier, there is nowhere any escape from the heat, and its concomitants, the dust and flies.

The only people who did not seem to feel it much, were some sub-human little Mongolian creatures attached to the hospital as *dhooli* bearers. Where they came from, I do not now remember; they lived just across the path, a few yards from our mess, alongside the hospital. We called them the "Wombats," and they amused us with their queer little animal sounds of speech, their fubsy Teddy-bear-like antics, their wolfish delight in their rations, and the manner in which they swelled visibly after gorging a meal.

After a few days of heavy casualties from the heat, our tents were sent out to us.

Every morning and evening we sent out a patrol under the length of the foothills, with which I usually went, for the sake of a breath of fresh air. As Adjutant, away from the office, away from recruits, remounts and temporary officers, I was more or less a man of leisure. Between lunch and tea, rather than lie down to an unequal contest with the flies, the Sapper officer, Gray, and Arthur Magnay, our machine gun officer and myself used to spend the time on top of the Police Post at a corner of the camp, scanning the country with our glasses and thinking out unorthodox plans. In our imaginations we pictured the drama that was enacting behind the curtain of those hills; the Babra Mulla accompanied by his military chief, Mahasul, hurrying from clan to clan and village to village, exhorting the faithful to holy war with fanatical eloquence. We pictured the tribal warriors up among the heights, sitting in rings around the council fire—the women in the background—answering with

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raucous shouts this call to war. We pictured the details of the mobilization, the great baking of *chuppatties*, and the filling of corn bags for the week's rations which every warrior would carry on his person, and the loading up of mules with white linen in which the dead would be swathed and carried home, each to his own village for burial. We pictured each tribal mulla blessing his own contingent before it marched down to battle, promising to all who might fall a speedy transit to the delights of paradise. As we searched with our glasses the panorama of the heights, we pictured the scores of armed bands, accompanied by women and youths in the capacity of V.A.D. and R.A.S.C., now actually winding down the striation of innumerable mountain paths that scoured the whole face of the range—all converging on a rendezvous somewhere just behind that long, low ridge of grey dunes about a mile in front of us. And because this was real life, and we were shortly going to have a part in the drama, we found it more thrilling than anything we had ever read in books.

We thought of various devices, such as filling cartridges with dynamite, and dropping several boxes of them in the manner of normal casualties next time we retired—which, if done ingenuously, we believed would destroy large numbers of the Mohmand rifles, not to mention their owners. We worked out other schemes in detail, "booby traps" and tactical ruses, such as a method of moving bodies of our troops unseen behind the enemy's front line, and so to cut him off from his line of retreat. It seemed to us that according to the immutable Rules of the Game, the enemy must always get the best of it. He fought when and where he chose, on his own ground; we simply went out, hammered at his front, and came back again. It did not look as if anything at all conclusive could ever come of that method.

But when we laid our plans before the General (a new one, since the April affair, namely General Dunsterville—Kipling's "Stalky," and later, the leader of the famous "Dunsterforce"), he would not hear of them. An old and experienced Frontier soldier with a deep knowledge of the Tribes, he thought it would not be playing the game. He looked, I think, on these fights

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with the Tribes as something very much in the nature of the Test Matches. We might, indeed, by such cunning as we had advocated, kill a hundred or so more of them, but after the Match we should have, presumably, to go on living with them as neighbours in the old Gilbertian relations, and it would not do to destroy their trust in the code of honour, which, nebulous and fantastic as it was, informed all our dealings with them—and which hitherto had been faithfully held by both sides.

Impatient of this view as we were at the time, I am not at all sure, now, that the General was not wiser than we thought.

One evening a ragged crackle of fire was heard from the hills, and presently our patrol came in, with a man's arm smashed and bleeding from a bullet wound. The enemy had arrived.

That night I was to have my first experience of sniping—or, as the official history calls it, "a heavy night attack on the camp."

We had now, as I have said, our tents and camp equipment. Suddenly I was woken up by a shattering and indescribable din. The air seemed to be alive with bullets, whistling, whining, shrieking, making all kinds of terrifying noises. One particularly, which soon became familiar to us, a great chunk of lead out of some antiquated form of Martini, made a most blood-curdling sound, a kind of long-drawn, wobbling wail. (The Tommies christened him "Bollocky Bill"). After this first flight of hornets, came a lull, while raucous Pushtu voices shouted abuse and rude badinage from the nulla-bed just outside our sector of the perimetre. Then a second fusilade, instantly drowned in a crash and roar of rapid rifle and machine gun fire from every foot of our perimetre; then the harsh, ear-splitting crash of our guns firing star-shell into the air, in the hope of illuminating the enemy.

A blue flicker from the trench, as of lightning, lit up my tent. I lay for a few seconds in bed with a feeling of extreme unhappiness, and then, through the din, heard an ugly ripping sound. There were two ragged holes up towards the top of the tent where some sort of primitive bullet had come in and out. Obeying the impulse of the instant, I jumped out of bed. I

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would have got under it if I could, but the structure of a camp-bed did not permit that comfort, so I lay as flat at I could squeeze myself to the earth. Then Abdul Majid came in, to find me in that dignified position. Standing upright, he held out my belt and sword. To stand upright in that bullet-teeming air seemed to me, just then, an achievement beyond human will-power; but Abdul Majid, perhaps, exercised a psychic force, for he managed to bundle me into some clothes.

"You must go and report to the Colonel Sahib," he said.

On entering Holland-Pryor's tent, I was wonderfully reassured to find him, also, lying very flat on the ground. With great presence of mind, as I came in, he lifted the tent-flap and told me in a calm, cold voice that he was admiring the stabbing line of rifle-flame along the perimetre. It certainly was a striking sight, the stony wilderness beyond our trench, where our would-be killers lurked, distorted eerily in the unnatural blue light.

Except for our machine-gun section, we had no place in the perimetre. I wished we had, for one feels so much safer in a trench. The squadron officers went over to the horse lines, where little damage was done, as we had built a high earth bank all around them, which we called "The Great Wall of China."

Holland-Pryor, Fitzgerald and I, to show our unconcern, walked up and down the central pathway of our portion of the camp. Fitzgerald, whose reluctance to get over the slightest obstacle on horse-back used to amuse us, showed a positive exhilaration under fire. He laughed and chuckled and strutted about, not in the hysterical manner common to men who are trying to suppress their uneasiness, but with an obviously genuine enjoyment. After this night we slept in deep "funk-holes"; but whenever there was any sniping, which we soon came to disregard, Fitzgerald would get up and walk about in that exposed way, revelling in it.

The battle was now drawing near. Rumours, as usual, went around that there were German officers and German artillery with the enemy. From the top of the Police Post we could see

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through our glasses the green standards moving about among the distant hills as the clans assembled.

I was out with the morning patrol, when, at some distance off, we saw a figure leave one of the little stony hillocks beyond the Subhan nulla, and start running hard towards the hills. Letting out a *view holloa*, we gave chase at full gallop. As he drew near the broken ground under the ridge, into which we feared he would soon escape, I pulled out my revolver and took pot shots at him, noting with disgust how wide of the mark the dust spots were, where the bullets hit the ground. I missed him at about ten yards, and then, just as I was on top of him, he stopped abruptly and turned, as I thought to knife me, according to their habit. I fired point-blank into his face from not more than a foot off, but missed again. He had, however, no intention of killing me; he fell on his knees with his hands clasped above his head, blubbering out inhuman cries; it was, in fact, the most noisy and ghastly exhibition of terror that I have ever seen in man or animal. He turned out to be unarmed, quite a youth, and protested himself an innocent villager from our side of the Border. While we were examining him, some bullets fell among us from the ridge, hitting a horse, so one of the men quickly slipped a strap over his wrists and towed him back to camp at a canter, where we handed him over to the Intelligence. I cannot remember now what happened to him.

The next morning we went out with both squadrons and the machine guns to make a reconnaissance in force. As there were no signs of the enemy along the dunes, we pushed on up to the higher rocky ridge behind, and soon became engaged in a long-range skirmish with a small party of Mohmands. Peering through my glasses from behind a rock, while bullets hummed over us, I saw for the first time heads and faces, fairly distinctly, of men actually shooting at us. Thin wreaths of smoke showed us where to look as they dodged about among the boulders. When we sprayed their position with the machine guns, they instantly vanished, but soon popped up again somewhere else. Again I envied Fitzgerald his exuberant delight in the flying bullets, and Holland-Pryor's cold, impassive calm,

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as he stood full height on the sky-line looking through his glasses. On that occasion they did us no injury, nor, I daresay, did we do them any.

At this stage we could catch glimpses of solitary, rather sinister figures on the peaks over-looking our camp. One moment these sentinels would be visible against the sky, the next, they would have vanished, and then might or might not re-appear again. We had the sensation of being watched by wild animals, rather than by a human enemy.

That afternoon they appeared in great numbers along the dunes and the ridge, building their *sangars*, that is to say, loop-holed stone walls, to give them head-cover in the battle. They fired a few shots into the plain over which we would have to advance, to fix the exact ranges. We watched them when the sun went down, all along the saw-edged crestline, bowed in prayer against a background of wild hills and blood-red sky. Then, as darkness fell, they followed up the retiring picquets, and fired a few shots into the camp, wounding two of our mules.

The way in which they were permitted to make all their deliberate preparations for killing us, under our eyes, within a mile or two of our camp, struck us as very comical. Yet, if the field guns had interfered with their *sangar*-building, not a man in our camp but would have been furious. It might have frightened them away.

Indeed, the whole thing was comic. It was perfectly understood between us and the tribesmen, as between gentlemen, that we did not go out to fight until they sent in to say that they were quite ready. The Intelligence service, too, was simplified by the fact that both sides employed the same spies, privileged persons enjoying the freedom of our camp, from whom nothing in the way of numbers and composition was hidden—our or theirs. So we were never troubled by the uncertainties and perplexities which make the preliminaries of a battle so doubtful an affair among more sophisticated people.

In the evening the contractor from whom we bought our fodder in the village, came and asked our Quartermaster for his payment up to date, saying he had to go and join the enemy that

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night; if he didn't, he said, they would kill him, and burn his house. That seemed reasonable, so we paid.

While we were at dinner, the orders arrived for the battle next day.

III.

At 7.30 in the morning, as the troops moved out of camp, the dunes and the broken ground behind swarmed with irregular groups of tribesmen, standing around their *sangars;* and the distant heights far away behind, out of range of the guns, were crowded with figures, many in white, who were, we supposed, non-combatants, women, children, old men, come down to see the fight. At the flash of the first field gun the endless rows of heads and green standards along the crest line, vanished like a single disappearing target.

While the leading battalions moved in extended lines across the plain towards the dunes, Holland-Pryor and I and Arthur Magnay, our machine-gun officer, stood out in the plain with the General, at the head of his reserve troops, about half a mile behind the front line. One squadron was with us, the other, under Fitzgerald, had gone forward to cover the infantry's left flank. Although no signs of the enemy were now visible, except for the onlookers on the far-away hills, a smart fire broke out as the infantry began to climb the dunes. Many of the bullets aimed at them fell from the peak of their trajectory among us, which made me uncomfortable and anxious to be on the move. We saw our centre battalions getting it very hot while they enveloped the gorge where the Subhan nulla bisects the dunes. It looked for a while as if they would not be able to make any headway; the little khaki dots ceased to move forward; stretcher bearers and wounded men began to trickle backwards, with unduly large escorts.

Soon a message came from Fitzgerald that he was meeting powerful resistance on the extreme left of the dunes, and our other squadron moved up to reinforce him—to my personal relief, since I always felt better when I had something to do under fire.

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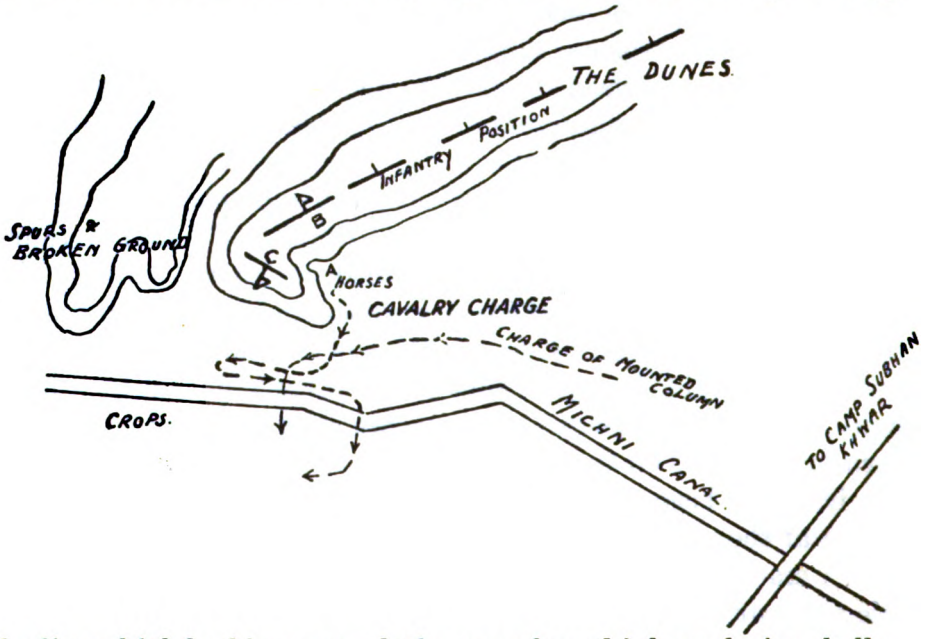
A rough diagram is attached, which may help to make clear the subsequent happenings.

With our horses snugly under cover in the hollow at A, our two squadrons and two machine guns now prolonged to the extreme left the flank of the infantry occupying the dunes. For about an hour we lay there, seeing little, hearing the rise and fall of rapid fire along the wide battle line to our right, and the hum and smack of bullets coming at us from the invisible enemy. On a small plateau amid the broken ground to our front, we could see a little group of crumpled, untidy-looking



bodies which had been caught by one of our high explosive shells. It was very hot lying there among the hot stones, with the sun blazing down on our backs; we soon became bored and thirsty, with little idea of what was going on. No enemy seemed to be within eight hundred yards of us. I watched all our front through my glasses, and had an occasional shot with a rifle at anything that looked like an enemy.

After a while, however, we noticed a movement among the enemy. The higher ridges in front of us sloped down in spurs towards the Michni canal. We caught fleeting glimpses of

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tribesmen creeping down these spurs, in a continuous trickle. We turned our rifles and machine guns on them, but probably without much effect at that range. The downward movement appeared to stop after we had opened fire on it, although in fact, as we discovered later, the tribesmen had then taken another invisible, route, further back. Some little while after this, our men began to be hit in the back; we had the disquieting sensation of being fired on from our left rear. Holland-Pryor drew back one squadron at right angles to our front, (to the position C on the diagram), to face this new direction, the bend in our end of the dunes fortunately lending itself to the movement.

Now we understood what the enemy's steady trickle down the spurs ahead had meant. The crops just across the Michni canal to our left were alive with them. It became clear that they were attempting a very bold, deliberate, and, for them, a very unusual manœuvre; and for us, a very dangerous one. Under cover of the crops, they were turning the flank of our whole position. Soon, we saw, they would have cut us off from our camp at Subhan Khwar; and worse, the camp itself, with the sick and wounded, transport animals, camp followers, non-combatants, ammunition, not to mention our personal belongings, would be at their mercy—if such a word may be applied to the tribesmen.

Holland-Pryor immediately informed the General by helio of this situation. Already there were sounds of distant firing into the camp.

Meanwhile, the enemy's movement increased in speed and volume. Again they came down the spurs, plainly visible, in ever greater numbers, disregarding our fire, which was now mostly concentrated on replying to the enemy among the crops on our left.

But they had been observed by another body of our troops. A mounted column, consisting of squadrons from various regiments from the Risalpur Cavalry Brigade, had arrived on the scene. It had been directed at once to the left, to counter this danger on our flank. We saw the great cloud of dust as it moved across the plain behind us; and we saw it come into dismounted

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action for a while on some broken ground to our left rear. And a little later—at 11.10 a.m., to be exact—when the tribesmen were now streaming down from the spurs and over across the canal, we were thrilled to see a part of this column mounting for a charge. Out they galloped into long extended lines, two squadrons of British Lancers, one of Indian, and on they clattered, lances and swords flashing in the sun, officers on their blood horses far ahead, down the piece of bare plain between our end of the dunes and the canal. But, before they had covered half the distance, there was nothing on that flat open stretch of ground to charge; the tribesmen, seeing them coming, had vanished again under cover. They galloped on; a withering fire burst on them from the spurs in front, where horses could not go; a yet more galling fire, at shorter range, from the crops bordering the far bank of the canal. All happened so quickly, that it was difficult to grasp the picture as a whole. In a moment, it seemed, the space between us and the canal was littered with fallen men and horses, lying still or struggling. Finding nothing to close with on their front except a storm of bullets from the unrideable spurs, most of the horsemen inclined towards the canal. We saw some, chiefly officers, jump it clear and vanish in among the crops. But the obstacle was too big for ordinary heavily-loaded troop horses. They blundered and fell; and as the men tried to scramble up the far bank, we saw tribesmen appear out of the high standing corn, and shoot them point-blank, the muzzles of their rifles held almost against the troopers' bodies.

In a little while there showed only the wreckage of dead and wounded men and horses on the plain below us. The charge had evaporated. To us, looking down from our small eminence, there seemed little glory or victory in the first real cavalry charge which we had ever witnessed. Almost every officer in it, our personal friends, had been killed or wounded; not a dead enemy could be seen.

For a few minutes, maybe, we looked down sadly on this scene of carnage; then, out of the crops, and down from the spurs, rushed a swarm of tribesmen, greedy for the rich spoil.

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We saw their prowling wolfish figures, horribly hacking and stabbing among the wounded, and slashing off equipment,—and we knew that our moment had come.

In his cold, calm voice, Holland-Pryor gave the order to mount.

I rode my best and biggest polo pony on that day. Long ago I had made up my mind that if ever I were in a charge against these tough-skinned tribesmen, I would use a revolver instead of the orthodox sword. I drew it now, not without a tremor.

The small space in the hollow where our horses stood did not allow room for any niceness of manœuvre. In a cramped and bunched-up fashion we trotted around the shoulder of the hill, shaking out into some sort of lines as we came out on to the open plain. I cannot recall hearing Holland-Pryor give the order to charge, but all of us knew what we had to do. There was great noise. The men yelled their piercing war-cry, "*Himat i'mardan, madad i' Khudda!*" (The help of God and bravery of man!). From boyhood onward I had often pictured myself in a cavalry charge on this wild frontier, and now the reality had come. All was there: the dust and thunder of hoofs rattling over the stony plain, the shouting of the men for blood, the "*phit*" "*phit*" of bullets through the air, the crash and clatter as horses, hit by these bullets, pitched neck-and-crop among the stones. And in front, the plain swarmed with the grey figures of our enemy.

Our appearance had evidently taken them by surprise. They had seen the remnants of the previous charge melt away back on to the rest of the mounted column, in a position a mile or so behind. Our horses had been so snugly hidden in the fold at the end of the dunes that they probably had not realized that we, too, were cavalry. When they saw us coming, they began to run; in two directions, some towards the spurs, some towards the shelter of the crops across the canal.

Holland-Pryor rode in front; I, just behind him to the right. There came to me the sense of power and mastery which riding a well-trained, mettlesome horse will give. Ahead of me a group of slate-shirted figures crouching over the body of a

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British Lancer, rose up and started away in a running slouch. I quickly came up with the hindermost. Jabbing my revolver against his back, I pulled the trigger. I had the sensation of knocking over a nine-pin with a light touch of the tip of the finger. He was, I think, an unarmed youth. Moving on at a canter, I had only a fleeting backward glimpse of a crumpled heap on the ground, and two lance-points thudding into it with hoarse shouting. I rode on at a great bearded fellow, snarling back over his shoulder like a wolf as he ran. He whipped round and pointed his rifle at me. I touched my pony with the right heel; it passaged to the left as the rifle spurted. The bullet went up my sleeve and out at the elbow without touching the skin. The Mohmand reached for his knife, but before he could draw it, I thrust my revolver between his shoulders. He slid to the ground like a limp sack, unconscious, no doubt, of the lances behind me which instantly transfixed his body.

One more encounter, similar except for a slash across the boot (the stirrup iron saved my foot), and Holland-Pryor shouted at me to tell Fitzgerald to pursue over the canal, through the crops; and to tell the other squadron leader to follow him, Holland-Pryor, up towards the spurs. There was little order or coherence in the fight. Individuals and little parties were galloping about on their own after the enemy, who had now become very scarce on the plain. I found Fitzgerald with a red and broken stump of a sword in his hand; he proceeded at once to rally his squadron and find a crossing over the canal: the other squadron, after getting into something like a regular formation, cantered on behind Holland-Pryor.

There were no more visible enemy to chase. Those whom we had not already killed, had got back to cover, as a heavy and increasing fire from the spurs bore witness. We rode on for some distance towards them, in order to give time for the dead and wounded on the plain behind us to be recovered; and then Holland-Pryor signalled the retire.

That part was the most unpleasant of the engagement. Out on the now empty plain, we made a helpless and conspicuous

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target for the enemy in the hills. The squadron cantered back with orders to cross the canal and reinforce Fitzgerald.

While Holland-Pryor trotted with his glacial calm behind them, a corporal of the 21st Lancers rode up to him and said that Colonel Scriven was down, wounded, in the crops, far back among the enemy. Holland-Pryor asked him if he knew the exact spot. The corporal said that he did; he had been with the Colonel when he fell. Holland-Pryor said, "Well, we must get him back." He turned about at once, telling me to get the nearest squadron and bring it on after him.

I galloped at full speed back. There were now no troops on the plain, only the bodies of the tribesmen, looking like little soiled and saturated heaps of rags, stabbed through and through by our lances. I crossed the canal, but could not find our squadrons, who, I learned, had gone to attack a village among the crops some way out to the flank. Nor could I find the remnants of the Mounted Column, which was reforming in some broken ground a little way back and out of sight. All this, although it takes some time to tell, had happened in a few minutes. Galloping horsemen move fast. There were individual men and small parties moving about among the crops and the little patches of cultivation on this side of the canal: here a man galloping in search of his troop, there a little group bending over a wounded man under the shade of a tree; there a man leading back a ham-strung horse—the strange confusion of a battle ground, so irregularly different from the preconceived idea. As minutes passed, it became clear to me that I must lose no more time in stopping Holland-Pryor and his companion. I was galloping back the way I had come, when I heard a shout, and saw Jim Ewart, one of our young temporary officers, who had somehow got separated from his squadron, following after me. He had a slight bullet wound in the arm. "Where are you going, Hathi?" he asked when he drew level: I told him, and he said. "I'll come too." I was glad of his company.

To our relief, we soon spied the two horsemen ahead, near the bank of the canal.

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"I'm sorry," I said to Holland-Pryor, "I can't find any troops."

He appeared to consider for a moment, and then said, "We must go without them, then."

The thought, I remember, that flashed through my mind when he said this, was "Well, anyway I've had a jolly good time." It did not seem to me possible that we could ever come back. I knew that a little while before that belt of crops through which we should have to go, had been teeming with the enemy. We had seen hundreds of them vanish back into these crops when we charged; we caught glimpses of them slinking about the *jowar*, the bullets sang about our heads, which stood out visibly above the high level of the corn. We could hear shouting and rifle fire far behind us, as our squadrons attacked the village of Bires Ghundhai. What we (or at any rate I) had not yet realized was that the effect of the first vigorous charge by the two British squadrons, followed by our charge, was very much greater than appeared on the surface. The effect, indeed, had been decisive. The enemy's flanking movement had been broken; the tide had turned. The tribesmen dared not go out again on the open plain; they saw and heard the squadrons threshing about through the crops round Bires Ghundhai, they wanted to get away with all speed out of reach of the lances, and they were flocking back under cover of the crops to the point where the spurs ran down close to the canal, so that they could cross over there and regain their hills.

Seeing us spread out in a line at about twenty yards apart, or perhaps only seeing one or two of us at a time, but hearing us shout across to each other as we moved rapidly forward, they thought, no doubt, that there were not just four lone horsemen, but the advance of the dreaded lances, and they hurried on, pausing only for occasional, ill-aimed pot-shots.

Soon, I think, we felt instinctively that matters were like this. At first all went well with us. We kept up a bold shouting, and whenever any of us caught a glimpse of a grey figure, we roared to imaginary troops behind us, and blazed away with our revolvers. But when we had covered about half of the dis-

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tance, a misfortune befell us. An explosive bullet hit the corporal's horse in the belly, bursting it open. This greatly hindered the speed of our movement, since we had to slow down to the corporal's foot pace; it also made us more conscious of the enemy's shooting, for as we got nearer the spurs, a steady fire was directed at us from them. The tribesmen there could probably see from that greater height that we were alone, fortunately the range was fairly long. Although the heat was intense, the corporal now took hold of Jim's stirrup leather, and ran along beside him.

Presently, just beyond the edge of the crops, in an open space between them and the canal, we saw some tribesmen under a small bush. The corporal said that there was where his Colonel lay. On Holland-Pryer's word, we galloped at them, shouting our loudest, and firing with our revolvers. They made off as hard as they could go, crossed the canal, and ran without stopping over the stretch of open to the spurs.

Colonel Scriven lay dead under the bush, bleeding from a number of great gaping gashes. His glasses, revolver, and leather stuff had gone, but the savages had not had time to strip his clothes or mutilate him. He had been, though many years before me, in the same house at Rugby. I felt proud that he had died so far in front of everybody else.

We wasted no time. A hot fire from the spurs began to sprinkle the dust around us. The Colonel had been a heavy man, and the dead appear doubly so. We lifted him across my pony; Jim and I walked on either side to keep the body from slipping off, and Holland-Pryor and the corporal, the latter on Jim's horse, rode in rear. After we had got back into the crops, we saw no more Mohmands, nor heard any more bullets, for the distant enemy on the spurs had now a larger mark to shoot at. A squadron of the dead Colonel's regiment had come forward to search for him. We handed over our burden to them.

We went back to our old dismounted position on the left edge of the dunes. It was more comfortable now, without that

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fire from flank and rear. Holland-Pryor sent me to report the situation on our flank to the General.

I rode along, alone, for a mile or more under the edge of the dunes, with at first not a living soul in sight; with the roar and chatter of musketry fire coming to my ears from the long invisible line of infantry up on the left, and the scream of shells going overhead. High bullets aimed at our men up on the dunes, dropped around in the plain. I felt more nervous and shaken than during the earlier part of the day. Indeed, the loneliness of the Frontier, where men fight at wide intervals, each to a certain extent individually, with the chance, if he is hit, of being overlooked and left to fall into the tribesmen's hands, seemed to me in a way more frightening than the mass holocausts of France. Coming round an angle, I saw the distant creep of stretchers back to camp, and the little Headquarters group near the Subhan gorge.

The General was glad to see me. For over an hour, clouds of dust from cavalry movement had told him of happenings on his flank, about the results of which he was still in the dark. We were taught that a military report should be like a telegram from a miser to a fool—the acme of economic clarity. I tried to tell him in the fewest, shortest words, the sequence of events, adding that my Colonel believed the enemy's flanking movement to have been broken up. While I was speaking, still in the saddle, the General and his staff officers looked at me queerly, up and down. And when I had finished, the General asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No," I said, uneasily glancing at myself, and realized for the first time that I was a horrid sight, soaked in blood from head to heel, from lifting the dead Colonel and holding him on to the saddle. I had not, of course, mentioned this incident. Turning to his Signals Officer, the General said, "Helio to Colonel Holland-Pryor 'Well done 1st Lancers.'"

I turned abruptly away, taken by a strange lump in the throat. In a moment, however, I managed to pull myself together and tell him that the real spade-work had been done by the first dashing charge of the 21st Lancers. But he said he

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could not send them a similar message because they belonged to the mounted column, an independent body which was not under his command. At which I was sorry, for I knew they were sad at heart over the loss of many of their finest officers and men; and that the good work which they had done was not altogether obvious on the surface.

The General signalled an orderly to hold my pony and sent me off with one of his staff to the yakdans for a drink. How good it was! But while I was gulping it down, my pleasure in it was spoilt by a sight which made me sad. A *dhoolie* came past us with a dead man in it, borne on the shoulders of our comic little friends, the "Wombats," who lived just opposite our mess in the camp. I nodded at Teddy Bear, our pet buffoon, who grinned cheerily back; and while the grin was still on his face, a spent bullet went through his head. Unable to finish my drink, I saluted the General and rode back to our position on the end of the dunes.

Towards evening our force began its retirement. As always during that movement, the hills echoed with a livelier crash of rifle fire, swelling here and there, as units left a position, into deafening crescendos. We had now joined the mounted column, with the duty of protecting the left flank of the retirement, roughly along the line of the canal. We occupied a dismounted position in some broken ground, while the last of our infantry, having cleared the dunes, withdrew towards camp; and as the shadows of the hills lengthened over the plain, we saw again in that twilight a continual trickle of tribesmen stealing across the open space between the ridge's end and the canal bank, over the scene of our previous charge. I stood with Holland-Pryor and the General commanding the mounted column, beside the horse guns, which were blazing away rapidly at this target, as also, were our machine guns, but as far as we could see through our glasses, without any effect whatever, though the dust flew all around the tribesmen.

I heard the General and Holland-Pryor discussing the question of making another charge, while long-range bullets spattered about us, and little red spurts of flame stabbed among

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the shadows of the hills; while evening began to fall over the wilderness where the shadowy forms of the tribesmen were now moving behind every rock and stone. And I felt again that disquieting sense of isolation which overtakes a detachment when twilight begins to distort the frontier landscape, and the spectral enemy is stealing around to try and cut it off from camp.

We did not make the charge. When the rearguard of the infantry were seen to have reached the camp, we also retired on it, the enemy making no attempt to follow us any further.

While we stood by the drinking place just outside the camp, in the dusk, watering our horses, a sense of the strangeness of things swept over me. There was I, doing the same thing as I had done scores of times before, among the same friends in the cavalry brigade, with whom I had worked and played polo and hunted for the past few years; yet I was caked with blood and dust and sweat, and there were moments and emotions of exceptional experience immediately behind all of us which must separate us for ever from that former life which, now, seemed to have belonged to another and remote age.

Owing to the heat of that season, the obsequies of the dead could not be delayed. While we sat at dinner, the pyre of the Rajput and Dogra casualties crackled and blazed just outside the perimetre, in front of our machine gun post, and every now and then one among the rows of corpses on top of it, starkly silhouetted in the blaze, would rise slowly to a sitting position as the fire touched its spine.

Suddenly, out of the blacker darkness beyond the fire, came a wild hurroosh, and we saw all amid the gruesome blaze, a horde of tribesmen, like fiends in the nether world, jumping at the bodies and trying to drag them off.

This violation of the rites of Hindu sepulture struck horror and fury into the whole camp. A blaze of fire burst from the perimetre. The pyre and the half-burnt bodies on it were cut to pieces by the machine guns. There was little sleep for anybody that night, for the firing broke out afresh at the slightest sound or movement outside our trench until the daylight began to show.

As sometimes happens in life, we had quite misjudged the

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motives of our enemies—as, indeed, they had misjudged ours. They thought, we learned later, that we were burning their kin, a good many of whom were still missing from the cavalry charges out by the canal. They risked their lives to save, as they thought, the bodies of their friends from the fatal desecration of fire; to take them back for proper burial in their homes.

Before the night was half gone, the red reflection of the cooking fires behind the ridge had faded out of the sky. Instead, distant and moving points of light in an intermediate firmament between earth and stars showed where the torches of the tribal hosts were winding homeward along the ascending mountain paths. Some hobbled in pain, some were borne on rough litters by their friends, and on the long strings of mules behind them, white-sheeted forms swayed and wobbled. They had lost four hundred dead, and over a thousand wounded.

IV.

On the next morning we had again the melancholy duty of going out to recover the naked, mutilated bodies of those of our comrades who had been left behind. Very early, spies had informed our Intelligence of the exact spots where they would be found.

Another duty fell to us, which we found scarcely less unpleasant—an act of "Frightfulness."

During our retirement in the evening, we had been fired on from a crop-screened village on the flank, a village lying more or less in the neutral zone between the Border and our territory. The tribesmen had got into the village, we saw them there ourselves, but, it was reported, the villagers themselves had joined in the shooting at us.

We did not doubt this either, for, if they had not, the Mohmands would probably have killed them. They were between the devil and the deep sea. Be that as it may, orders had come to make an example; to destroy the village and lay waste the surrounding crops.

We must have been, I suppose, short of explosives, for it was ordered that a field battery was to demolish the huddle of mud

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huts at point-blank range; and, before it began to do this, that our squadrons were to clear the inhabitants out beyond the danger zone to a safe place where they could get a good view of the performance.

When we had completed our cordon, I rode forward with Holland-Pryor to explain matters to the Headman of the village. He came to meet us, a tall stately figure with one arm in a sling, striding towards us with long dignified steps, anger on his face.

Holland-Pryor told him the reason of our presence. His eyes flashed.

"Sahib," he said, "less than three months ago I was in Buckingham Palace, before the King, who gave me this, for some work in France."

He moved the shattered arm, displaying, pinned on his coat, the Indian Order of Merit—(corresponding at that time to the V.C., for which Indians had not yet become eligible).

"And now," he went on, "after being wounded across the sea in the King's service, I come home and find you, the King's servants, about to destroy my house and crops."

Holland-Pryor quickly took down his name, regiment, particulars, and sent an orderly flying back to Headquarters. But the answer came to proceed with the demolition according to plan.

CHAPTER FOUR.

I.

We remained out in our dust-heap of a camp, watching the wilderness to our front, which had again become void of life.

Wearisome days of sickness and heat followed each other in drab monotony. One night, when the moon was full, Hugh and Arthur and I managed to work off a little leg-pull to enliven the dullness. A high wooden tower for the searchlight, and for observation, had been put up in the middle of the camp. We made a very life-like, or rather death-like, dummy, out of sacks and sandbags, smuggled it up on to the tower after dark, and swung it out over the edge on a sort of gallows arm. When the moon came sailing over the hills, and the sentries in the perimetre

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saw this gruesome shape hanging limply in the high air, quite a hubbub arose in the camp. Everyone woke up and came out of their tents to look. Unfortunately, orders were sent to cut it down before daylight could disclose the real nature of the corpse, with the result that all sorts of wild rumours went around, and many of the men, if not most of them, believed that a secret execution had taken place in the night. We got a sharp wigging. Jokes are of two kinds—those that come off, and those that don't.

About this time, too, I got my one and only telling off from Holland-Pryor, short, sharp, final, and memorable. After the battle on September 5th, a good many of the officers and other ranks had been sent back to Peshawar, so that those who had been left behind at the depot might come out and have a turn of active service. Hugh Wilson, having missed the battle, had now come out to command a squadron. At first, while he was getting the lie of the land, Holland-Pryor used to send me out with him. One morning we Three Musketeers, Hugh with his squadron, Arthur Magnay with the machine guns, and I, as more or less mentor, were out along the canal towards the spurs, trying to solve the riddle of a mysterious nulla. We had taken up an orthodox dismounted position on a low ridge, and were looking through our glasses at the impossible maze in front of us, when, suddenly, about a dozen Mohmands appeared out of a ravine some eight or nine hundred yards ahead, and started lolloping up into the tribal country. "They haven't seen us—and they've got rifles in their hands," said Arthur, itching to let fly at them with his machine guns. "By gad, yes," pleaded Hugh, "probably raiders going home. Let's have a crack at 'em."

I thought so too, and said "Right-o."

They made a most tempting target, exposed, now, on the side of a rocky slope. Realizing that the opportunity would be fleeting, Arthur quickly saw to the laying of his guns. He gave the order, and off went the two maxims, riotously chattering and stammering, waking loud echoes all around in the silent hills. Taken by surprise, the tribesmen scattered and ran in all

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directions. In a few moments they had all vanished among the rocks and boulders. With his eyes glued to his glasses, Hugh said ruefully, "Well, your gunners *are* rotten shots Arthur—they haven't touched a feather."

"Perhaps we've winged a few," I added more hopefully, although watching closely through my glasses, I had seen no sign of a hit.

When we got back, we found the camp, alarmed by the sound of firing in the hills, standing to arms. Shortly afterwards a curt message arrived from the Intelligence, wanting to know what we meant by firing on a party of harmless cis-frontier villagers, who, according to their custom, were taking a kinsman back for burial in his birthplace across the Border. What we had mistaken for rifles in their hands, were spades.

I drew myself more and more rigidly to attention as Holland-Pryor, outside his tent, gave it to me in cold and pointed accents for this skylarking. My word, he could dress a man down! But when it was finished, it was finished.

During these weeks our chief object was to overcome the prevailing boredom. We organized all sorts of games for the men, we had quite a successful mounted paperchase for the officers, and those of us who were keen on golf, had our clubs sent out to knock about with in the Subhan nulla under the camp. One evening while practising with a mashie, I had wandered some way along the dry river bed, rather far from camp, when suddenly I heard a voice saying in raucous cockney accents just behind me, "Rotten shot, boss!" I whipped round, startled to see a huge cut-throat of a Mohmand grinning at me. For a moment I thought I must be suffering from hallucinations—that authentic enormous tribesman, those cockney accents, that idiomatic English—hardly less surprising than Balaam's ass! The same fluent cockney informed me that he had retired, now, to Shabkadar village, after a good many years' camel driving in Australia.

As the weeks went by without a sign of an enemy in the hills, we became, I suppose, a little careless. One evening early in October, Fitzgerald and I went out with the patrol, consisting

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only of a single troop. Just to the right of the Subhan gorge, and some hundred yards beyond the crest of the dunes, was a small plateau, sloping gently up to a ledge of irregular rocks, which had formed a strong position for the tribesmen in both the April and September battles. Anxious to explore it, we thought this a safe time to do so. With a couple of flankers out in the folds of the broad gorge, and a couple more on the dunes to our right, we followed a nulla, under cover, to the near edge of the plateau. There, in the cover of the nulla, the remainder of the troop dismounted, while Fitzgerald and the troop officer and I walked out in front on the plateau. It was, I remember, a lovely evening, with the first refreshing nip of autumn blowing down from the snows. Standing on the ground which the enemy occupied in our battles, we looked around with interest, carefully noting the various features. The ledge of whitish rocks, from which he always managed to do considerable damage to our troops, was not more than a hundred and twenty yards ahead, a medium iron shot, we reckoned it, and I suggested that we might take this opportunity of examining the far side of the ledge. Fitzgerald, however, happened to have a sore heel, and could not walk over the rough stones, so we did not go. We lingered a little while on the plateau, admiring the grim wild scenery in the sunset light, then, after a last look round, Fitzgerald snapped his glasses back in their case, remarking in Pushtu, "*Bannya-dam nishta!*" "Not a living soul!" As we turned to walk back to the troop, there came almost simultaneously, a swarm of bullets around our ears, the crackle of a ragged volley, and loud hoarse shouting from behind the ledge. Petrified for a moment, we saw a band of tribesmen break out from behind the rocks of the white ledge, and start running towards us. Then we turned and ran the twenty or thirty yards back to the nulla where the troop lay under cover, in record time. In a moment we had lined the edge of the plateau and were blazing rapid fire at the tribesmen. Fitzgerald and I had taken rifles from the number threes. The tribesmen instantly dodged down out of sight into folds and behind boulders. There we lay for a while, taking snap-shots at each other whenever a head showed. So

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far so good; but we were actually in a very awkward predicament. We had no idea how many of the enemy there might be about; how soon it would be before they worked around and cut us off from behind; nor could we get away ourselves on our horses without exposing a large target at short range as we went over the top of the dunes. Fitzgerald felt very anxious about the flankers. We had seen those on the right gallop safely back over the dunes to the plain below. But what about the two in the Subhan gorge? Presently we heard a tremendous clatter, and saw them galloping full-split down the river bed for home, amid a hail of bullets from the tribesmen. Never have I prayed more heartily for anyone's health than for theirs, for I knew that if one or both of them fell, Fitzgerald would not leave our position, and troops could not arrive from the camp to extricate us before it was dark—when it would be too late. Lying side by side, rifle in hand, Fitzgerald and I could not help roaring with laughter at the sight of those two flankers so frenziedly running the gautlet—how they galloped and clattered! Why it should have been so funny, I don't know, but it was—although my laughter was probably hysterical. When they had reached safety, Fitzgerald made the plan for our retirement. At his signal, we were to run to our horses in the bottom of the nulla, mount, trot about a hundred yards along the nulla, then turn to the right, gallop up the little slope to the crest of the dunes, and, if all went well, over the top and down the other side to safety. As the tribesmen would not know quite where to expect us to re-appear, we hoped to do this without loss.

Contrary to my usual practice when on the warpath in the hills, I was riding by first charger. He was a magnificent black horse, nearly seventeen hands, a fine hunter, handy as a polo pony; but he made me feel very conspicuous when we galloped up the slope in view of the enemy. I lay remarkably close along his neck. Just as we reached the crest, my head was jerked up in a way that felt as though my neck were broken, and that nearly lifted me out of the saddle. Then I had a glimpse of my *topi* bowling along over the stones. A bullet must have hit it in the thick part of the brim, causing that horrid jerk to the chin

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strap. In a few seconds we were safely over the top, galloping down the homeward slope of the dunes.

Here an unpleasant surprise awaited the tribesmen. By a lucky chance, one of the infantry battalions happened to be exercising below the dunes. They had heard the firing; had seen our flankers galloping frantically back, followed, a little while later, by our wild scamper over the skyline. They lay out in lines, waiting, fingers on triggers of rifles and machine guns. We pulled our panting horses in under the bank of the Subhan river to watch the fun. We didn't have to wait long. A long row of our pursuers came loping up on to the skyline—to be met with a blast of lead which those who survived would not forget in a hurry.

On our arrival back in camp, we found a message from the Intelligence, warning us that a large band of the enemy might be expected shortly in the hills. We noted on it, "Confirmed!"

Thenceforward, we began to see again the solitary figures of sentinels among the rocks on the hill tops, and all the signs of the gathering of the clans. On October 8th, we fought another pitched battle, but as it was entirely orthodox, with no departure from the immemorial Rules of the Game, I shall not take up any more space in describing it.

Early in November we returned to Peshawar, in good time for the hunting season. And a few months later, owing to an unexpected turn in Fortune's wheel, I was on the sea, bound at last for the Western front.

Michni Canal. Scene of the Charge.

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CAVALRY BATTLE HONOURS.

THE PENINSULAR WAR—PART III.

"*TALAVERA*"—*27th/28th July*, 1809.*

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.

IN the previous article of this series† we saw Wellesley beat the French at Oporto and chase them out of Portugal. At the time Soult, the French Commander, was suffering from a severe attack of gout and being hunted over hill and dale was the very last thing that he wanted. However, respite came to him when Wellesley received news that Marshal Victor appeared to be preparing to strike a blow at Lisbon from the East. Leaving local levies to watch Galicia the British Commander turned his force about and prepared for the return march southward. In any case it was very doubtful whether his troops could have undertaken an arduous pursuit much longer owing to their condition. The incessant rain had caused much sickness, transport was almost nil, thereby causing a shortage of rations, and many men were already barefooted.

On the 18th May, when at Montalegre, Wellington received intelligence that Victor had seized the bridge at Alcantara and had advanced into Portugal towards Castello Branco. The want of shoes delayed the British march southward, but the head of the army reached Oporto on 22nd May and Coimbra on the 27th and by the second week of June the whole army was assembled at Abrantes.

It will be remembered that Wellesley's original instructions confined his operations to Portugal, but on the 11th June, 1809,

* The references to authorities are the same as on p. 43 of the January, 1938, number: others are given as they occur.

† See "Cavalry Journal" for January, 1938 ,p. 43.

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however, he received from Castlereagh authority to extend them to the Spanish Provinces adjacent, provided that his advance would not endanger the safety of Portugal. This passport to a wider field of operations was essential if Victor was to be dealt with decisively.

After a few days at Alcantara Victor's corps withdrew to its original position just north of Merida, chiefly because in his absence Cuesta made a raid upon one of the French fortified localities at Merida. But the area between the Tagus and Guadiana was fast becoming barren of anything that could be converted into food, in view of which Victor appealed to King Joseph at Madrid to allow him to take his corps north of the Tagus, and suggested an area around Plasencia and Coria, which so far was still untouched by the armies. As an alternative to this he suggested that his corps be augmented to such an extent that would allow him to advance into Portugal in full confidence of success. At this time Joseph and Victor were unaware that Soult had been driven out of Portugal and in his ignorance Joseph promised to send to Victor a large quantity of rations, at the same time urging him to renew his attack on Alcantara in order to threaten Portugal and, above all things, to disengage Soult. On the day that Joseph wrote this letter Soult was at Lugo in Galicia exactly 300 miles from Victor and thinking himself lucky that Wellesley was not still pursuing him, thus enabling him to give his gouty leg some rest. Such was the state of communications in those days that Joseph was not aware of Soult's defeat at Oporto until three weeks after the event. In any case, Victor could not advance again to Alcantara because the only bridge over the Tagus in that locality had now been destroyed.

It was on the 10th June, 1809, that Joseph learned that Soult had been driven out of Portugal and thinking that Wellesley's next move would be towards Salamanca, he gave permission to Victor to transfer his corps (the 1st) to a position north of the Tagus, not for the convenience of that corps but in order to ward off the imaginary British advance from Salamanca on Madrid. The transfer occupied five days—14th to 19th June—and the

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Corps was disposed with its right wing at Almaraz and its left at Talavera.

During the last week of May, *i.e.*, while Victor was in his former position south of the Tagus, Wellesley had sent to Cuesta requesting him to state his views as to the way in which the operations of the British and Spanish armies could best be combined. Letters and messengers passed between the two Commanders and suggestion and counter-suggestion were debated, but all to no purpose because they were all based upon the assumption that Victor was still south of the Tagus, whereas, during the protracted discussions, he had moved to the north of that river.

The retreat of Victor beyond the Tagus forced Wellesley to concert yet another plan of operation with Cuesta, since the position of the French army, on which the whole of the recently agreed scheme depended, had just suffered a radical change. It was clear that every consideration now pointed to the necessity for adopting the combination which Wellesley had urged upon his colleague in his letter of the 8th June, viz., that the British army should move on Plasencia and Almaraz. It would be striking at the flank instead of the rear of Victor's Corps, but it was clear that under the new conditions it would still be in a position to roll up his whole army if he should endeavour to defend the passages of the Tagus against the Spaniards, who were now approaching them from the front. For Cuesta had descended from the mountains when he heard of Victor's retreat, and was now approaching Almaraz. (Oman, 11, 449).

Wellesley's task of "concerting" with Cuesta was no easy one. Cuesta was old and Wellesley comparatively young and the old man had more than a suspicion that the young one was trying to oust him from his job and acquire supreme command over the Spanish armies as well. So that when Wellesley put forward a plan or a suggestion Cuesta negatived it on principle. "The best of the whole story," wrote Wellesley, was that "Cuesta was now refusing to accept a plan which he himself had suggested, merely because it was now advocated by the British Commander." "The obstinacy of this old gentleman," he con-

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cluded, "is throwing out of our hands the finest game that any armies ever had." (Oman, ii, 449). Eventually it was agreed that Wellesley should advance against Victor's right flank at Almaraz via Plasencia. Although this plan was agreed upon on the 8th June, Wellesley could not move forward from Abrantes until the 27th June for lack of the sinews of war—money. "We have been obliged to halt for nearly three weeks for want of money. Our distress for everything has been very great indeed and has been produced for want of money." So wrote Wellesley to the Treasury on 28th June, 1809. In the early part of July his military chest and ammunition had been stopped at Abrantes for want of carts, so that he was unable to pay ready money, as he had promised, for his purchases. The troops that had taken part in the Oporto campaign were in a distressed condition, many regiments having been constantly on the move from 9th May until 14th June, without more than two days rest during that period. Their shoes were worn out, their baggage-animals had dropped to the rear and stragglers were plentiful. A rest at Abrantes was therefore an absolute necessity.

Another matter which vexed Wellesley during his enforced halt at Abrantes was the delay in receiving reinforcements. He had expected the famous Light Division* under Robert Craufurd to reach him in time to participate in the Talavera campaign, but in spite of forced marches in hot weather it did not arrive until the day after the battle. The famous "Chestnut Troop" of Horse Artillery, under Captain Ross, arrived with the Light Division. But three regiments, one cavalry and two infantry, did arrive in time to take part in the battle—they were the 1st Battalion, 48th (1st Battalion The Northamptonshire Regiment) and 1st Battalion, 61st (2nd Battalion The Gloucestershire Regiment), both from Gibraltar and the 23rd Light Dragoons† which was destined to perform distinguished service in this campaign.

* 1st Bn. 43rd (1st Bn. Ox. & Bucks. L.I.), 1st Bn. 52nd (2nd Bn. Ox. & Bucks. L.I.) and 1st Bn. 95th (The Rifle Brigade).

† Raised 1795 as 26th Light Dragoons: re-numbered 23rd Light Dragoons, 1803: disbanded 1817.

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To add to his troubles, Wellesley was far from satisfied with the quality of his troops. "His tendency," writes Oman, "to use the plainest, indeed the harshest, terms concerning the rank and file, is so well-known that we are not surprised to find him writing that "the army behave terribly ill: they are a rabble who cannot bear success any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure." He complained most of all of the recruits sent him from the Irish Militia, who were, he said, capable of every sin, moral or military. Though he was "endeavouring to tame the troops" yet there were several regiments in such bad order that he would gladly have sent them home in disgrace if he could have spared a man. The main offence, of course, was robbery of food from the Portuguese peasantry often accompanied by violence, and now and then by murder.*

Whilst at Abrantes he distributed his force into four divisions and "Thus was initiated the divisional organization which endured till the close of the war." (Fortescue, VII, 201). To facilitate subsequent reference the composition of the divisions was as follows:—

Cavalry Division, under Lieutenant-General Payne.

Fane's Brigade	...	3rd Dragoon Guards and 4th Dragoons.
Cotton's Brigade	...	14th and 16th Light Dragoons.
Anson's Brigade	...	1st Light Dragoons of the King's German Legion and 23rd Light Dragoons.

1*st Division, under General Sherbrooke.*

Guard's Brigade	...	1st Coldstream Guards and 1st Battalion 3rd Guards (Scots Guards).
Cameron's Brigade	...	1st/61st (Gloucestershires) and 2nd/83rd (Royal Ulster Rifles).
Langwerth's Brigade		1st and 2nd Line Battalions and Light Companies, King's German Legion.
Low's Brigade	...	5th and 7th Line Battalions King's German Legion.

* See also Fortescue, VII, 190-196.

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2nd Division, under General Hill.

Tilson's Brigade	...	1st/3rd (Buffs), 2nd/48th (Northamptonshires) and 2nd/66th (Royal Berks.).
Stewart's Brigade	...	29th (Worcestershires), 1st/48th (Northamptonshires) and 1st Battalion of Detachments.

3rd Division, under General Mackenzie.

Mackenzie's Brigade		2nd/24th (South Wales Borderers), 2nd/31st (East Surreys) and 1st/45th (Sherwood Foresters).
Donkin's Brigade	...	5th/60th (K.R.R.C.), 2nd/87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers) and 1st/88th (Connaught Rangers).

4th Division, under General A. Campbell.

Campbell's Brigade	...	2nd/7th (Royal Fusiliers) and 2nd/53rd (K.S.L.I.).
Kemnis's Brigade	...	1st/40th (Prince of Wales Volunteers), 97th (2nd West Kents) and 2nd Battalion of Detachments.

Other divisions were added later and changes took place in the above distribution, which will be noted as they occur.

Each division was generally known by its nickname, viz. :—

1st—The Gentlemen's Sons.
2nd—The Observing Division.
3rd—The Fighting Division.
4th—The Supporting Division.

At last, on the 27th and 28th June, the British forces advanced eastward against Victor, protected on the right flank by the Spaniards under Cuesta and on the left, rather distantly, by the Portuguese under Beresford, whose main duty was to prevent Soult making an advance from the north through Leon and Old Castile. On the 30th Castello Branco, the last Portuguese town on the frontier, was reached.

To turn to the French.—King Joseph was utterly unaware of the impending storm, in fact, as late as 9th July, he wrote to

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his brother that the British had not as yet made any pronounced movement, and that it was quite uncertain whether they would invade Galicia, or strike at Castile, or remain in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. As a matter of fact on that very day the head of the British Army had entered Plasencia, 125 miles from Madrid, although Joseph was under the impression that it was still in the north of Portugal. The poor intelligence service of the French was chiefly due to the action of the Spanish guerrillas who captured and murdered numerous French aides-de-camp and messengers and also in no small measure, to the people themselves, who knew when to keep their mouths shut or to open them to the advantage of their deliverers.

In a letter of 1st July, Joseph informed Bonaparte that "if we have only got to deal with Cuesta and the Portuguese they will be beaten by the 1st Corps (Victor's). If they have some English with them, they can be beaten equally well by the 1st Corps, aided by troops which I can send across the Tagus via Toledo" (*i.e.*, the 5,000 or 6,000 men of the Central Reserve which could be spared from Madrid). "I am not in the least disquieted concerning the present condition of military affairs in this part of Spain." Two days later he again wrote to his brother that "if the English should be at the back of Cuesta, it would be the happiest chance in the world for the concluding of the whole war." Before the month was out Joseph was destined to receive a rude shock to his estimate of the British.

During the last week of June Victor again altered his position because his corps, having eaten all the provisions that his present situation could yield, could only starve if it remained there. On the 25th June he wrote to Joseph in strong terms—"The position is desperate. The 1st Corps is on the eve of dissolution: the men are dropping down from mere starvation. I have nothing, absolutely nothing, to give them. They are in a state of despair . . . I am forced to fall back on Talavera, where there are no more resources than here. We must have prompt succour, but where can it be found? If your Majesty abandons me in my present wretched situation, I lose my honour, my military record—everything. I shall not be to blame for the

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disaster which menaces my troops, but I shall have to bear the blame. Tomorrow I shall be at Talavera, waiting your Majesty's orders. The enemy (Cuesta) has a pontoon train; if he wishes to cross the Tagus he can do so, for the 1st Corps can no longer remain opposite him. Never was there a more distressing situation than ours."

Having delivered himself of this despairing letter, Victor withdrew his corps behind the Alberche at Talavera, not because Wellesley threatened his flank—he knew nothing of that at the time—but simply because his troops were starving. As soon as the French withdrew the Spaniards under Cuesta advanced and pushed some troops across the Tagus at Almaraz, their cavalry getting forward as far as Navalmoral and Oropesa. The remainder of Cuesta's Army came to a halt on the southern bank of the Tagus to await the British. Whilst in this position Cuesta had something else to worry him, a matter which was mainly responsible for his pig-headed attitude towards Wellesley during the Talavera Campaign. Briefly, it was that he had learned from his friends in the Supreme Junta that there was a move on foot to oust him from the command of the Spanish forces and make Wellesley Commander-in-Chief of both armies. Without knowing all the facts he considered Wellesley was the prime mover in the business and therefore had made up his mind not to agree to any suggestion of his British colleague which obviously, he thought, must be designed solely to bring about his own downfall. He, therefore, writes Oman, "awaited the approach of Wellesley with a predisposition to quarrel and a well-developed personal enmity, whose existence the British general had not yet realized." Such an attitude boded ill for co-operation between the two armies.

Gradually the British army moved eastward against Victor and on the 10th July Wellesley went to Cuesta's headquarters to settle upon a plan of campaign. It was arranged that Wellesley should review the Spanish army as soon as he arrived and accordingly it was drawn up for that purpose in the afternoon, but owing to an error by the guides supplied to him he did not arrive until after dusk. For about four hours the Spaniards had been

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on parade waiting and their mood might easily be imagined. Notwithstanding this the review was carried out by torchlight—a somewhat unusual procedure.*

The all-important plan of campaign was settled at a long conference—it lasted about four hours—on the morning of the following day. According to all accounts the scene at the interview must have been a curious one. Cuesta could not, or would not, speak French. Wellesley was not yet able to express himself fluently in Spanish. Accordingly, O'Donoju, the Chief of the Staff of the Army of Estremadura, acted as interpreter between them, rendering Wellesley's views into Spanish and Cuesta's into English. The greater part of the discussion consisted in the bringing forward of plans by the British Commander and their rejection by the Captain-General. Cuesta was full of suspicion, and saw a trap in every proposal that was made to him; he imagined that Wellesley's main object was to edge him out of the supreme command. He was almost silent throughout the interview, only opening his lips to give emphatic negatives, for which O'Donoju proceeded to find ingenious and elaborate explanations. (Oman, 11, 472.)

Eventually a plan was agreed upon which briefly was this: The British and Spanish armies would attack Victor in the neighbourhood of Talavera; on their right flank another Spanish army under Venegas would attack Sebastiani with a French corps, which was guarding Madrid from the south, with the object of preventing his reinforcing Victor; on the left flank a detachment would guard against a descent of the French under Soult from the north. It is important to note the role entrusted to Venegas because it was his failure to carry it out that gave rise to the battle of Talavera.

Wellesley returned to his own headquarters on 12th July, and gave orders for the advance to be renewed on the 18th; this delay was chiefly necessitated by the want of food and transport and for Venegas to receive his instructions and prepare for his part in the campaign. On the 20th, the British Army was at Oropesa, where it was joined by the Spaniards on the follow-

* For some interesting details of this review see Oman, 11, 470-472.

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ing day. Oropesa is only nineteen miles from Talavera and as the French cavalry videttes were in sight it was clear that a clash was imminent. The advance was began on the morning of the 22nd—the Spaniards taking the high road and the British following a parallel path to the left.* Victor had intelligence of this move and anxious to test Cuesta's strength and, what was more important, to acertain whether the British Army was on that front, he had posted Latour-Maubourg's Cavalry division at Gamonal, a few miles in front of Talavera. The Spaniards were advancing with the Duke of Albuquerque's cavalry division as advanced guard, but on seeing the French cavalry, the Duke refused to attack without the co-operation of infantry and guns. Cuesta accordingly sent forward a division of his infantry to support him, but even then the Spaniards made no headway. They continued skirmishing for hours, and Lord Munster, an eye-witness has recorded that "it is my belief they would have continued skirmishing till *now* (i.e., 1831) if we had not aided them."† Anson's brigade came up upon their left and as soon as the French saw them they bolted back towards Talavera, skirting the town on the northern side, and crossed the Alberche, followed by the British cavalry. From the cover of the wood which lined the river bank they saw the whole of Victor's corps in position. The thickets on the enemy's side were swarming with tirailleurs, and two batteries opened on Anson's brigade as it drew near the water, and sent balls whizzing among Wellesley's staff when he pushed forward to reconnoitre the position. This closed the day's work.

The British army fully expected a battle at dawn next day (23rd) and the 1st and 3rd Divisions were got under arms, but Wellesley could not stir his Spanish colleague into action. Speaking of Cuesta at this period, Lord Munster says: "The bivouack of Cuesta was on the road to Madrid, about three-quarters of a mile from the Alberche, where, on the cushions

* These positions are according to Oman, 11, 487, but Fortescue, VII, 213, reverses them and argues the matter in a footnote. See also Beamish, in "History of the King's German Legion, 1,201.

† See his Account of the British Campaign in 1809, page 199. George Fitzclarence, later Earl of Munster, was in the 10th Light Dragoons, and apparently serving on the staff in this campaign.

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taken from his carriage, he sat, the picture of mental and physical inability. Two soldiers stood near to aid or support him in any little necessary operation, and the scene would have been ridiculous had it not been painful, as we saw the tide, which, 'when taken at its flood,' might, nay would, 'lead us on to fortune' and victory, fast ebbing, without our taking advantage of it. . . . The officers could not let pass without ridicule the incongruity we had observed within the last three days in the old gentleman's proceedings. It was impossible not to notice the Spanish General going out to battle, to within half-a-mile of the advanced-posts, in a carriage drawn by nine mules, and the precautions to preserve him from the rheumatism, like those taken by delicate ladies, in our humid climate, at a *fete champetre*, in placing the carriage cushions on the grass. To these the Spanish Commander-in-Chief was supported by two grenadiers who let him drop on them, as his knees were too feeble to attempt reclining without the chance, nay certainly, of a fall. Yet this was the man to whom the Cortes had entrusted their armies, but who ought to have been removed without a moment's delay after the first trial." In short, poor old Cuesta was a first-class "dud" and the laughing stock of the British Army and it is, therefore, not surprising to learn that the British soldier despised his men.

Anson's Brigade with the 3rd Division in support, was posted to watch the right flank of the French, the Spaniards watching the other flank. Wellesley learnt that Victor had not received any reinforcement up to the time of his withdrawal from Talavera, in view of which he urged Cuesta to strike early, the British army undertaking to turn the French right flank if the Spaniards would attack the fords and the bridge on their front. The proposal was received with the usual suspicion, but eventually it was agreed to. Accordingly at 3 a.m. on the 23rd July, the British Army was in its appointed place opposite the fords on Victor's right, but there was no sign of the Spanish force. Wellesley rode over to ascertain the cause of delay and found Cuesta seated on a pile of cushions opposite the bridge over the Alberche. He was full of excuses and there was a

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heated discussion but the old man would not budge, he did however agree to advance the next day. Wellesley, seeing the chance of beating Victor, before he was reinforced, slipping away rapidly, was much annoyed at his colleague's dilatory methods and rode away from the interview disgusted at the turn of events.

At dawn on the 24th the allied army moved forward to the Alberche only to find that Victor, now certain that the British Army was opposed to him, had disappeared. He had seen the red coats opposite his right flank the previous day and lost no time in withdrawing. Angered at this situation, Wellesley told Cuesta flatly that he would not budge an inch further until his transport arrangements were complete, which the Cortes had promised to do some weeks previously. Cuesta retorted that he would carry on the chase of Victor to Madrid. "In that case," dryly observed Wellesley, "Cuesta will get himself into a scrape." And so he did—very soon. He went forward as far as Torrijos, just N.W. of Toledo, met Victor's corps together with Sebastiani's and King Joseph's reserve from Madrid. The reason why these forces were able to unite, and thus alter the course of the campaign, was because the slothful and insubordinate Venegas failed to draw Sebastiani off to the eastward as arranged for in the plan operations previously mentioned (see page 9). When Cuesta realised the strength opposed to him he withdrew to the Alberche in great disorder and not before the French cavalry had played havoc with his horse regiments. Covered by British divisions, the Spanish army withdrew across the Alberche on 27th July, and in doing so Mackenzie's Division and Anson's cavalry became involved in an unfortunate combat.

Just westward of the Alberche, on the road to Talavera, was a ruined house called Casa de Salinas, near to which two of the brigades of Mackenzie's Division had been posted. The country was thick with olive groves and underwood and thus impossible for the employment of cavalry, which accordingly was placed in the rear. Wellesley had mounted the roof of the house to obtain a general view of the countryside, but neither he nor the pickets

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of the two brigades had noticed the French infantry stealing up towards their left flank, until a brisk musketry fire broke out. The Division stood to arms immediately and Wellesley just had time to descend from the roof and mount his charger before the French arrived there. The enemy, by their sudden onslaught, had done much damage, some men being killed or wounded before they could fall in, but they were held and the Division withdrew in good order from the woods and formed up in the plain, where Anson's light cavalry came to its aid and guarded its flanks until it rejoined the remainder of the army.

The obvious incompetence of Cuesta compelled Wellesley, in practice, to assume the command in chief of both armies from now on. He had already selected the position in which he was determined to offer battle; it ran due north from Talavera, behind a brook called the Portina, which was generally dry in summer, except for a few stagnant pools. Although its shallowness made it useless as a serious obstacle, it provided a ready-made trench for our infantry. The disposition of the troops was as follows—the Spaniards occupied the right flank, which rested upon Talavera, whilst the centre and left flank was occupied by the British. The whole line measured about 3 miles. During the main engagement, Cotton's cavalry brigade was posted in rear of the centre of the line and those of Anson and Fane behind the left flank. An important feature of the British position was the ridge of hills on the extreme left running back at right angles to the line, known as the Cerro de Medellin. This was the key to the position for it dominated the whole of the country to the Tagus.

In the light of the setting sun the allied forces watched the masses of French troops move towards them, covered by shell fire. They fully expected a collision at dawn the next day, but did not expect the attack which they experienced during the night.

In addition to the French forces immediately opposed to them, the allied army had to keep in mind the possibility of Soult coming down on their left flank with his re-organized command.

Whilst the opposing armies were taking up their positions, a disgraceful incident occurred in the Spanish line which, had

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it been exploited by the French, would have spelled disaster to the allied forces. When the Spaniards, occupying the right of the line, saw the French advancing, their infantry delivered a tremendous volley all along their line; this was immediately followed by a shout of "treason" from four battalions (contiguous to the British right) which then turned and fled to the rear in the greatest disorder, plundering the British camp in their flight.* Cuesta sent his cavalry to hunt them back, but hundreds were still missing the next morning. As a punishment the old General reverted to the Roman custom of decimating the battalions concerned, but on Wellesley's strong representation, he reduced the number of executions to one in twenty, and about thirty of the fugitives were shot on the morning of the 29th July. Fortunately the Spanish second line stood fast and there was no actual break in the allied line—but Wellesley never forgot the incident.

Victor had had a stay of some weeks in the neighbourhood of Talavera, and had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the country, so that when he saw the allied army taking up its position along the Portina he knew that such a line could be dominated from the Cerro de Medellin. Therefore, without waiting for orders from King Joseph, who had assumed command of the French forces in this area, he planned a night attack upon their positions. This attack was launched about 9 p.m. and before the British troops had actually settled in their places. It nearly succeeded and was only frustrated because General Hill happened to be on the spot at the right moment. Hearing some firing in that direction he thought it was some of his own men making a blunder. He galloped up at once, with Fordyce, his Brigade-Major, and shouted to the men to cease firing, not observing that he had ridden right into the French. A voltigeur seized him by the arm and bade him surrender, but Hill clapped his spurs to his horse, which immediately sprang forward, thereby shaking off the Frenchman, who fired at three

* "When these dastardly soldiers run away they plunder everything they meet and in the flight from Talavera they plundered the baggage of the British Army, which was at the moment bravely engaged in their cause" (see letter dated 24th August, 1809, by Wellesley, addressed to his brother, the Marquis Wellesley).

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paces and wounded Hill's horse. The French now fired a volley, in which Fordyce was killed. Hill escaped and sent two brigades to retake the heights and after a desperate encounter they succeeded, the old 29th Foot (now 1st Battalion The Worcestershire Regiment) gaining great distinction in the affair, in which they captured a French Standard. The French were severely beaten, mainly because most of their brigades lost their way in the darkness and the remnants were driven back to some distance past the Portina.

The opposing forces had a very disturbed night for French foragers constantly stumbled on to allied picquets, which kept a blaze of musketry running along the line. But what interested the British most was the torchlight procession made by markers, carrying flambeaux, sent out by Victor to mark the position of his artillery, and the subsequent rattle of gun carriages and cracking of whips which plainly told Wellesley that another attempt to gain the Cerro de Medellin was projected. Deserters from the French during the night confirmed this. When daylight came, five-sixths of the French forces could be seen opposite the British front. The French cavalry was in the second line disposed thus 4 regiments of Light Horse of Merlin's Division on the extreme right on the slopes of the Sierra de Segurila, two regiments of Victor's Corps cavalry on the Cerro de Cascajal (*i.e.*, opposite the Cerro de Medellin), six regiments of Dragoons under Latour-Maubourg opposite the British centre and six regiments of Dragoons under Milhaud opposite Talavera on the extreme left of their line. Joseph had one regiment of cavalry with his reserve, just clear of the woods near the Casa de Salinas.

At about 5 a.m. Victor's guns, opposite the British left, opened a murderous fire and Wellesley, who witnessed it, withdrew two brigades behind the crest of the hill and ordered them to lie down, thus avoiding many casualties. The damp morning air prevented the smoke from the guns rising and a strong east wind came to Victor's aid by blowing it straight towards the British. Under cover of this heaven-sent smoke barrage, Victor sent Ruffin's Division forward and the British did not know of its advance until their own skirmishers were seen retiring. Thus

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Ruffin gained the lower slopes of the Medellin unobserved, but, as he neared the summit, Hill ordered his battalions into action and after a few well-directed British volleys, the French broke and fled, chased back beyond the Portina, leaving a terrible number of casualties on the British position. Hill was wounded in the head and had to leave the line, handing over the command of his Division to Tilson.

A remarkable scene followed. Behind a strong line of picquets, the French could be seen cooking their breakfasts and a sort of informal armistice was observed. Both sides wanted to obtain the filthy water from the Portina and after a little signalling, French, British and German soldiers all came down to the same stagnant pools and filled their canteens. In spite of the heavy fighting just concluded the atmosphere was very friendly and many combatants on opposing sides shook hands—each admiring the other's prowess. Bearer parties for the wounded from each side moved freely among their enemies without hindrance and for about two hours the combatants were completely mixed. Yet no incidents occurred and this amicable spirit between the hostile forces was to hold good for the remainder of the long war—the rough and ready signals developing into a well-understood code.

During this lull in the operations, Wellesley made his left flank more secure by moving Anson's and Fane's cavalry brigades to the west side of the Medellin, ready to take action in the plain to the north of it.

The informal armistice ended about 10 a.m. and the British line was treated to another spectacle, this time a brilliant one, for King Joseph, attended by his military adviser, Marshal Jourdain, and a numerous staff, rode along the entire French line, finally halting on a commanding height behind their right upon the Cascajal, where Victor joined him for a Council of War. An animated discussion took place, lasting an hour. While the conference was in progress two vital items of news reached Joseph—one from Soult making it clear that he could not intervene in the operations for at least another week and the other from General Valence, Governor of Toledo, to the effect that

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Venegas was approaching the town. This decided the King to fight again that afternoon in the hope of beating the allied forces, after which he could deal with Venegas. The plan decided upon was to attack the British centre and right with Sebastiani's Corps and for Victor to fall upon our left and at the same time turn it from the north. The Spaniards were not to be attacked but only watched by Milhaud's Dragoons. A few of the French cavalry were to accompany Victor's turning movement, but the remainder, less Milhaud's, were to be kept in the second line to await events.

From his position on the Medellin, Wellesley watched the French moving into position and made arrangements to meet them. To check Victor's turning movement he moved Anson's and Fane's Brigades to the head of the valley between the Medellin and Segurilla from which position they would be able to charge down upon the flank of the enemy. He also borrowed from Cuesta a division of cavalry, another of infantry and a battery of 12-pounders. The cavalry division was placed behind the brigades of Anson and Fane.

About 2 p.m. the battle began by a furious cannonade of the British position and half-an-hour later the right of the British line was assailed, but as the attack was disjointed, it failed, Campbell's brigade driving back Leval's Germans well beyond the Portina. Leval made a second unsuccessful attack about 4 p.m. which finished the fighting in that locality. In pushing back the enemy on this second occasion, it must be stated in justice to them that some Spanish cavalry, the Regiment del Rey, acquitted itself very well in the pursuit and it captured a French battery.

The most desperate fighting took place upon the left flank. About 3 p.m. the French troops moved forward against this position. Sherbrooke, the Divisional Commander, had given orders that no one was to fire a shot until the enemy were within fifty yards, and then the whole line of his eight battalions was to fire one volley simultaneously and charge. Though much galled by the French musketry, not a man returned the fire until the volley was ordered. At the right moment one tremendous

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and murderous volley crashed from the British muskets, which sent the French leading lines down to a man. The spirited charge that followed drove the enemy back beyond the Portina, but Sherbrooke allowed the pursuit to be carried too far and a disaster resulted. The Guards and the Germans of the K.G.L. found themselves isolated far in rear of the French position and in close contact with the French reserves. The French guns on the Cascajal enfiladed them and Latour-Maubourg's dragoons harrassed them and they were only able to regain their position in unorganized masses under the cover of two other regiments. The French followed closely with shouts of victory, slaughtering hundreds of the disordered battalions. Fresh troops were brought up quickly to fill the gap where the Guards had been and Cotton moved his Light Cavalry brigade to cover a gap in the right flank. Heartened by their success in this quarter, the French came on with great boldness against the fresh front and for twenty minutes there was a furious musketry battle. Lapisse, who commanded one of the French Divisions, was killed. The enemy were held and gradually began to recoil and as they did so, Cotton took advantage of the uncovered flank of one of the regiments and charged home. This success hastened the French in their retreat—" Thus the contest in the centre came to an end, both sides having suffered appalling losses in one of the stubbornest fights that occurred during the whole course of the war." (Fortescue VII, 249.)

Whilst the struggle in the centre had been taking place, nothing of consequence had occurred on our left, but now the French made a forward movement against the Cerro de Medellin, with the intention of turning it from the north. Wellesley was on the spot and made the following dispositions to meet any threat from that quarter—Anson's brigade was already in position with the 23rd Light Dragoons to the right and the 1st Hussars of the K.G.L. on the left, each regiment, apparently, in column of wings. Fane's brigade was in rear of Anson's, Albuquerque's Spanish Cavalry Division was in rear of Anson's and Fane's brigades. Altogether the allies had about 5,000 sabres. While the French infantry was making its somewhat

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cautious advance it was incessantly stung by the fire of the allied guns on the northern slopes of the Medellin, to which the French guns could not reply effectively, being at the time in the trough of a depression. When the foremost French troops drew level with our left flank, Sir Arthur sent orders for Anson's brigade to charge them, with Fane's heavy brigade in support. As these troops were preparing to advance, Colonel Elley, of the Royal Horse Guards, serving on Wellesley's staff, could be seen on his conspicuous white charger well in front, selecting the line of advance.

When Anson's brigade broke into a trot they came under fire from the French guns on the Cascajal and instinctively it moved off to the left to avoid shells and the pace was increased. Presently, however, it came within range of the enemy riflemen on the Sierra de Segurilla on the left and again the pace was increased to a canter. As the brigade passed the Medellin, it was heartened by a rousing cheer from Hill's brigades, to which it responded with equally loud cheering, accompanied by another increase of pace and the resultant thundering of hoofs upon the hard ground.

As soon as the French infantry saw the squadrons approaching they immediately formed squares, thus presenting easy targets for our gunners who did not fail to make good practice.

The ground seemed favourable for a charge and though an attack on unbroken infantry is always hazardous, the squadrons came on with great confidence and were soon closing in at headlong speed upon the hostile line. An unforeseen chance of war, however, wrecked the whole plan. The long dry waving grass and corn of the valley seemed to show a level surface, but the appearance was deceitful. About a hundred and fifty yards in front of the French squares was a narrow but deep ravine, the bed of a small winter torrent which discharges its waters into the Portina during the rainy season. It was about fifteen feet broad and ten feet deep, shoaling to about four feet deep towards the southern margin. There were many places at which it could be crossed with ease by a horseman moving at a moderate pace. But for squadrons riding knee to knee at a headlong speed it was

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a dangerous obstacle, and indeed a trap of the most deadly sort. It was wholly invisible to the horsemen till they were near it. Elley came upon it unexpectedly and unable to check his horse cleared it with an effort; which done, he pulled up to wave back the 23rd. He was too late. Some of the troopers cleared the obstacle in their stride; some swerved in time and refused to take the leap; others scrambled into and over the less difficult points of the ditch; but many fell, horse and man, into the trap and were crushed by the rear rank falling in on top of them. There were several broken necks and scores of broken arms and legs in the leading squadrons. The inexplicable disorder in front warned the second line, which slackened its pace, but its momentum carried it forward in a confused mass into the ravine before it could come to a stand. During this mishap, a French regiment of the square, immediately in front of the 23rd, opened a brisk musketry fire upon it, thus adding to the casualties.

A little further to the north, the 1st Hussars of the K.G.L. met a similar fate, though being out of range of the enemy they were able to regain their organization undisturbed. The ravine at this point was not so deep as that into which the 23rd had fallen and their casualties were not so great as those of their British comrades.* The two regiments were now in utter confusion and some critics are of opinion that it would have been better had they returned to their starting point and reformed. Instead, all caution was thrown to the winds and what men had gained the further side of the ravine were rapidly collected and led against the hostile infantry. Probably little more than half of each corps took part in the final charge. The 1st Hussars rode at the 24th French Infantry Regiment, received its fire, were repulsed and drew off up the valley. The survivors of the two left squadrons of the 23rd charged the 27th Leger, were repulsed with heavy loss and struggled back to the British lines. But Elley and the right squadrons of the 23rd were more fortunate; they rode clear of the French squares and charged a line of cavalry (10th and 26th Chasseurs) which was visible a few hundred yards in rear, carrying away, and almost captur-

* See the footnote on p. 548, Vol. II. of Oman.

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ing, Generals Villatte and Cassagne, in their flight. The squadrons in the path of their flight swerved away clear revealing to Elley another regiment in their rear. Against this he led his two ragged squadrons, but as he did so the two regiments he had just passed quickly reformed and fell upon him. Encircled by five-fold numbers, the remnant of Drake's and Allen's squadrons of the 23rd were annihilated, only a few well-mounted officers, including Elley, and two or three troopers cut their way through the enemy, and rode northward ultimately finding shelter in the Division of Spanish cavalry on the Sierra de Segurilla.

This exploit of the 23rd cost them dearly; 207 all ranks killed, wounded and missing and 224 casualties among their horses.*

When Wellesley saw that Anson's brigade had failed he counter-commanded the order to Fane's and the battle to all intents and purposes ended. The French artillery, however, kept up a continual fire upon the Medellin and eventually succeeded in setting the long, dry grass and corn alight, which under the impulse of a north-easterly breeze spread rapidly, particularly along the line taken by the 23rd. So rapid was it that many wounded were scorched and a number burned to death. The bravery of a Sergeant of the Artillery of the K.G.L. only just averted a great disaster by the blowing up of ammunition near his battery. The whole hill was soon enveloped in smoke and flames.

Fortescue refers to the exploit of the 23rd as a "mad" one; nevertheless it had the effect of frightening the French commanders into not risking another similar onslaught by Fane's and the Spanish cavalry which they could see quite intact in the valley. Moreover, their infantry in forming squares to meet the charge of the remnants of the 23rd and 1st Hussars had suffered heavily from our guns and were in no mind for making a vigorous attack upon the Medellin. This spirit was also noticeable among the French generals, with the exception of

* The four squadron guidons carried by the 23rd at Talavera are now in the Royal United Service Institution. This regiment also fought at Waterloo and was disbanded in 1817.

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Victor, who had been replused three times and had not gained an inch of ground. He was for making another assault, but a false report to King Joseph that Cuesta was now preparing to advance decided him against any forward action that day and the French withdrew behind the Alberche.

Thus ended the battle of Talavera, one of the most hotly contested of the whole war. Wellesley said it "was the hardest fought in modern times." Two aspects of the battle stand out clearly—the thin line of the British gave them the maximum fire effect, the accuracy of which defeated the heavy masses of the French which attacked them; and the cavalry action on the left flank was a considerable argument in the councils of the French Commanders, who eventually decided not to risk a similar onslaught by Fane's and the Spanish cavalry, and thus broke off the engagement. Referring to the exploit of the 23rd, L.D., Wellesley wrote that although they suffered considerable loss "the charge had the effect of preventing the execution of that part of the enemy's plan," of trying to seize the Medellin (Dispatch dated 29th July, 1809).

The casualties on both sides were comparatively high—the British 5,363 killed, wounded and missing and the French 7,268. In a letter to the Duke of Richmond, Wellesley said "Our loss is terribly great."

In recognition of his services on this occasion, Wellesley received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament and was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Wellington of Wellington in Somerset and of Talavera. King Joseph also created Victor, Duke of Talavera.

Under Horse Guards General Order, dated 9th September, 1810, a medal was approved to commemorate Talavera and under another dated 7th October, 1813, it was one of the actions approved for wearing on the Gold Cross. When the General Service Medal was instituted under Horse Guards G.O., dated 1st June, 1847, a clasp for Talavera was approved.

Battle Honours have been granted to the following Regiments

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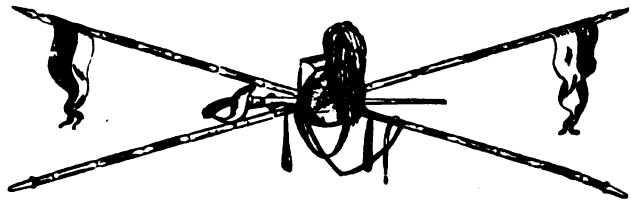
and Corps for their services at Talavera on 27th and 28th July, 1809.

Present Title	*Title at date of Battle*
3rd Carabiniers (Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards)	3rd (or Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards. (Amalgamated with The Carabiniers in 1922)
4th Queen's Own Hussars	4th Queen's Own Dragoons
14th/20th Hussars	14th (or the Duchess of York's) Light Dragoons. (Amalgamated with 20th Hussars in 1922)
16th/5th Lancers	16th (or Queen's) Light Dragoons. (Amalgamated with 5th Lancers in 1922)
Disbanded 1817	23rd Light Dragoons
Coldstream Guards	Coldstream Guards
Scots Guards	3rd Foot Guards
The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment)	3rd Foot, or the Buffs
The Royal Fusiliers	7th Foot, or Royal Fusiliers
The South Wales Borderers	24th Foot
The Gloucestershire Regiment	61st Foot (now 2nd Battalion)
The Worcestershire Regiment	29th Foot (now 1st ,,)
The East Surrey Regiment	31st Foot (now 1st ,,)
The Prince of Wales's Volunteers	40th Foot (now 1st ,,)
The Sherwood Foresters	45th Foot (now 1st ,,)
The Northamptonshire Regiment	48th Foot (now 1st ,,)
The Royal Berkshire Regiment	66th Foot (now 2nd ,,)
The King's Shropshire Light Infantry	53rd Foot (now 1st ,,)
The King's Royal Rifle Corps	60th (or Royal American) Regiment of Foot
The Royal Ulster Rifles	83rd Foot (now 1st Battalion)
The Royal Irish Fusiliers	87th Foot (now 1st ,,)
Disbanded 1922	88th Foot (the Connaught Rangers)



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"*ALL AGIN TH' REGULATIONS.*"

"*L'audace, l'audace, toujours de l'audace!*"

By Reginald Hargreaves.

When, with a bitter dawning in the January of 1795, Colonel Joseph Lahure, at the head of his squadron of Hussars, slipped and slithered across the cat-ice of the Helder, to the capture of the Dutch fleet held fast in its frozen waters, he doubtless plumed himself upon the accomplishment of a feat unique in military history. All of which is very understandable, since the experience of Colonels of the early French Republican armies was of that rough-and-ready variety which is gained upon the field of battle itself, and rarely included a comprehensive knowledge of the *vie militaire* of earlier times. It constitutes no slur, then, upon the soldierly competence of the Franco-Belge Commander to infer that, in leading a body of cavalry to the capture of warships, he was guilty of, at least unconscious, plagiarism; that he went in ignorance of the fact that his astonishing enterprise at the Helder had been anticipated, exactly eighty years earlier, during the brief and abortive Stuart rising of the '15.

* * * *

Stuart Pretenders to the English throne have rarely been favoured with good luck; especially in the matter of the military advisers to whom they have delegated the active command of such forces as have rallied in their support.

With the unfortunate *contretemps* which robbed him of Fletcher of Saltoun, for example, the Duke of Monmouth lost the one man of military experience who might have been able to weld his hedgerow following into something resembling an

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army. On the other hand, the initial successes of the '45 were as much a tribute to the military talent of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" himself as to any aid afforded him, in council or in the field, by Lord George Murray. In fact, bearing in mind that the Stuart Prince was a direct descendant of the great John Sobieski, who had triumphantly delivered Vienna from the menace of the Turk in 1683, it is a fair conclusion that the "Canter of Coltbrigg," like the subsequent victories of Prestonpans and Falkirk, owed more to the soldierly skill of the royal aspirant than to any particular display of genius on the part of his subordinates.

But whereas Charles Edward was in the direct line of the stout old Polish warrior, his father had only been given the good fortune to marry Sobieski's daughter; and James Francis Edward's claim to any sort of military ability was as tenuous as that of his principal adherent and self-constituted Commander-in-Chief, John Earl of Mar.

Mar's real attitude towards the Stuart Pretender's claims is extraordinarily difficult to orient. Under Anne, he had done excellently as Secretary for Scotland; and his apparently continued loyalty to her Hanoverian successor was supported by his activity in preparing an Address of Welcome to George Ist, to which he persuaded a number of his fellow Scottish peers to set their signatures. Probably it was the obvious and tactlessly-manifested distrust of his Counsellor which the newly-arrived Monarch was at no pains to disguise,* which first swung the disgruntled Secretary into the opposition camp. Possibly, in addition to personal pique, it was his anticipation that the superior charm and regality of manner displayed by the son of James IInd would ultimately arouse a considerably greater degree of popular enthusiasm than the more stolid virtues of his Hanoverian rival, which finally tipped the scale in favour of the Stuart Pretender.

At all events, and despite the blow dealt to the cause by the imprisonment of Lord Oxford and the flight overseas of the Duke

* It is known that, at Greenwich, the newly-arrived George I indulged a peculiarly Germanic boorishness in his reception—or lack of it—of the erstwhile holder of one of the most influential and important Offices under the Crown.

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of Ormond—two of the stoutest supporters the exiled Prince could boast—the early August of 1715 found Mar's precipitate flight from London ending at the little port of Elie, on the coast of Fifeshire. Thence he hastened north, bent upon the fomentation of a popular rising in favour of the Stuart claimant, engineered from the secure base afforded by that time-honoured stronghold of Jacobite sympathies—the Highlands of Scotland.

It may fairly be advanced that, following immediately on the death of Anne, a swift pounce on the throne by James Francis Edward might very well have proved successful—at least for a time. But the psychological moment was missed; and the untimely death of that *Grand Monarque* of France, who had ever shown a practical sympathy with the Stuart cause, did nothing to improve the Jacobite chances.* Undeterred by this potent factor in the general situation—or possibly inapprehensive of its full significance—Mar, as the still-absent Prince's self-constituted representative and Commander-in-Chief, raised the Standard of the Stuart claimant at Braemar in the presence of a remarkably modest gathering of the faithful; and thereafter started forth "to set the heather afire." Candour compels the admission that he went about the business with something of a slow match!

However, since the triumph of Whiggery meant the continuance of the House of Argyll in power, the rival Highland clans were perfectly ready to follow Mar, rather than lose an opportunity for a blow at the hated Campbells; and if, in the process, the Stuart exile managed to scramble on to the English throne, well—so much the better.

Unhappily for Jacobite hopes, as Sir Walter Scott has so aptly put it, "Mar was unconscious of the limit of his own talent." Certainly, it seemed beyond his comprehension to realize that, in any invasion of England from the extreme north, the immediate capture of Stirling is of the very utmost importance. Its enemy occupation inevitably cuts off the Highlands from the Lowlands, and bars all hope of advance; while any co-

* Louis XIVth, it will be recalled, was succeeded by his frail little five-year-old great-grandson, under the Regency of Philippe of Orléans, an individual whose attitude towards James Francis Edward's pretensions was almost undisguisedly inimical.

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operative movement from the Border country can easily be checked on either flank of the Cheviots. Oblivious of this elementary strategic consideration, however, the Stuart Commander contented himself with a leisurely advance on Perth; where, with an army which, by the turn of the month, numbered somewhere between four and five thousand, he halted under the shadowy menace of Argyll, who, with a few troops hastily scraped together, had been swift to occupy the key position of Stirling, which, but for his genius for procrastination, could have been Mar's for the taking.

But if the forces at Argyll's immediate disposal amounted to little more than the proverbial "two men and a boy," those assembled in the Jacobite camp, although superior in number, were sadly wanting, not only in a competent leader, but in discipline, in cohesion, and, more particularly, in every sort and kind of warlike stores.*

That Mar himself was perfectly well aware of this grave deficiency in *matériel*, that he even advanced it as an excuse for his own dilatoriness and lack of military enterprise, unbiassed contemporary records seem all agreed. That he took no properly-organized measures to remedy the situation appears equally incontrovertible.

But that it was a factor of the very greatest urgency and importance was by no manner of means overlooked by one of the very few officers with practical experience in the Stuart Commander's train—John, Master of Sinclair, son and heir to the snug Fireshire estates of that highly-respected Scottish Peer, Lord Sinclair of Dysart.

II.

It is clear that, in temperament and outlook, the Master of Sinclair, as he was generally termed, provided an almost perfect contrast to the man under whom—with no particular display of enthusiasm—he had consented to take the field. Sanguine,

*The 12 French ships loaded, by order of the *Grand Monarque*, with, amongst other things, 14,000 muskets and carbines, 2,000 fusils, 18,000 swords, and over 60 pieces of cannon of different calibres, with appropriate stores of powder and shot, together with a reinforcement of nearly 2,000 French soldiery, never pulled their anchors from the harbour beds of Havre-de-Grace and St. Malo, thanks to the interdict of Philippe of Orleans.

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impulsive, resentful of caution and restraint, and possessed of a reckless daring that rarely stopped to envisage consequences, his quality of personal courage was as instinctive as his hotheadedness was proverbial. At one time he had served with the forces under Marlborough, holding an Ensign's Commission in Preston's Regiment of Foot. But a fellow-subaltern having accused him—*mirabile dictu!*—of the awful crime of *stooping down* during the battle of Wyendaal, a duel ensued in which Sinclair's opponent had fallen with a mortal wound. Further trouble followed when a brother of the dead man, Captain Shaw of "The Royals," took up the quarrel afresh; and as a consequence the fiery Highlander eventually found himself confronting a Court Martial on a charge barely indistinguishable from that of murder. Accused of having shot down his enemy out of hand when coming upon him suddenly, riding at the head of his regiment, the defendant was fortunate in being able to establish the fact that Shaw himself, at the moment when he was hit, was in the very act of drawing his own weapon. This enabled the Court to award a lesser penalty than the death sentence for which the Prosecution had confidently applied. A heavy term of imprisonment was the Court Martial's ultimate finding; but it was a punishment that Sinclair had no mind tamely to accept. Escaping from the military gaol to which he had been consigned, the delinquent fled to the sanctuary of Prussian territory. There he remained until, in 1712, an official pardon permitted his return to his Fifeshire home.

Called upon to rally to the Stuart Standard, his initial reluctance to obey the summons was founded less, maybe, upon lack of enthusiasm for the Jacobite cause, than upon a wholehearted doubt which, as a professional soldier, he instinctively felt for the prospects of a campaign whose destiny had been entrusted to the extremely limited military talents of such a patent amateur as Mar.

On the other hand, a profound if somewhat naïve belief in his own ability "to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm,"—should opportunity arise or somehow be contrived, combined,

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with his natural pugnacity and desire to "get his own back," induced him to take the field against those by whom he considered himself to have been unjustly used. In the upshot, September found him one of Mar's army, which was in process of accumulation at Perth. It must be confessed, however, that the Marlborough "veteran" was at small pains to conceal the contempt he nurtured for the entire absence of military efficiency and enthusiastic *élan* which characterized the whole assembly, from the disorderly horde of unruly clansmen to the supine Commander-in-Chief himself.

Chafing at the inanition and sluggish lack of plan which kept the army inactive* when, in his opinion, it should long since have taken the initiative, the restless young Master of Sinclair suddenly found himself endowed with a piece of news, the importance of which his soldierly upbringing assured him could hardly be exaggerated.

A message summoning him to a mysterious rendezvous, at six in the morning of Sunday the second of October, on that desolate waste known as the South Inch of Perth, had been followed by his meeting with an old friend of the family, in the person of a merchant of considerable standing, with whom the whole Sinclair clan had dealings. It was from the lips of this worthy adherent to the Cause, who had ridden the night through to bring the intelligence, that the Master learned of the presence, in the harbour of Burntisland—an inconsiderable little port on the shores of the Firth of Forth, opposite Edinburgh—of a ship loaded with arms and munitions, "for at least three thousand." These supplies, as it appeared, were destined for the use of the Government forces concentrated in the north under the command of the Earl of Sutherland; and the presence of Argyll and his forces at Stirling—something under thirty miles due west of the port, and commanding all approaches to it—had been regarded by the ship's master, a native of the place, as sufficient

* The only enterprise in which Mar's forces had indulged since assembling at Perth had been an abortive attempt at the capture of Edinburgh Castle; about as badly bungled a venture as can well be imagined.

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safeguard to warrant his remaining at anchor long enough to enjoy a few days of his good wife's company.*

No one in the Jacobite army at Perth was more anxious to remedy the dangerous deficiency from which the insurgent force was suffering than the war-experienced Master of Sinclair. And a mere twenty miles away lay a munition ship crammed with ball, powder and "arms for at least three thousand"! With this rich store brought safely within Perth walls, maybe a good half of the ragged horde of clansmen, for the most part furnished with no more than their claymores, targets and *skean dhus*, with here and there a rusty fire-lock or an antiquated pistol, would be equipped with as sound an armament as the enemy against whom they had volunteered to take the field.

It followed that the opportunity to achieve a *coup-de-main* which must result in their reinforcement, presented so enticing a prospect that, swallowing his reluctance to submit his projected venture to the arbitrament of a man for whose decisions in military matters he held the profoundest contempt, Sinclair laid the whole matter before the Commander-in-Chief, rather tactlessly arousing him from his early morning slumbers to do so, lest there should be any waste of precious time. Bluntly he begged permission to organize a swift cutting-out expedition, to capture this gift from the gods that lay so ripe and handy for the garnering.

Burntisland lay little more than twenty-odd miles distant, as the Master pointed out, over difficult but not impossible country. If speed and determination were employed, the whole enterprise could be brought to a triumphantly successful issue before Argyll and the Government troops at Stirling could even be apprised of the danger against which it would be perfectly simple for them to take adequate measures of precaution.

But swift decision followed by resolute action were things entirely foreign to the genius for equivocation which con-

* The omission to send a man-o'-war for the guardianship of this munition ship is explained by the fact that the bulk of the available Naval forces had been sent to the Baltic, as a demonstration against Sweden, whose Privateers had recently been playing havoc with British shipping on the plea that, contrary to Treaty obligations, it had been engaged in carrying supplies to Russia, with whom the Northern country was at war.

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stituted one of Mar's most salient characteristics. For all his subordinate's burning enthusiasm, he demurred and shilly-shallied, counselled delay, and, with a sort of morbid relish, dwelt more upon the latent dangers that would attend the enterprise than upon the obvious advantages that would accrue from its successful prosecution.

It was not until the young Jacobite's third attempt at persuasion—and after Mar had been warmed and enheartened by a generous dinner—that the leader yielded a grudging permission for the raid to be attempted. Even then he gave explicit instructions in writing that the expedition should be commanded by Sinclair and a certain Major Harry Balfour conjointly, lest, in the event of its spectacular success, the whole of the credit should go to the man whose dislike for himself he returned with more than ample interest.

In this invidious proviso Sinclair was good soldier enough to acquiesce.

The Master's plan of operations had envisaged the possible necessity for temporarily storing such of his booty as he could not immediately transport in the sanctuary of Burntisland Castle. With this potentiality in mind, he had insisted that a strong force of Foot should follow on the heels of the four-score Horse—"a little army of fox-hunters armed with light swords,"*—with which he proposed to attempt the initial raid. To this proposal, however, Mar raised considerable objection; but finally compromised by consenting to post five hundred clansmen, under the Laird of Innernytie, at Kinross, about two-thirds of the way on the homeward journey, as a means of securing the raiders' retreat.

With this grudging concession Sinclair was forced to remain content: and by early dusk of the same day he was in the saddle and heading his troop for the open country. With simple but effective guile, he had deliberately set out from Perth by a gate which would have misled any interested onlooker into the belief that his destination lay, not to the east, but somewhere in a

* A gibe of Sinclair's, aimed subsequently at another body of Jacobite Horse, but quite reasonably applicable to his own meagre force.

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westerly direction; while at the same time every other egress from the city was closed and securely guarded, lest news of the enterprise should be sped to Argyll by one of the numerous spies with which the Jacobite stronghold was infested.

The distance to be covered by the raiding party was something under five and twenty miles; and although it was highly necessary to reach Burntisland before midnight, when, the tide being on the flood, the coveted vessel was scheduled to up-anchor and put to sea again, the leader was equally anxious to avoid all contact with villages *en route*, whence news of his passage might be sent to Stirling. Fortunately, in Malcome, the man he had selected as his guide, he possessed a "local" to whom the surrounding countryside was as familiar as his own hearth; and the difficult cross-country journey was accomplished without a single untoward incident and at a highly satisfactory turn of speed.

With a mere three miles still to go, however, and with the few belated lights left burning in the little township shining softly out of the darkness, Sinclair was pulled up short by the appearance of that merchant friend upon whose information the whole enterprise had been founded. From the lips of this ill-omened individual he learned that the quarry had already raised anchor, although the vessel was still hove-to in the roadstead.

Pressing on with all haste, Sinclair led his men straight to the centre of the sleeping burg; where any latent show of resistance on the part of the thirty-odd men of the Town Guard—brought stumbling to their Alarm Post by the clatter of the raiders' arrival—was soon overawed by the leader's resolute bearing and the show of force with which it was backed. The Master's first move was to picket the harbour-head, to prevent any chance of a boat stealing away to raise the alarm aboard the unsuspecting munition ship; which he observed, with considerable satisfaction, was still riding quietly on the swell, a little distance from the shore.

It was then that there arose one of those exasperating situations which seem entirely unavoidable where raw troops are engaged who, for all their loyalty and enthusiasm, lack that restraint and unhesitant obedience which is only the outcome of

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a carefully fostered discipline. Casting about for a boarding party with which to carry the ship, the Master found less than a dozen stalwarts ready to his call. (Incidentally, he would appear to have been without the support of Balfour throughout the whole of the night's proceedings.) Of the rest, not a man was to be seen; although the lights that sprang to hurried life in the tavern windows, the hoarse shouts and raucous laughter, and the occasional high-pitched squeal of a protesting woman, gave ample evidence of the sort of work to which the bulk of the riders had deflected their lawless energies. Even the horse-holders had disappeared; and the untethered animals, wandering aimless and frightened about the narrow streets, contributed an additional note of terror to the general atmosphere of nightmare, confusion and alarm.

However, wisely deciding to postpone the dragooning of his recalcitrant followers to a more propitious moment, Sinclair marshalled such of his horsemen as were still to hand, and, empressing the services of a half-dozen fisherfolk as oarsmen, without further loss of time had himself rowed out to the still unsuspicious munition ship. Springing aboard, pistol in fist, the raiders soon found themselves masters of a vessel which, with a little professional assistance, they promptly proceeded to warp back into harbour; a measure whereby the off-loading of its cargo would be materially advanced.

Investigation of the treasure stowed away in the hold, if it brought a certain measure of disappointment to hopes that had soared, perhaps, inordinately high, at least gave reassurance that the venture had not been pursued entirely in vain. Of stands of arms, enough were found to fit out "three hundred, wanting one"; while cartridge boxes, flints, barrels of ball, and bags of powder to the weight of some three hundred pounds, were soon carried shoreward, where Sinclair, thigh-deep in the shallows, eagerly checked each item as it was safely landed.

With so few men available, less than a dozen in all, it was no easy matter to load the fifty pack horses with which the Master had been at pains to come provided; nor was the task rendered any less onerous by the leader's discovery of another

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small Government craft, tied up in the harbour, from which a further barrel of powder and an additional five and twenty fire-locks were promptly impounded.

At length, however, every beast of burden was loaded, and loaded, moreover, to the limit of capacity, since the Master was in no mind to leave any of his hard-won booty behind him, on the highly-problematical offchance that a body of Foot might turn up to guard it, and a start was at length made on the homeward journey. The hours had slipped away with incredible swiftness; and if the danger-point on the return trip—where the route lay nearest to Argyll's outposts—was to be passed under the sheltering cover of darkness, it behoved the leader to get his unwieldy convoy moving westward without an instant's loss of time.

Rounding up such stragglers as were immediately visible, and who condescended still to remain amenable to his orders, Sinclair gave the word to march, devoutly thankful that the venture had at least achieved its object, despite the indiscipline and uselessness of the bulk of those who followed in his train. As he himself has recorded, "I never thought myself happier than when I got out of that town, being faint and sick with the confusion, and the running up and down at work."

But even with the convoy headed safely for home, the leader's troubles were far from over. With all hope of a swift and silent progress nullified by the tail of noisy stragglers galloping to overtake him or clamouring in his wake, to add to his embarassments, at one period in the progress (as he himself informs us), "some of the command went off, without leave, to pay their respects (*sic!*) to some minister whom they had a mind to tease, and as these irregular folks generally contrive it, they returned, before break of day, with noise."

The feelings of an experienced regular soldier, with all these lawless, silence-shattering, and entirely unnecessary comings and goings threatening to arouse the countryside and alarm the watchful enemy at Stirling, may easily be imagined. Nor were conditions improved by the addition to the slow-moving column of that boisterous rabble of Foot, nominally under the

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orders of Inveray, who had pushed forward as far as Auchtertool,* a little over four miles along the road from Burntisland. When at last, with the grey of early morning to light his way, the township of Kinross was achieved without misadventure—where the convoy found awaiting it another horde of wild clansmen, under Innernytie—the Master could congratulate himself that the danger-point on his homeward progress had been safely, if miraculously, passed. By early dusk of that same day, after covering in all well over "forty Scottish miles," the walls of Perth loomed in sight again; and Mar, riding out on the South Inch, could accord a guarded commendation when the Master dutifully reported the successful issue of his venture.

It is to be hoped that the congratulations of Sinclair's brother officers were coached in warmer terms; for there is no gainsaying the fact that, as an example of courage, initiative and wise military opportunism, his raid on the Government ships at Burntisland was worthy of all the encomiums that generous admiration could express.

III.

Courage, it is said, is as catching as fear; but initiative appears to be considerably less infectious!

As a gesture, a gasconade calculated to stimulate Jacobite enthusiasm and *moral* to the same degree as it sowed bewilderment and a certain measure of demoralization in the enemy camp, Sinclair's exploit attained a significance out of all proportion to its modest scope, its obvious limitations, and its relatively meagre reward. Properly exploited, it might well have proved the quick-match with which the smouldering faith in the Stuart cause which was so hanging fire up and down the land could have been lit until it blazed up in a fervour which would have swept all before it. In the event, the tepid waters of caution and faint-heartedness were permitted to douse the spark so gallantly ignited.

* The fact that Auchtertool was the furthest point reached by the Highland infantry serves to dispel, once and for all, the legend that the Burntisland raid was the work of Horse and Foot alike, with each trooper carrying a Highlander behind him, clinging to the saddle.

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When, at long last, the field of Sherrifmuir brought the attenuated Government army* and the mounting Jacobite forces face to face, there ensued an action in which an indecisive conclusion of stalemate constituted little less than disastrous defeat for the insurgents, for whom nothing could avail short of overwhelming victory.

A contemporary rhymster has summed up the negative quality of Argyll's performance, and the lack of direction and hopeless state of confusion which prevailed in the Jacobite ranks, in the crudely-written jingle:

> But Scotland has not much to say
> For such a fight as this is,
> When both did fight, both ran away:
> The devil take the mess is.

Throughout the engagement Sinclair, as might have been expected of him, comported himself with his usual intrepidity and professional skill. But—save in rare instances—battles are not won by the individual bravery of subordinate officers; and even the belated arrival in Scotland of the Pretender himself did nothing to advance the fortunes of a cause predestined to swift eclipse. In the words of the historian, Green, "James Francis Edward proved a yet more sluggish and inadequate leader than Mar: and at the close of 1715 the advance of fresh (Government) troops drove the Pretender overseas again, and dispersed the clans to their hills. The danger of Stuart domination passed away like a dream."

But from a murky and confused panorama of fumbling, faint-heartedness and all-round incompetence, Sinclair's Burntisland exploit stands brilliantly apart. In the teeth of incalculable difficulty, he had triumphantly carried through an enterprise which—despite its limited scope, its utter unorthodoxy, and the fact that, as a cavalry assignment, it was, in the modern soldier's parlance, "all agin th' regulations"—constituted a feat of arms which, at that time, was unique in

* Fortescue informs us that "The Army Estimates for 1714 provided for a British establishment of 22,000 men, of which two-thirds were to be stationed in Flanders and Colonial garrisons, leaving a dangerously small force for the defence of the kingdom." In all, Argyll could not have faced the Jacobite adherents, conservatively numbered at 12,000, with a force of more than 3,000 effectives: but they *were* disciplined troops!

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military history, and in subsequent years has known reproduction on one occasion only.

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THE HANOVERIAN CAVALRY IN 1866.

By Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

The origin of the six regiments which constituted the Hanoverian Cavalry Division in the Seven Weeks War may be traced, with one exception, to the two Dragoon regiments raised by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge (7th son of King George III) at Weymouth, as part of the King's German Legion,* in 1803.

After the abortive expedition to Hanover in 1805, the cavalry of the K.G.L. was increased to two Heavy and three Light Dragoon regiments; the latter wore Hussar uniforms and a few years later were styled Hussars. After the Peninsular Campaign, during which the cavalry of the K.G.L. greatly distinguished itself, the two Heavy Dragoon regiments were converted into Light Dragoons, the three Hussar regiments remaining unchanged.

During the Waterloo Campaign the 1st and 2nd Light Dragoons of the K.G.L. were brigaded with the 23rd Light Dragoons, under Major-General Sir William von Dornberg; the 1st Hussars of the K.G.L. were brigaded with the 10th and 18th Hussars, under Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian; the 2nd Hussars† of the K.G.L. were brigaded with the 7th and 15th Hussars, under Major-General Sir Colquhoun Grant; and the 3rd Hussars of the K.G.L. were brigaded with the 23rd Light Dragoons, under Colonel Sir Frederick von Arentschild.

At the Battle of Waterloo the Anglo-Allied Army contained also the following Hanoverian Cavalry regiments (*not* part of

* Formed almost entirely from officers and men of the old Hanoverian Army, who had migrated to England in order to serve under King George III (who was also their King), when Hanover was occupied by the French.

† They did not, however, gain the Battle Honour "Waterloo," as will be seen below, as they took no part in that battle because they were employed at the time in watching the French frontier.

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the K.G.L.): the Bremen and Verden Hussars, the Duke of Cumberland's Hussars and the Prince Regent's Hussars.

It is from the last named regiment, and from the two Light Dragoon and the three Hussar regiments of the K.G.L. that the six Cavalry regiments of the later Hanoverian Army were directly descended.

In 1816 the King's German Legion, with its five cavalry regiments, left the British service and was transferred to Hanover which, being still under the British Crown, was ruled by the Duke of Cambridge as Viceroy. The 1st and 2nd Light Dragoons now became the Garde du Corps and the Guard Cuirassiers; the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Hussars were renamed the Guard Hussars, the Queen's Hussars and the Duke of Cambridge's Hussars respectively; while the purely Hanoverian regiments, Prince Regent's Hussars, Bremen Hussars and Cumberland Hussars became the Crown Prince Hussars, the King's Lancers and the Duke of Cumberland's Lancers.

When William IV came to the throne in 1830 he reduced his Hanoverian Army, disbanded the Lancer regiments and converted his four Hussar regiments into Dragoons.

Seven years later on the accession of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Cumberland was crowned King of Hanover when that country was separated from Great Britain.

As King Ernest Augustus he increased the Hanoverian Army, converted two of his Dragoon regiments into Hussars again and added two more Dragoon regiments; the latter new formations were however disbanded in 1847.

The only active service which the remaining six regiments (*vide infra*) saw during the next twenty-nine years was in the short campaign against Denmark in 1848, and in 1864 when they accompanied the Federal " Army of Execution " which failed to place Frederick, Duke of Augustenburg on the throne of Schleswig-Holstein.

In the meantime King Ernest August of Hanover had died in 1851 and had been succeeded by his blind son who ascended the throne as King George V.

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Zur Königsparade
am 27. Mai 1866.
„Peninsula - Waterloo - El Bodon."

GARDE DU CORPS DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S DRAGOONS
GUARD HUSSARS

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UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

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The peace establishment of the Hanoverian Cavalry Division in 1866 consisted of six regiments, each of which was 513 strong and contained four squadrons. They were distributed as follows :—

First Brigade.

Garde du Corps.

Guard Cuirassiers.

(Both regiments as descendants of the Heavy Dragoons of the K.G.L. bore the Battle Honours, " Peninsular—Waterloo—Garzia Hernandez.")

Second Brigade.

Guard Hussars (Descended from the 1st Hussars of the K.G.L. Battle Honours, ' Peninsular—Waterloo—El Bodon.")

Queen's Hussars (Descended from the 2nd Hussars of the K.G.L. Battle Honours. " Peninsular—Barossa.")

Third Brigade.

Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, of which Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge (Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, 1856-1895) was Colonel-in-Chief. (Descended from the 3rd Hussars of the K.G.L. Battle Honours, " Peninsular—Waterloo—Göhrde."*)

Crown Prince Dragoons (Descended from the Prince Regent Hussars of the Hanoverian Army. Battle Honour, " Waterloo.")

Although there was universal service in the Kingdom of Hanover for other arms, the cavalry was recruited from so-called volunteers. These had to produce certificates, from their local Magistrate, stating that they were in a position to maintain the horse with which they went on leave for long periods. Only the sons of well-to-do farmers were able to produce such a certificate; and only in agricultural districts was the system possible. These " volunteers " were allowed to enlist at seventeen years of age (instead of twenty). Service was for ten

* In Northern Germany, on the Lower Elbe, when the Russians and Prussians with the 3rd Hussars and two Batteries of the K.G.L. (sent out from England) defeated the French on 16th September, 1813. The 3rd Hussars charged and broke two squares and captured 900 officers and men (including a French General) and four guns.

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years, and at the end of this period they could either re-enlist for a further period of three or six years, or go on the reserve.

A characteristic of the Hanoverian cavalryman was his love for his horse, and he was by far the best horsemaster on the Continent.

Each regiment possessed, in the town where its headquarters were situated, barracks with a large covered riding school attached which was capable of accommodating a whole squadron. The squadrons were spread over the surrounding district, each squadron H.Q. being located in a large village while its personnel was billetted in adjacent hamlets.

Every two years the men occupied different villages and hamlets within the squadron area, in order that the burden of maintaining a trooper and his horse should be equally distributed amongst householders; although these received some official remuneration for their hospitality.

A similar arrangement, though without remuneration, had existed in the old Hanoverian Army even in the time of the Thirty Years War. The troopers who were nearly all farmers' sons were well received by the peasantry, especially in the Guelphic provinces where most of the old farmhouses had on the left of the entrance a " rider's room " and a " rider's stall " to accommodate the trooper and his horse.

When a recruit had served 13 months he was entitled to go on his first leave with his horse, on the strict understanding that he should groom and exercise it daily, and that he should on no account use it for draught purposes.

As soon as a trooper arrived home on leave he had to report at the nearest squadron headquarters, and at any time during his leave an officer might arrive to inspect the horse. At least once during his leave the trooper would be ordered to report at the nearest squadron headquarters in full marching order. On these so-called parades, the horse was put through his paces in order to see whether he had been kept fit. At the same time the F.Q.M.S. would make an inspection, as the trooper on leave was responsible for the shoeing of his horse.

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If the inspecting officer came to the conclusion that the horse had not been properly looked after, or if he was not satisfied with the condition of the trooper's arms, saddlery or equipment, the man's leave was cancelled forthwith.

When on leave with their horses men received full pay and a forage allowance, but no ration allowance. This system of going on leave with the horse was unique in Hanover, and did not exist in any other part of Germany. A considerable proportion of each regiment was generally on leave, but no man was absent when his squadron was taking its turn in the barracks at head-quarters or when regimental or brigade training took place. If during one of these periods any man was not efficient, the squadron-leader could cancel his next leave and retain him for further training.

The inherent love of horses amongst the Hanoverians was such, that improper employment, indifferent care or poor feeding of a troop-horse hardly ever occurred.

The whole population was interested in the trooper on leave, and great was the joy in the village when he came home in his smart uniform and with his fine horse.

Amongst the men on leave, who were very proud to serve in that *Corps d'Elite*, the Cavalry of Hanover, there was always a keen rivalry to keep the horses which had been entrusted to them in the best possible condition.

Remounts were obtained entirely within the Kingdom of Hanover, where nearly every farmer was a breeder. These, although doing business with buyers from other German States, always gave their own Director of Remounts the first refusal. It was a point of honour with these patriotic farmers never to let a good horse leave the country if the army could do with it.

Every year each regiment sold a certain number of horses to the highest bidder. In this way ten per cent. of the strength was disposed of. These horses were eagerly sought after by dealers and others as much as £200 (a very large sum in Germany over seventy years ago) being sometimes paid for a so-called *Ausgediente*: one of these a brown gelding, was purchased for Queen Victoria and was ridden by her for many years. In the

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Autumn a similar number of three-and-a-half to five year olds were purchased through the Remount Service.

These horses were bred on the fertile pastures of the Elbe, Weser, the Ems and its tributaries; the most important breeding centres being in the Stade and Celle districts. The object of the breeders was to produce strong half-breds of high quality, the lighter specimens being used for the cavalry and the heavy for the artillery.

Amongst the young horses acquired by regiments annually, there were also a certain number from the Government stud,* where the blood of the thoroughbreds Drum Major, Torador, Regulator and Bravo predominated.

The Remount Service was so efficient, largely owing to careful selection and breeding with first class material, that the Hanoverian troop-horse in 1866 had no equal in Europe.

Every officer had the right when he joined, and again every five years, to choose a horse from the Government stud and purchase it at the ordinary Remount price (£20 to £30). After he had ridden the horse for five years it became his own property, and he was entitled to sell it. If, however, he left the Service before that period had elapsed the Government bought the horse back at the same price.

The Regimental Establishment included the following chargers; C.O. 5., Second-in-Command 4, Squadron-Leaders and Adjutant 3, and the other officers 2 each.

The Guarde du Corps and Guard Cuirassier Regiments wore (in full dress) white tunics with red and silver, and light blue and gold facings; the former had brass helmets with white plume, and brass cuirasses with a silver star on the front; the latter wore polished steel helmets with white plume, and black cuirasses with a gold star. On helmet, cuirass and standard both bore the battle honours of the Heavy Dragoons of the Legion.

The Guard Hussars and the Queen's Hussars wore a dark blue pelisse and dolman, the former with gold and the latter with

* The Hanoverian breed owed its origin to the four Georges, by whose influence many English thoroughbreds were sent over from England from the time of George I down to 1837.

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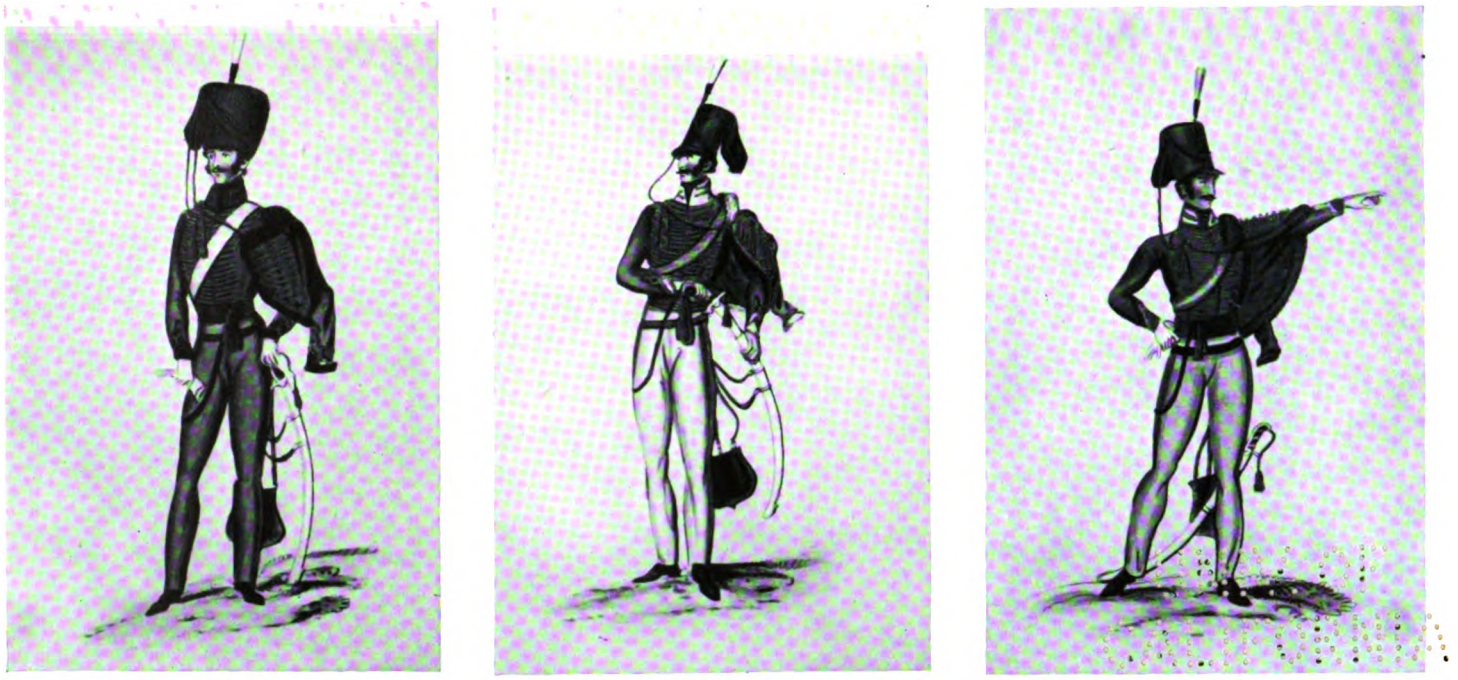

THE 1st HUSSARS, 2nd HUSSARS AND 3rd HUSSARS OF THE KING'S GERMAN LEGION IN 1812, WHO BECAME THE GUARD HUSSARS, QUEEN'S HUSSARS AND DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S DRAGOONS OF THE HANOVERIAN ARMY, 1837-1866

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silver facings. Both wore a busby (the Hanoverian "colpack") with scarlet bag, that of the officers being of otter fur and that of the men being of sealskin. On busby and sabretache were inscribed the battle honours of the Legion's 1st and 2nd Hussars respectively.

The Dragoons wore a light blue tunic, those of the Duke of Cambridge's Regiment being faced with scarlet and silver, while the facings of the Crown Prince's Regiment were white and gold. Both Regiments wore black helmets bearing the device of the flying horse in silver. On helmet and standard were inscribed the battle honours of the Legion's 3rd Hussars and the Hanoverian (1815) Prince Regent's Hussars respectively.

The whole of the Cavalry wore grey overalls with a red stripe. The Hussars and Dragoons wore blue forage caps of the Austrian pattern, while the Cuirassiers wore the Prussian variety.

The Garde du Corps and the Guard Cuirassiers were armed with a straight cut-and-thrust sword.

The other regiments possessed swords of English manufacture, now sixty years old, bearing the inscription "King's German Legion." These heavily curved and broad-bladed sabres,* having a stirrup hilt instead of a basket hilt, were greatly prized by the Dragoons and Hussars "because with such a weapon it was almost impossible to strike with the flat (kaum möglich mit ihnen flach zu hauen)." The weight and balance of this weapon gave it tremendous cutting power. When the cavalry of the King's German Legion encountered the French during the first year of the Peninsular War, they were burning to avenge Napoleon's occupation of their beloved country, and they used their swords with a ferocity almost unparalleled in history, as the following, one of many incidents shows:—

"On December 26th, 1808, the British Cavalry including the 3rd (K.G.L.) Hussars first came in touch with Napoleon's own army at Mayorga. Three days later in the Battle of Benevente the 10th and 18th Hussars and the 3rd Hussars of the Legion fought a very spirited hand-to-hand action with the French Cavalry." Fortescue commenting on this writes:—

* Their officers carried a lighter sword which was not so curved.

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" The heaviest sufferers were the 3rd Hussars of the Legion .... and they alone appear to have been able to handle the broad blade, with which they inflicted some frightful wounds."

The following is a translation of a German contemporary account of this action :—

" Early in the morning of December 29th (1808) some 600 Chasseurs of the Imperial Guard swam their horses across the Esla, drove in the British outposts and advanced rapidly towards Benevente. Under the walls of this town was fought a fiercely contested cavalry action, in which the 3rd Hussars inflicted some terrible wounds on the hated Frenchmen. Mad with rage and shouting ' that was for Hanover ! ' the embittered Hussars hacked off arms and legs, split heads down to the shoulder and, in one case, cut through a Chasseur's head from ear to ear. The battle ended with the complete defeat of the French, who were driven back across the river, after a young 3rd Hussar had captured General Lefèvre and had cut down his A.D.C."

A French General is said to have made an official complaint about the frightful wounds caused by this sword ; although a very similar weapon was used by the Light Cavalry of the French Army.

Forty years later (1848) a trooper of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons (descendants of the 3rd Hussars) is reputed to have split a Danish Dragoon's helmet and skull to its base, and a few seconds later to have severed another opponent's arm at the shoulder with one of these much prized blades.

All the cavalry were armed with a percussion pistol which carried three hundred yards, and which by a simple mechanism could be attached to a butt and converted into a short carbine. " As this weapon was a muzzle-loader " remarks a contemporary writer, " it was difficult to use when mounted."

The Heavy Cavalry used English saddles, while the Hussars and Dragoons had saddles of the Hungarian variety.

Regimental standards were white, embroidered with the Royal Arms and the motto " Nunquam Retrorsum," and with the name of the unit and its Battle Honours.

Only the Garde du Corps carried kettle-drums, which were of silver.

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In 1866 the Hanoverian Cavalry was in every respect the best in Germany, and its horses, with the exception of the British Cavalry, were second to none in Europe. The voluntarily enlisted personnel was of excellent material. The system of going on leave with the horse for long periods, although criticised by the Military Authorities of other countries, had the advantage of allowing a man to keep in touch with his parents and their farm : it also helped to keep the peasantry loyal to the King and proud of the army. The time spent on leave was really not a drawback to the efficiency of the arme blanche, owing to the keenness of the N.C.Os. and men when on duty.

The officers were supplied by the Royal Cadet School, and they joined either as Cornets, Cadets or Volontairs, according to the result of their passing-out examination. If the number supplied in this way did not suffice, a few young men of good family were allowed to join in the ranks and they were promoted, after passing an examination, to commissioned rank after a year. At the Military Academy in Hanover, officers had to attend a three months' course from time to time. They were encouraged to go in for steeplechasing and were given the opportunity of hunting, especially at Walsrode where a pack of hounds was kept. Both officers and men had to go through a very strict course of riding-school, and they maintained the high reputation which Hanoverian equitation had had for over a hundred years. The most typical characteristic of this was the upright seat and long leathers.

The Officers' Mess was conducted on the same lines as the Mess of a British regiment. This was a relic of the King's German Legion and the ten years spent in the British service. Officers were forbidden to dine in uniform in public restaurants, a regulation which did not exist in other German States.

Most of the officers and many of the men were the direct descendants of those* who had made the King's German Legion

* Notably the following whose names are famous in the annals of the K.G.L. (Beamish, "History of the K.G.L.," 1832), General Sir Charles Count von Alten, G.C.B., Major-General Sir G. Hartmann, K.C.B., Colonel Sir F. von Arentschild, K.C.B., Major-General Sir Hugh Halkett, K.C.B., Colonel Colin Halkett, General von der Decken, C.B., General Count von Kielmannsegge, C.B., von Einem, von Hammerstein, von Harling, von Stolzenverg, etc., etc.

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famous under Wellington in the Peninsular Campaign. Veterans of this campaign were still alive, whose stories of Garzia - Hernandez, Benevente, El Bodon, Barossa and Waterloo, stirred the Hanoverian cavalryman of '66 to emulate the deeds of their fathers, should the occasion arise.

On June 15th, 1866, war broke out between Prussia and Austria, a war which in seven short weeks was to decide the long rivalry between the houses of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg Although Prussia fought single-handed in this campaign, apart from the fact that her alliance with Italy detained a part of the Austrian forces, Austria was aided by the Kingdoms of Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Saxony and Hanover, and by the Grand Duchies of Hesse-Cassel, Nassau and Baden. Prussia mobilized much more rapidly than her enemies, and was able to take the offensive on three fronts simultaneously.

In the north she invaded Hanover, in the south-east Saxony (and subsequently Bohemia) and in the south-west she encountered the Bavarians.

In order to understand the part played by the Hanoverian cavalry in this campaign, it will be necessary briefly to describe the events which preceded the battle of Langensalza.

The Prussian General Staff had realized, some time before war was declared, that the Kingdom of Hanover and the Duchy of Hesse-Cassel if quickly mobilized might jeopardize the Prussian Army's communications between Berlin and the Rhine Provinces; it therefore decided to occupy these two States at once, before confronting Austria and her other allies.

Directly war was declared (June 15th) Prussia, whose army was already mobilized, despatched two strong Divisions from the east and the west to occupy the city of Hanover, while a third was directed on Cassel in the south. On the same day a council of war was held in Hanover and it was decided, as the Austrian troops in Holstein round which the Hanoverians might have rallied had been withdrawn, to evacuate the capital at once

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and to save the army by moving southwards in order to join the Bavarians.

On the following day a large part of the Army reached Göttingen (70 miles south of Hanover) by train, where it was joined by King George. The cavalry however marched by road, and some regiments which were quartered in the north of the Kingdom, although they left on the evening of the 15th, did not reach the rendezvous at Göttingen until the evening of the 18th, by which time two Prussian Divisions had reached the city of Hanover.

It has been noted above that the Hanoverian cavalryman on leave with his horse, was compelled to keep it absolutely fit to take the field at any moment; and this regulation enabled six regiments to complete a three days' forced march without any trouble.*

As most of the regiments had started at a few hours' notice there was not time to collect the reservists; and these had to make their way through country in Prussian occupation, and in some cases they had to fight their way through the enemy's lines before reaching their units.

Owing to faulty mobilization arrangements the Hanoverian Army was compelled to wait at Göttingen, in order to organize its transport train and to clothe and arm its reservists, until June 20th. By then the whole of the Kingdom except the southernmost part had been occupied by the enemy, who also despatched a Division southwards in pursuit of the Hanoverian Army. Meanwhile its chance of uniting with the Bavarian Army was endangered by the Prussian occupation of Cassel, which was discovered by a far-flung patrol of the Guard Hussars on the 19th.

Had it not been for the belated arrangements and want of foresight of the incompetent Hanoverian Ministry, the gallant

* According to contemporary records, the horses of all six regiments were paraded the day after their arrival at Göttingen, and only one horse was found to be unfit, on account of rheumatism. There were no lame horses or sore backs; a remarkable tribute to Hanoverian horsemastership, considering that one regiment had marched a hundred and forty miles in three days and several had marched a hundred.

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little army might have effected a retreat southwards some days earlier and have joined the Bavarians. These have been severely criticised for not marching northwards at once in order to meet their allies.

The King of Hanover decided to join the Bavarians near Fulda, by marching through Prussian territory via Langensalza and either Gotha or Eisenach; this line of march being denuded of enemy troops. The only obstacle was a small contingent of Saxe-Coburg troops (Prussian allies) at Gotha.

On June 20th the Hanoverian Army set out on its long march to Fulda; it moved very slowly however as it was living on the country. During the march the Hanoverian cavalry dealt with some enemy cavalry patrols on the flanks. A party of the Guard Hussars charged and overthrew a detachment of the 9th Prussian Hussars, and during the melée a recruit of the former distinguished himself by cutting off the head of a Prussian Hussar with a clean sweep of one of the famous K.G.L. swords. The horses captured in this encounter proved useful as remounts for lately arrived reservists who had managed to catch up the army, although unmounted.

On the 23rd the army had reached a point seven miles north of Langensalza, whence cavalry patrols found the railway line between Eisenach and Gotha already occupied by the Prussians. On this day a detachment of the Queen's Hussars encountered a party of Prussian Dragoons. The poorly mounted Prussians were galloped to a standstill by the Hussars and were taken prisoners.

On the following day the Hanoverians reached Langensalza, but instead of continuing the march to Gotha, which was still only very weakly held, King George halted his army. He and his generals had failed to take this last opportunity of escape, for on the following day the Hanoverian Army found itself completely surrounded by converging enemy columns.

The positions of the towns mentioned above and below are roughly as follows:—

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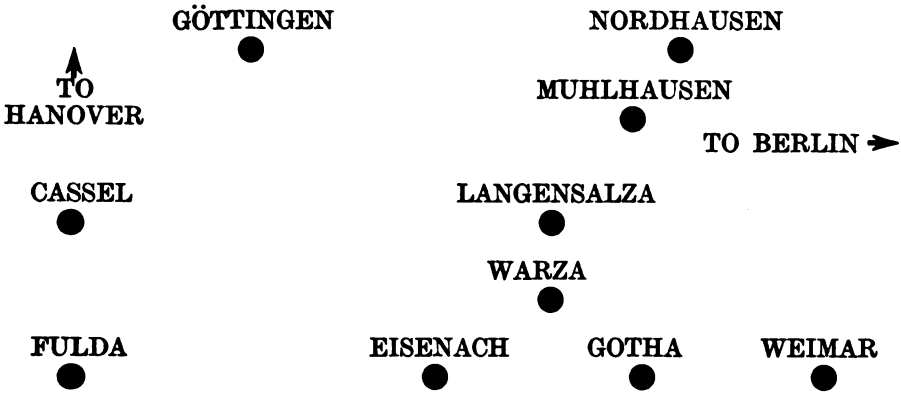

After an armistice had been declared and had expired on June 26th, during which the terms offered by Prussia were refused by Hanover, King George decided to accept battle and, if possible, to cut his way through the Prussian ring and join the Bavarians by a circuitous route.

By the evening of the same day 42,000 Prussians had surrounded the Hanoverian Army, which contained some 16,000 combatants.

Most of the enemy columns advancing from Hanover, Cassel, Eisenach, Weimar and Nordhausen were still at least a day's march distant, but one column (General von Flies) of 12,000 men which had advanced from Gotha was already at Warza some ten miles south of Langensalza.

The supreme command of the Hanoverian Army was in the hands of King George, who was blind,* but Lieutenant-General von Arentschild was in command for tactical purposes.

Before leaving Göttingen four cavalry regiments (two Hussars and two Dragoons) had each been attached to an Infantry Brigade together with a battery. The Garde du Corps and the Guard Cuirassiers formed the Cavalry Reserve. This arrangement was maintained during the battle of Langensalza. It is interesting to note that five out of the six cavalry C.Os. bore names famous in the King's German Legion. A veteran of the

* Probably the only other example of a blind C.-in-C. is Ziska, the Hussite leader who fought for the Teutonic Knights against the Poles, for the Austrians against the Turks and for the English at Agincourt. In 1421 he lost his remaining eye but continued to lead his troops and won twelve successive battles. After his death his skin was made into a drum, the beating of which encouraged his followers in battle.

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Legion, General von Gebser (he must have been nearly 80!) was in command of the cavalry on mobilization, but he had now been superseded by a younger Major-General.

The battlefield of Langensalza consists mainly of undulating downland.*

Apart from that important obstacle the River Unstrut, which about a mile north of the town runs from west to east, the terrain could be crossed almost everywhere by all arms in dry weather. Only in the area south of Langensalza are a few steep valleys which make mounted action difficult. There was in 1866 a complete absence of fences and few trees, but most of the ground was covered with high standing corn which afforded a certain amount of cover. On the northern side of the river lay the villages of Thamsbruck, Merxleben and Nägelstedt, about two miles apart from one another and each having a bridge. From the top of the Kirchberg at Merxleben the whole battlefield could be surveyed. The position which the Hanoverian Army took up (*vide infra*) on the undulating plateau north of the river was tactically sound to withstand attacks from the enemy on the west, south and south-east. The position however possessed no defensive advantage on the north (rear) or east.

The river in front of the position was deep and had high steep banks; it could only be crossed by cavalry at the three bridges mentioned above and by a ford below Nägelstedt. Hence, although the River Unstrut was very useful for defence, it was a hindrance to rapid offensive action by the Hanoverian cavalry; for in the event of the enemy retreating, pursuing cavalry might be used with advantage in the open country north and south of Langensalza. The terrain between that town, Illeben and Henningsleben, in spite of a few broad ditches and sunken roads also admitted of mounted action. On the other hand a large stone house with spacious outbuildings surrounded by trees, known as the Siechenhof, was if occupied by infantry and guns a menace to cavalry. Finally, high standing corn on undulating ground favoured the concealment of snipers and small detached

* Many of the so-called "roads" intersecting the terrain (shown on the map) are merely sunken tracks.

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posts, whose fire might prove very troublesome to the Mounted Arm.

The field of Langensalza had been the scene of a battle one hundred odd years before, when on February 15th, 1761, in the Seven Years War, Frederick the Great's infantry assisted by Hanoverian Cavalry defeated the French and the Saxons.

At daybreak on June 27th, three and a half squadrons of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, under their C.O. Colonel Count von Kielmannsegge, occupied observation posts on a line extending from a point three miles west of Henningsleben to the vineyard east of Illeben. In this way any advance from Cassel, Eisenach, Warza or Gotha, from which directions the enemy was expected, could be observed.

The rest of the cavalry lay on the left bank of the river, approximately in the following positions:—

The Crown Prince Dragoons (with the 3rd Infantry Brigade and the reserve Artillery) formed the right wing which rested on the village of Thamsbruck.

The remaining two troops of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons (with the 2nd Infantry Brigade) formed the centre of the position just north of Merxleben. Some 4,000 yards behind the centre the Queen's Hussars (with the 1st Infantry Brigade) were in reserve.

The Guard Hussars (with the 4th Infantry Brigade) formed the left wing behind Nägelstedt.

The Reserve Cavalry consisted of the Guard Cuirassiers and the Garde du Corps; of these the former had on the previous evening marched out from Merxleben along the Kirchheiligen road, in order to observe any enemy which might approach from the north, while the latter with a Horse Artillery Battery was posted for the same reason on the Sondhausen road. There did not however appear to be any immediate danger of an attack from the rear, as the nearest Prussian Division in that direction was still some thirty miles away.

The remainder of the rear of the Hanoverian Army and the bridges were guarded by cavalry and infantry outposts.

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At 4 a.m. the squadron of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons about Henningsleben discovered a patrol of Prussian Hussars and after a skirmish drove them back.

No enemy was reported by the cavalry patrols working north of the River Unstrut.

Meanwhile emplacements had been completed for the reserve artillery on the right flank and earthworks had been thrown up on the left about Nägelstedt.

As the sun rose higher it was evident that this June day promised to be one of the hottest in the year.

Although it was not Sunday the bells of the neighbouring churches summoned the Prussian peasants to their devotions, for the King of Prussia had commanded that the day was to be observed as a solemn day of fast and humiliation throughout his Kingdom. For this reason the King of Hanover did not expect an attack on June 27th. He and the Crown Prince took up their quarters at Thamsbruck, while G.H.Q. were established at Merxleben. The troops generally were very much heartened by a rumour that a strong Bavaraian Corps was coming to their aid, and that it was only a day's march distant.

Except for the solitary patrol of Prussian Hussars, dispersed by the squadron of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons outside Henningsleben at dawn, there had been no sign of the enemy.

But the hope of a quiet day was not to be fulfilled.

At 9.30 a.m. a dragoon galloped into G.H.Q. with a message from Colonel Count von Kielmannsegge, commanding the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, that two Coburg battalions, a Prussian squadron and a battery, followed by a large body of troops were marching up the road from Gotha; and a few minutes later the sound of two cannon shots announced that the battle, which was to decide the fate of the Kingdom of Hanover, had commenced.*

Subsequently a trooper of the Guard Hussars arrived at G.H.Q. from Nägelstedt and reported that clouds of dust could

* According to some authorities, the Prussian General von Manteuffel, who was advancing from the North (rear of Hanoverians) had arranged with General von Fliess, commanding the Coburgers and Prussians advancing from Gotha, that he would fire two cannon shots as a signal that he was ready to attack the Hanoverians in rear. The latter having discovered this arrangement, fired two shots in order to precipitate the enemy's attack before Manteuffel arrived.

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be seen on the Gotha road, thus confirming the approach of more enemy troops.

Meanwhile the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, after skirmishing with the enemy's advance guard, during which time the C.O. was wounded, withdrew slowly to Langensalza while the enemy's artillery opened from the heights south of Hennings-leben and his infantry advanced with banners unfurled.

In order to ensure the safety of Langensalza, which contained local supplies, the 1st Infantry Brigade advanced from behind Merxleben and crossing the bridge duly occupied the former town.

At the same time the 4th Infantry Brigade received orders to be ready to cross at Nägelstedt and threaten the enemy's right flank should his attack develop in force: while the 2nd Brigade's Battery on the Kirchberg at Merxleben opened fire on the enemy now advancing south of Langensalza. By 11 o'clock the 1st Infantry Brigade, which had joined the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons on the south of Langensalza, was engaged with the enemy.

As however six fresh Prussian battalions appeared on the Pfannenhügel and advanced by rushes towards the Judenhügel, the Hanoverian infantry retired on Merxleben, but by a singular error did not hold a wood and bathing establishment close to the river on the right bank.

The Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, who had been covering the retirement of the infantry, remained on the right bank of the river and, becoming heavily involved, they were joined by the Queen's Hussars (Colonel Baron von Halkett) who galloped over the bridge to help them. Subsequently both regiments managed to break off the engagement and recrossed to Merxleben: and soon after midday all the Hanoverian troops were back on the left bank of the Unstrut.

From the top of the Kirchberg at Merxleben, General von Arentschild and his staff could survey the whole battlefield, and to them it soon became apparent that the strength of the enemy was rapidly increasing. It was decided, however, to adopt the defensive until the actual intentions of the enemy became clear.

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Meanwhile the Prussians advanced along the whole front. At Thamsbruck some Prussian Hussars effected a crossing, but were driven back by the Crown Prince Dragoons, one of whom is stated to have cut off a Hussar's head with his K.G.L. sword.

Opposite Merxleben the enemy infantry occupied the Kalenberg Mill, whence with their long range needle-guns they opened fire on the Hanoverian gunners on the Kirchberg. Another detachment of Prussians advanced from the cover of the bathing establishment, attempted to cross the Merxleben bridge, but were driven back to the wood. Lower down the river near Nägelstedt several enemy battalions were seen massing for an assault. This Prussian column on the right, by pressing forward against the Hanoverians left, threatened to turn their left flank; and General von Arentschild now decided to attack the wide-spread Prussian line vigorously.

The disadvantage of a river in front of the position now became apparent, for all the bridges were under heavy hostile fire.

The Guard Hussars were ordered to cross at the Klingenbach and attack the Prussian right flank, but they found the banks too steep to negotiate and remained under cover close to the river, awaiting further orders.

The Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons received orders to cross the Merxleben bridge, gallop across the intervening meadows and drive the enemy out of the wood behind the bathing establishment. As soon as the Dragoons appeared in the open, with their sabres flashing in the midday sun, making for the bridge, they were greeted with heavy fire from the Prussian needle-guns. Suddenly the enemy's fire stopped and there were cries of "Cease fire, they are ours." The Prussians had mistaken the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons for Prussian Dragoons, who wore a similar uniform, and they thought that they were the advance guard of von Manteuffel's Division which had pierced the Hanoverian rear. The mistake was however rectified in a few seconds and the leading troop which had reached the bridge was mown down by a devastating fire. The bridge was now so congested with wounded and dead men and horses, some of whom

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fell into the water, that it was impossible for the rest to follow and the regiment was ordered to gallop down to the bridge at Nägelstedt.

Meanwhile, after several attempts and considerable losses, the 3rd Infantry Brigade effected a crossing at Thamsbruck and, driving the enemy back, advanced on both sides of the road towards Langensalza; while the 2nd Brigade crossed at Merxleben, followed by the Queen's Hussars, and drove the enemy out of the Kalenberg Mill. As the disorganized Prussian infantry streamed away towards the Judenhügel, the Queen's Hussars drew swords and charged them in flank and large numbers surrendered. The Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons had by this time crossed at Nägelstedt and making for the enemy's right flank on the Erzberg, they drove his advanced troops back from the right side of the river. The water meadows before the Erzberg proving impassable for cavalry, the Dragoons made for the heights north of Illeben behind the right flank of the Prussians. From this neighbourhood patrols were despatched towards the Siechenhof where a large body of enemy infantry was located. Mounted action was, for the moment, impracticable as the Dragoons lacked artillery support. They therefore adopted a watching part concealing themselves in the high corn and their horses in the undulating country between the upper and lower Illeben roads.

Towards 4 p.m. a Prussian battery which had retired from Judenhügel took up a position south of the Klingengraben and commenced to shell the 1st InfantryBrigade which, followed by the two Reserve Cavalry Regiments, had just completed its crossing at Merxleben. At this moment Captain William von Einem, commanding the 4th Squadron of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, arrived on the hill above the Bettlerthal and decided to charge the battery, which was only 800 yards away, in rear. He was riding forward cautiously in order to make a personal reconnaissance of the ground, when he suddenly became aware of another Prussian battery between him and his objective and only 500 yards away. This battery, which up till now had been hidden by the standing corn and the conformation of the ground,

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was halted with teams hooked in in front of a sunken road.

Von Einem galloped back to inform his troop leaders of the nearer battery, when suddenly its infantry escort (some 50 men) saw the Dragoons and took up positions on the flanks of the guns, while these were being unhooked for action. But the infantry only had time to fire two rounds, and the battery only one, before von Einem and his squadron was amongst them. Many horses and men came down and von Einem, now unhorsed, accounted for a gunner and an artilleryman with his sword before being killed* in the melée which ensued.

In the sunken road all was confusion, some of the teams galloping away with their drivers and leaving the guns stranded. The Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons had seen their popular Squadron-Leader killed at point blank range by an infantryman, and they exacted a terrible retribution with their famous sabres on the Prussians, and they fought with the same ferocity which their forebears of the 3rd Hussars had exhibited at Benevente.

Three enemy battalions, which had been forced to evacuate the Siechenhof owing to the advance of the 1st Infantry Brigade on the north, were now forced to retire and they encountered the remains of von Einem's squadron. This however having lost nearly half its strength, was itself forced to retire on its 2nd squadron after having rendered the guns useless.

While von Einem and his squadron were galloping towards the guns, Captain von Der Decken with the 3rd squadron of the same regiment on the extreme left was about to join in, when he saw a Prussian squadron (12th Hussars) advancing to save the battery.

Von Der Decken at once altered his direction and charged the Hussars. The two squadrons met face to face, and the Prussians were so roughly handled that they not only gave up the idea of saving the battery but took to flight instead. The 1st and 2nd squadrons of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons now appeared on the scene and, aided by the remnants of their 3rd

* Col. Sir H. M. Hozier, K.C.B., in his "Seven Weeks War," writes :—"Captain von Einem, with his squadron of Cuirassiers, captured a Prussian battery." This is a mistake, for according to all Hanoverian authorities von Einem commanded No. 4 squadron of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, and it was they who gained the honour of capturing the battery.

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and 4th squadrons, they harried the retreat of the enemy's former right wing from the Siechenhof over the Pfannenhügel. During this action the Dragoons galloped down and captured numerous detachments of officers and men on the flanks and took them prisoners.

Meanwhile the Hanoverian Infantry in the centre had occupied the Judenhügel and the southern side of Langensalza, while the Crown Prince Dragoons were pursuing another detachment of the enemy down the Mühlhausen road.

Everywhere the Prussians were retreating except in the wood behind the bathing establishment, where a stalwart battalion was still putting up a fight.

As it was imperative that this strong point should now be cleared, the Queen's Hussars galloped the wood and, in spite of heavy rifle fire, drove the Prussians out at the point of the sword and took many prisoners. As the Hanoverian Infantry, which had followed the Hussars, came through the wood they saw the enemy flying towards the Siechenhof.

The Queen's Hussars, who had sustained a number of casualties to men and horses, now halted for a time, while the Reserve Cavalry, Garde du Corps and Guard Cuirassiers, took up the pursuit of the enemy. Leaving Langensalza on the right the heavy cavalry negotiated the Riethsgraben where several came down, and swept on towards the Pfannenhügel and the Gotha road whose tall poplars were a landmark, driving the enemy before them and capturing stragglers.

While this was in progress the Garde du Corps became aware of an infantry square near the Bettlerthal some 1,000 yards away, and further to the east a second square. South of these squares patrols of the Garde du Corps found two squadrons of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons occupying the Illeben Valley and therefore denying the enemy's retreat along the Illeben road southwards. For this reason the Prussians, who knew that they were surrounded, had formed squares hoping to hold out until rescued or intending to sell their lives dearly.

The Brigadier commanding the Garde du Corps and the Guard Cuirassiers decided to wait until his Horse Artillery

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battery arrived before charging the squares: but meanwhile a staff officer arrived with a message from the G.O.C. Cavalry Division, who had viewed the situation from Langensalza, to attack at once.

As they waited impatiently for orders to charge, the two heavy Cavalry Regiments, consisting of troopers picked for their physique and intelligence and mounted on the finest horses in the Kingdom of Hanover, presented a magnificent appearance, and seldom can finer Cuirassier squadrons have paraded on any battlefield. Brought up in the belief that no infantry in the world could withstand their shock tactics, they were longing to show that they were of the same good fighting stock as their fathers who had fought so valiantly in the Peninsular Campaign and at Waterloo. All day long they had been kept in reserve and, apart from chasing some disorganized infantry, they had taken little part in the battle, and so they waited impatiently ready to ride to victory or death.

The acting C.O. of the Garde du Corps, Major von Der Decken,* sent for his squadron leaders and ordered Captain Count von Wedel with the 2nd Squadron to charge the northern side of the western square; Captain von Anderton with the 3rd Squadron to charge on the east; while Captain Prince George zu Solms was to follow in reserve.

Count von Wedel rode back to his squadron and called out, "Now is the turn of the Garde du Corps which has not charged since Waterloo, and you will prove to-day that you are as brave as your forefathers."

Six hundred yards away was the square consisting of detachments of three Prussian battalions, drawn up south of Bettlerthal between the upper and lower Illeben roads.

The two squadrons emerged from a gully, their accoutrements ringing and gleaming in the sun. With their officers leading, each striving to be the first to engage the enemy, and accompanied by von Der Decken, they broke into a gallop and bore down on the Prussians. These held their fire until their opponents were only a hundred yards away, they then fired a

* Probably a brother of the Squadron Leader in the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons.

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volley which accounted for a number of men and horses, including Major von Der Decken and Count von Wedel who were in the van. But in spite of casualties the remains of the squadrons swept on with cries of "Garzia Hernandez"* and reached the line of bayonets.

The square was almost broken when successive volleys fired by the disciplined Prussian infantrymen broke up the attack, and the horsemen of Hanover suffered heavily from the deadly rapidity of the needle-gun. Prince George zu Solms at the head of the reserve squadron now charged the square, but could make no impression on it. The proud Garde du Corps, the flower of Hanover's cavalry had failed, in spite of their tradition and the spirit which animated them!

The Prussians continued their march and retired towards Henningsleben, the Garde du Corps being too exhausted, depleted and short of horses to follow them.

The Guard Hussars, who had crossed the river at Nägelstedt and had arrived on the Rothberg by a circuitous route, perceived the Prussians retiring and were about to attack them, when they saw some cavalry in the distance. Cavalry were better game than mere infantry, so the Hussars altered their direction and manœuvred to charge them in flank. The Hussars were just emerging from a valley and preparing to charge when they discovered that the "enemy" were the remains of the Garde du Corps. By the time the mistake was discovered the Prussian infantry had made good their escape.

The Guard Cuirassiers, who had received the order to charge the more easterly of the two squares when the Garde du Corps were about to charge the other one, were approaching their objective prior to making their dispositions before attacking, when to their surprise they saw in the distance three horsemen emerge from a hollow and approach the square.

Two squadrons of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, commanded by Major Baron von Hammerstein (the C.O., Count von Kielmansegge had been wounded) were concealed in the Illeben

*23rd July, 1812. The Heavy Dragoons of the K.G.L. earned undying fame by charging and breaking squares formed of French Infantry.
Fortunately for the Dragoons the quick-firing needle-gun had not been invented in 1812.

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Valley and were blocking the Illeben roads by which the Prussians forming the square might have retreated. Its commander was about to give the order to march south, when suddenly the Dragoons rode out, apparently the advanced guard of a larger body.

Baron von Hammerstein with his adjutant and a trumpeter then advanced to the square and demanded a parley with its Commander.

Colonel des Barres, commanding the three Prussian batttalions, rode out from his troops with another officer and fifty yards from the square the two parties met.

Shouting loud enough for all to hear, von Hammerstein exclaimed: "You see Colonel that you are surrounded; in your rear are the Queen's Hussars, on your flanks are the Guard Cuirassiers, and I with my regiment (he had only two very weak squadrons) am before you; so the only thing you can do is to surrender!"

To this des Barres replied: "Show me the Queen's Hussars first."

"If you will give me your word of honour not to move your troops" said von Hammerstein, "I will soon fetch the Hussars."

At this moment the Prussian Grenadier battalion on the western side of the square opened a long range fire on the Guard Cuirassiers.

The Commanding Officer of that regiment had, while the parley was going on, been told of the situation by the Adjutant of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, but when the Prussian infantry opened fire he ordered the charge to be sounded.

In a cloud of dust the Cuirassiers thundered across the intervening 500 yards and in a few seconds they were engaged with the enemy. At one point the ranks of the infantry wavered and finally broke, as with deep-throated cheers the Cuirassiers broke into the square. But although their ranks had been broken, the disciplined Prussian infantry still stood their ground and fought bitterly with the Cuirassiers most of whom had by this time become unhorsed. The issue was still in doubt,

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when suddenly from the Illeben Valley appeared the 2nd Squadron of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons.

With their officers leading, the Squadron charged the southern side of the square and with cries of "Waterloo"* they burst into it using their broad-bladed curved sabres with terrible effect. During the melée which followed, the acting Squadron-Leader, Captain von Dorbrecker (the Squadron-Leader had had his horse shot at the commencement of the charge), was driven out of the square which quickly reformed. But those of his officers and men, together with some Cuirassiers, who were still unwounded were fighting against overwhelming numbers within the now closed square; so catching a loose horse he took it back a few paces and actually jumped over the infantry back into the square. As he landed his horse was killed. Although wounded von Dorbrecker continued to fight on foot with a berserk frenzy, and he actually cut his way out on the northern side where lay the Prussians killed in the Cuirassiers' charge. Here he secured another loose horse and returned to the fray, but soon fell to the ground seriously wounded.

Lieutenant von Stolzenberg distinguished himself by capturing a standard and splitting the helmet and head of a Prussian officer, who tried to regain it, before falling mortally wounded himself.

By this time the Dragoons had lost all their officers and were very hardly pressed within the square, when two squadrons of Cuirassiers, led by Second-Lieutenants Prince zu Wittgenstein and von Proetzer, reformed and charged again.

The Prussian infantry had now had enough, and in a disorganised mob they continued their retreat, when suddenly the Guard Hussars arrived on the scene and caught them in flank.

Eventually the tired remnants of three battalions were driven by the point of the sword over the Hemmingsleben-Gotha road. Owing to the extreme exhaustion of the horses it was impossible to follow the enemy any further, but the Hanoverian Horse Artillery Batteries continued to shell this and other Prussian

* Where three troops of the 3rd Hussars of the Legion (forebears of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons) charged and overthrew two squadrons of French Cuirassiers.

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detachments until they were out of range. The battlefield of Langensalza had now been entirely cleared of the enemy, with the exception of the dead, wounded and prisoners.

All day long the fierce midsummer sun had shone down relentlessly on the battlefield, and by 6 p.m. the cavalry, especially the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons who had been in action since 4 a.m., were thoroughly exhausted.

The blind King George V was anxious that the cavalry should pursue the enemy as far as Gotha, and much to his disappointment General von Arentschild explained that this was impossible.

The victorious Hanoverian Army* now posted its outlying pickets from Illeben to Henningsleben and thence west of Langensalza.

But the victory was of little avail to the gallant Hanoverians, for on the following day the Prussian ring closed in and enemy columns advanced from all points of the compass, until 42,000 Prussians surrounded them.

On June 29th King George V, in order to avoid a holocaust of his devoted and starving troops, surrendered to the King of Prussia. By the terms of capitulation all troop-horses, arms and stores were handed over and the soldiers were dismissed to their homes. The officers were allowed to retain their chargers and their swords on condition that they did not fight against Prussia again.

The King and the Crown Prince were exiled from Hanover for life.

For the troopers the saddest thing was the loss of their beloved horses.

Outside Langensalza, where these were paraded next day, the men were to be seen in tears fondling their horses which

* The actual number of Hanoverian Infantry engaged was only 10,000 because all recruits were sent to the rear and 1,000 men were employed to throw up earth works. The Cavalry numbered about 2,000 sabres (regiments were not up to strength) and of 24 squadrons, 18 joined in the pursuit. The Hanoverians had 42 guns in action.

General von Fliess' force numbered 12,000 (nearly all armed with the needle-gun) which included three squadrons and 22 guns. He has been criticized, especially by those who disbelieve the story of the cannon signal, for attacking before von Manteuffel's Division had arrived in rear of the Hanoverians. It is certainly questionable whether he was justified in precipitating the action in any case.

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in many cases they had ridden for years and which had carried them so well. An observer has decribed how he saw a detachment of the Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons, each man with the horse he was about to hand over. Both men and horses were almost starving, and the latter were eating the bark off the Poplar trees which bordered the road. At that moment a peasant with a load of hay went by, and the Dragoons spent their last groschen on hay for the horses instead of on the food which they so badly needed themselves.

It had been hoped that after the war was over (it ended, after Königgratz, a few weeks later) the Hanoverian Cavalry* would be reconstituted within the German Army, but bitter was the disappointment when this hope was not fulfilled.

As the descendants of those who fought side by side with the Dragoons and Hussars of the Legion on the battlefields of the Peninsula and Waterloo, British cavalrymen may justly feel a generous pride in the gallantry shown by the Hanoverian cavalry in their last battle at Langensalza.

* In the 1914 German Army List, under the Hanoverian Army Corps, appear 2 Dragoon, 1 Hussar and 1 Ulan Regiment. Only one of these, the Königsulanen carried any Battle Honours. As this Regiment bore "Peninsula-Garzia Hernandez-Waterloo," it must claim descent from the Garde du Corps and the Guard Cuirassiers of 1866, and ultimately from the Heavy Dragoons raised by the Duke of Cambridge at Weymouth in 1803.

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MORALE.

By SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER.

IN peace-time training, especially during our short British manœuvres, morale is not a factor which need enter into the calculations of commanders. Even during the worst English weather the conditions to be endured in peace training are only a small fraction of the unpleasantness of war. In some Continental countries, however, where manœuvres are carried out under some of the conditions of war, such as fatigue and short rations, the troops may well earn the praise of the Director for their high spirits and discipline under adverse conditions.

Morale has always been the decisive factor in war. Napoleon gave its importance as three times that of any other condition. Germany was beaten in 1918, not by the defeat of her armies, but by the sufferings and collapse of morale of her civilian population. If morale has been all important in the past, it will be much more so in the future with the new mechanized forces.

The exploits of the cavalry at Blenheim or Waterloo, or the magnificent resistance put up by Wellington's infantry squares, strike many as the height of bravery in war. Again, how gallant were many of the infantry advances during the Great War in the face of crushing machine-gun fire. Yet these soldiers all had the moral support of mass example. Men were shoulder to shoulder. The brave were able to influence others, and carry them along. Tom Brown got out of his trench and walked forward to a sudden death, or at best a blighty one, because he knew that Smith and Jones were doing the same on each side of him. The brave man by his personal example was able to influence a hundred others. The man who displayed initiative, and led the night patrol, across no-man's land and into the enemy's trench,

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was of different calibre, and corresponds more to the modern soldier shut up in his tank. Here the tank commander has probably only two or three companions. The chances are therefore that the little party consists of average men, the example of the born leader or the man of outstanding bravery is lacking. In the next war those small parties of men will frequently be thrown on their own resources and will have to act up to the highest traditions of the past, but under far more trying circumstances.

Some think that the advent of masses of tanks has allowed the commander to come into his own again. That he can by moving his command tank to a suitable observation post exercise personal control over a battle. This conception is optimistic. Even with the extensive use of radio-telephony control on the battlefield in the future will be extremely difficult. Junior non-commissioned officers will be thrown on their own resources. They will have to act without orders and must have initiative and self-confidence. All this implies that victory will go to the side with the higher morale.

Picture a large mechanized force moving forward in enemy country. To retain momentum and free forward movement how high morale will need to be. First the armoured car patrols will have numerous losses, yet to carry out their task, they must try again in new areas and by other roads. Then the light tanks will gain contact on a wider front and enterprise and initiative by the junior non-commissioned officers will be the deciding factors. At the outset all may go well. Later the movements of the armoured fighting vehicles may become unaccountably slow and halting. Numerous delays occur, many vehicles temporarily break down. The cause of all this will be that morale is failing.

How can the highest morale be gained and maintained by the future mechanized army,

Firstly by intensive training, on the right lines. Self-reliance, initiative, and field-craft must be fostered and developed by every means. Here the long service British soldier should have an advantage over the Continental conscript. Here the British cvalryman should come into his own. Initiative, enterprise, and the power of making quick decisions have long

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been his attributes. More than ever will the power to think and act quickly give success. The troop leader who can keep in front during a fast thirty minutes over a stiff country with hounds will not fail when he has to manœuvre his troop of tanks at twenty-five miles an hour. He is used to thinking and acting at that pace. May the instruction "officers will be encouraged to hunt and ride across country" long remain in our training manuals.

Secondly by superiority of design. Advantages in mobility, cross-country performance, armament, and ease of maintenance of our armoured fighting vehicles will not only uphold morale, but will lead to tactical and even strategical surprise. It is not too much to say that unsound design will ruin morale. One example can be given. The light tank is now the cavalry reconnaissance vehicle.

The single light tank has taken the place of the mounted "advanced point," therefore many of these leading tanks will become casualties. Imagine the crew of one of these, which has been brought to a standstill by a damaged track or engine caused by enemy fire. The crew may be untouched, but they are meat for the enemy anti-tank gunner as there is no means of egress from the light tank, except by the front. For reconnaissance the cavalry need a more flexible, general purpose vehicle. One in which mobility comes before armour, and from which the observation is good, and the crew and weapons can function dismounted if the occasion demands.

The third important means of maintaining morale is by the retention of a high standard of smartness throughout the Army. There is an insidious idea fostered by many that a mechanized unit need not be a smart one, in fact that smartness may even spell inefficiency. A more dangerous doctrine would be hard to imagine.

With the universal advent of overalls and the oil can, it will be necessary to retain a certain number of occasions when spit and polish are demanded. The finest infantry in the world in the Great War were the British Foot Guards. Was it suggested because they were the smartest troops as soon as they came out of

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the line, that they were any less determined in the attack; no, the contrary was the case.

If drill is obsolete and has no value, it is curious that the Royal Air Force retained the finest standard of marching of any troops in that long procession throughout the whole of Coronation Day.

The answer is that drill and turn-out are means to an end. A very high standard of discipline will be necessary in the future mechanized army. Let us take a lesson from the Germans. The British mechanized soldier needs to learn no Imperial goose-step to instil smartness, but let athletics be developed greatly by our mechanized units to gain powers of endurance and real physical fitness.

There are many other necessities for the maintenance of morale. An army marches on its stomach, certainly the motorized army must have its petrol, but it is agreed that the mechanized force of the future will have to exist on hard rations and often short rations during mobile warfare. This will be an added strain on morale.

Fatigue is another factor which is seldom taken into consideration during peace training, yet in war it may be the limiting factor. The old cavalry soldier could ride along comfortably asleep, the infantryman could march for miles more than half asleep. The driver of a motor in the same condition is apt to end in misfortune. One of the major problems of the Detroit Police is to deal with the large number of Ford Company workers who fall asleep over the steering wheels of their cars as they drive themselves home from the factories. Although they work fewer hours a day than the workers of any other company, and only five days a week, monotony, repetition tasks, and noise have induced an intense weariness.

The conclusion is that the cracking point in a modern mechanized army will come far sooner than in the past. A retreat from Moscow with a mechanized army is inconceivable, or even the dogged resistance which General Lee's Confederate armies continued to give when all the odds were against them. If a decision is not reached quickly by one or other side with its

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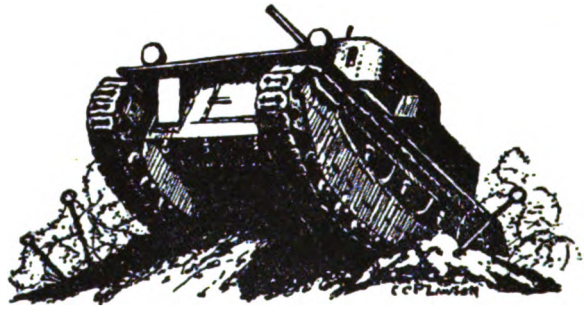
mechanized forces, then the next war is likely to develop into one of attrition along the same lines as the last with masses of conscript infantry and "I" Tanks.

Finally superior morale can never be maintained without confidence in the leader. A commander who inspires confidence will be essential. Mobility has as a corollary the necessity for the utmost simplicity of plan, and a cool commander.



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THE KING OF BEASTS.

By Michael Cobb.

"It's all wrong,' said the Bear, shaking his woolly old head from side to side. "All wrong."

Everybody paused and looked up at him. He was apt to get fixed ideas into his head, and nothing would shift them.

"It's all wrong," he repeated stubbornly, and more to himself than to the animals assembled around him.

"What's all wrong?" demanded some of the animals in chorus.

But the Bear wouldn't say. He just continued to shake his old head, muttering under his breath.

"I think I know what he means," said the Wolf. "It's about the King. Why should he be the King?"

There was a murmur of expectation. Some of the more sedate animals looked shocked. An old Rhinoceros who had found himself there by chance got up and waddled away. What was the Forest coming to?

"But his father was King before him," said the Donkey. "Surely he ought . . . .

"That's just it," snapped the Wolf. "His father was King before him. What merit is there in that? Just because his father was a Lion before him, he's bound to be a Lion himself. It stands to reason. But there's no merit in his being a Lion."

"It's all wrong . . . . wrong," muttered the Bear absent-mindedly.

"I quite agree," said the Tiger. "After all we Tigers are just as good as any Lion, and I must say I'm getting tired of hearing all this talk about him. Now if you had me as a King . . . ."

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"We should be just as badly off, if not worse," interrupted the Panther rudely. The Panther was no respecter of persons and usually spoke his mind, regardless of consequences. And being the Panther there were usually no consequences.

"You keep quiet," snarled the Tiger. "Nobody wants to hear what you think."

The Panther yawned.

"And nobody wants to have you for a King," he retorted. "If you say that there is no merit in being a Lion because one's father was a Lion, you must admit that there's no more merit in being a Tiger because one's father was a Tiger."

"What about yourself," retorted the Tiger angrily.

The Panther stretched himself lazily.

"I am the Panther. That's good enough for me. Apart from that, I have no pretensions, and no ambitions. I know my place, even if certain eaters of dead meat don't know theirs," he added casually.

"It's all wrong," muttered the Bear.

"No," continued the Panther, "if you are all dissatisfied, it is not with the King's person. It is the system which places him there. What you want is, not to change from a King who after all looks like a King, to another who thinks he does, but to adopt an altogether new system of Government."

There was a pause.

"What new system of Government could we have?" demanded the Giraffe.

"We could vote for who is to be King," suggested the Wolf. He knew that there were thousands of sheep who would vote for him. "Voting would be the fairest way of doing it."

"Yes, yes, let us have voting!" cried many of the animals in chorus.

There was a rustle in the bushes, and suddenly the Lion appeared. With easy grace he stepped out into the clearing.

All the animals stood up. Even the Tiger rose reluctantly to his feet, to the unconcealed amusement of the Panther.

The Lion paused in the middle of the gathering.

"There seems to be some sort of meeting here," he said.

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The Panther spoke.

"Your Majesty," he said, "these animals gathered together here are dissatisfied. They are tired of having you for a King."

The Lion sighed wearily.

"And I am tired of being King," he replied. "If you imagine that being King is all beer and skittles, you are mistaken. I am ready to step aside whenever you wish."

"Sir," said the Jackal, "those who object have but a small voice in our affairs. There are always those to be found who are dissatisfied. For my part I am content to serve you always," he added, obsequiously.

"I am ready to abdicate in favour of anybody," said the King.

"What we ought to do is to vote," said the Wolf.

"Yes, yes," cried many of the animals in chorus. "Let us vote."

The Fox skipped forward. Bowing low before the King, he began to address the assembly.

"I am not one of those who wish to see the present system of Government changed," he said. "It is as good a system as many others, and better than most."

"It's all wrong," muttered the Bear half to himself.

"Nevertheless if we are to change it," continued the Fox, ignoring the interruption, "if we are to have a new system, let us above all avoid voting. The humans have tried it, and it is not an unqualified success. They call it democracy, and it causes more trouble than many of you think. I am strongly opposed to voting."

There was a murmur of approval.

"Let us not have voting," cried many of the animals in chorus.

"That seems to settle that," said the Lion. "Any more suggestions?"

A wild clamour arose on all sides. But no definite suggestion was made. Nobody seemed to have any ideas except perhaps the Bear, who kept on muttering to himself. But nobody paid any attention to him.

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"And what do you think?" said the King, suddenly turning round to address a huge form which stood swaying slightly, just visible behind the bushes on the edge of the clearing. The Elephant attracted by the noise had approached silently, and was watching the antics of the multitude of animals with amused detachment. "What do you recommend?" demanded the King.

There was a deep silence as everybody waited to hear what the Elephant had to say. He was very old and very wise.

Presently he spoke.

"Your Majesty must excuse me," he replied, "but I live very much in retirement, and have held aloof from public affairs for so long that I am not qualified to speak. But there are others wiser than myself who could advise you."

"Who is wiser than the Elephant?" said the Jackal.

"I am," said a voice at his feet, causing him to spring back in alarm as the Serpent lifted his head up out of the tall grass.

"And what do you suggest?" enquired the King.

The Serpent allowed his unwinking stare to travel round the circle of animals. His little forked tongue flickered for a moment on his lips as if in derision.

"I suggest that you hold an examination," he replied. "That ought to please everybody." Then untwisting his long coils he slid silently away into the Forest.

* * * *

A wild cry of approval broke out on all sides. Even the Bear stopped muttering to himself.

"Yes, yes. Let us have an examination," they all cried. "We want an examination. It is the fairest thing. It will bring out true merit. Everybody will have a chance." Not a single dissentient voice was heard. "Yes, yes. An examination. Let us have an examination."

"Let us have an examination by all means," said the Panther. "But what sort of examination? What is to be the object of this examination?"

"To find out which of us all is the most splendid animal," they all cried. "To decide who is fit to be our King."

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"And what are to be the subjects of this examination?" said the Panther.

"For my part," said the Horse, trotting up, "for my part I consider that being able to travel at great speed over the face of the Earth is most important. You must admit that."

"Seems fair enough," said the Lion. "We will admit that that is to be noted as one of the subjects for the examination."

"I have noted it, your Majesty," said the Secretary Bird quietly.

The Horse withdrew.

Suddenly there was a loud flapping of wings and the Peacock landed awkwardly in the centre of the clearing. For a moment or two he strutted about so that the animals might all admire the gorgeous colours of his feathers.

"A beautiful appearance is a great asset," said the Peacock. "If this examination is to be a fair test, then I think that it might be taken into account."

"What about flying?" screamed a voice far above them as the Eagle with outspread wings wheeled overhead.

"Yes, flying," came in chorus from all the trees around where a multitude of birds had gathered.

"Put down flying and beautiful appearance," said the Lion to the Secretary Bird. "And while you are about it, you may as well add a loud voice to your list," he added, with a roar which echoed and re-echoed through the glades of the Forest, causing many to stir uneasily.

"Here, hear" brayed the Donkey, even more loudly.

"What about swimming," said a still small voice from the river bank, as one of the fish put its head out of the water.

"All this is throwing a lot of extra work on to me," said the Secretary Bird.

"Wait until the day of the examination," said the King, "then you will be able to talk about being busy. Have you made a note of swimming?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

Various animals came forward with their special ideas. Some considered that to be able to swallow one's prey rapidly was

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an asset, others that the ability to live in all climates, to have large families, in fact to do any of the things at which each of them excelled was of paramount importance.

By the time the list was made out, the Secretary Bird was in a very bad temper. Never before had he done so much writing.

"The examination will start first thing to-morrow," he announced in a cavernous voice. "And mind you are not late."

The animals then dispersed for the night.

* * * *

The day of the examination found all the animals collected together for the coming test.

The Secretary Bird, and all his brood were there in full force, and in such numbers that he could easily have put himself down for full marks for having a large family had he been competing. Actually he was above such trivialities, and considered himself in his own sphere as being far more important than the Lion. After all, he argued, the King could hardly manage without him, whereas without the King, he would still be the Secretary Bird.

"Take your place for the foot-race," he announced harshly.

In this race the Horse, the Ostrich and some of the larger cat tribe got full marks. Even the Donkey made a good showing, while several Deer, Gazelles, and even Goats did very well. But the Tortoise was so badly beaten that he decided to abandon the examination altogether and crept off in disgust.

And meanwhile the Secretary Bird and all his brood wrote and calculated for their lives, and as the day wore on, became more and more bad tempered. Finally, the last race was run, the last set of marks collected, and the animals gathered together once more to hear the result.

Presently the Secretary Bird bustled up importantly and there was a loud cry for silence.

"The results of the examination may seem disappointing to some of you, but here they are. The Horse did very well at running, fairly well for his personal appearance, although I suspect that he arranged to have some extra grooming. If I were

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certain of that I would disqualify him," he said severely. "Not that it is necessary as he did so badly in the other subjects. A very slow feeder, no voice, a slow swimmer, and quite incapable of flying. You are ruled out altogether."

"What about me?" said the Eagle.

The Secretary Bird looked at him in disgust.

"Ugly plumage, a feeble chirp for a cry, no marks for swimming and hardly able to walk. I refused to allow you any marks for that ungainly hopping of yours in the foot race. Walk, trot or gallop was the rule. You're out of it."

Of the others, the Peacock had full marks for his plumage but practically none in way of the other subjects; the Fish could swim well, swallow their prey whole and had large families, but that was all.

"There is, however, one outstanding candidate who heads the list, by virtue of having obtained more marks than anybody else," announced the Secretary Bird amid a deathly silence. "Our new King is therefore the Duck. He managed to do fairly well in the foot race, his plumage while not as fine as the Peacock's is nevertheless bright, he flew remarkably well, swallowed a frog whole, swims well, can make himself heard at a distance; in fact he obtained a good, steady average all the way through. The Duck henceforward is the King of Beasts."

"All hail to the King," shouted the animals, albeit without enthusiasm.

But there was no response.

A passing sportsman had prevailed upon His would-have-been Majesty to accompany him to keep an appointment with some green peas, and unfortunately the Secretary Bird had neglected to work out the second place.

So the animals decided after all that they would continue to have the Lion for their King.

"It's all wrong," said the Bear, shaking his woolly old head from side to side. "All wrong."

But nobody paid any attention to him.

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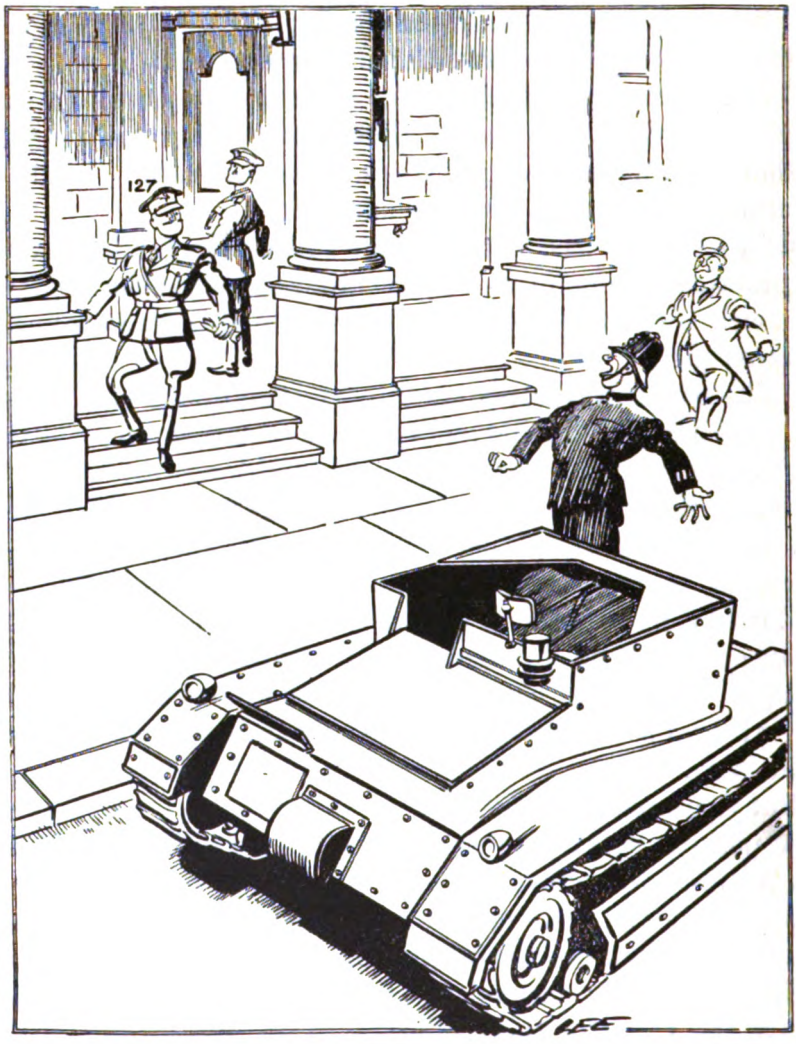
LONDON LAUGHS . . . *By LEE*

[No. 1,225] **CAVALRY CLUB**



"I don't care if you *have* been mechanised . . . you can't leave that there 'ere!"

By courtesy of "The Evening News."

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THE DRAGOON HELMET.

By Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. N. Ryan, T.D.

Although mechanization brings about revolutionary changes in the Cavalry, it will not apparently affect the traditional uniforms of regiments, whose full dress will remain as when they were horsed Cavalry. It is therefore still a matter of present-day interest to trace how the Dragoon helmet and that of the Household Cavalry, which so closely resemble each other, came into existence, and what is generally overlooked, how different foreign influences have altered the form of each during successive epochs.

Their history follows a course unlike that of the Hussar busby or lancer cap previously outlined,* for while these have been based on a single national tradition respectively Hungarian or Polish, the British Dragoon helmet has been inspired in turn by the Heavy Cavalry head-dresses of no less than three nations —France, Austria and Prussia.

The eighteenth century may in the matter of military head-gear be termed the era of the cocked hat. That last remnant of armour, the steel helmet of the Cavalry, was ousted at its beginning, and for nearly a hundred years the three-cornered hat reigned supreme. George I on his accession in 1714 introduced a Prussian model smaller than that worn during Marlborough's campaigns, with his black Hanoverian cockade replacing the former ribbon bow, while half-way through the century the high "Khevenhuller" hat called after one of Maria Theresa's generals, took its place. In 1785 there was another change, the Heavy Cavalry—including the Household Troops—adopting a new French fashion which has since in the public mind become associated principally with the Emperor Napoleon, the hat

* See "Cavalry Journal," October, 1936, and January, 1938.

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cocked fore and aft with the brim concealing the crown. The only exceptions amongst them were the Royal Dragoons of Ireland* and the Scots Dragoons both of whom from the time of Ramillies (1706) retained in wear the mitre cap of the Grenadiers of Picardie whom they had overthrown, but even they, had at this latter period, cocked hats for drills and "walking out."

The revival of the helmet can probably be traced to the period of the Renaissance, during which many contemporary equestrian statues were erected to seventeenth century monarchs,—such as those in Bristol and Paris to William III and Louis XIII—showing them wearing the garb of ancient Roman warriors with their brows crowned with laurels. The helmet itself was re-born in France about 1745 when a corps of Dragoons and Lancers called *Volontaires de Saxe* was raised by that celebrated marshal. They had a small brass helmet with a horsehair "mane," which in a higher form was adopted by all the French Dragoons of the *ancien régime* in 1786. Twelve years later, in 1798, the Austrian Cuirassiers and Dragoons exchanged their cocked hats for black helmets of Roman form with forward curving crests. The crest was covered with a sausage-shaped worsted plume going from front to back, from which the helmet derived its name of *raupenhelm* or "caterpillar helmet."†

Illustrations I (c) and (a) are of two modern helmets which are descended from these two foreign prototypes. The French Cuirassier helmet differs from its Dragoon ancestor only in the absence of the original leopard skin puggaree, while the neo-classical helmet of the Italian Heavy Cavalry is identical with that worn by their predecessors, the Sardinian Cavalry, in the wars of the *Risorgimento*, which was in turn modelled on the head-dress worn at that time by their opponents the Austrian Dragoons.

In the British Cavalry the reign of the cocked hat came to

* Disbanded in Ireland in 1799 and reinstated without loss of precedence in 1858 as the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, now amalgamated in the 16th/5th Lancers.

† It has been suggested that the *raupenhelm* was derived from our Light Dragoon fur-crested helmet, which if the case was unique, as the sole instance of a British military head-dress being copied in a foreign army. Bavarian Infantry and Dragoons (*Chevanlegers*) wore this characteristic helmet till 1873, long after it had been discarded by their Austrian cousins, when it was displaced by the all-prevailing *pickelhaube*.

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an end in 1812* after Salamanca and all the Heavy Cavalry were given head-dresses inspired by either one or other of these foreign models. Our Dragoons fought at Waterloo in helmets with flowing horsehair tails and thistle-tip plumes all typically French, while in the same action the Household Brigade had black helmets with worsted crest-covers, which were close copies of the Austrian *raupenhelms*.†

After Waterloo, about 1817, the helmet of the Household Cavalry was changed for a higher one of polished steel and the worsted crest-cover was elaborated into a huge one of black bearskin. The brass front-plate of the Royal Arms had inscribed on it the battle honours "Waterloo" and "Peninsula," while the sides bore sprays of laurel leaves. This helmet was worn till 1844 when the present one was introduced. It was however not the only head-dress in use in the Household Cavalry during this period, as at the Coronation of George IV in 1821 they were ordered to appear in Grenadier bearskin caps worn with the revived cuirass, and these bearskins continued to be used on all State occasions till 1844.

George IV in the following year (1822), also altered the type of helmet worn by Dragoon Guards and Heavy Dragoons, the French pattern giving way to one similar in shape to that of the Household Cavalry but of black glazed metal like the Austrian helmet. The bearskin crest-cover was smaller. The French Dragoons themselves had also deserted to the Austrian model for a few years after Waterloo, this being the only time during which they have not been faithful to their characteristic horse-tail helmet from its origin in 1786 till the Great War.

During the reign of the succeeding monarch William IV, the Dragoon helmet was in 1934 again changed. The form was still Roman (Austrian) but it was now made of brass, the crest and sides being ornamented with oak leaves and scrolls. Beneath the Royal Arms in front was the name of the particular regiment. It had also the peculiarity that the bearskin crest-

* That is for service with troops, but it was retained into the eighteen-fifties for officers' wear at levées and courts.

† Strangely enough, however, they wore on these Austrian helmets the side-plume of the French Dragoons, although this characteristic ornament was never worn on their adopted French helmets by our Heavy Dragoons.

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cover was detachable being worn for "Dress" only; for "Undress" parades there was substituted a brass tip consisting of a lion's head and paws. "Full," or as we would call it "Levée dress," meant cocked hats. This helmet later descended to fire brigades through whom it became familiar everywhere. Incidentally it is no longer used by these except for ceremonial purposes, the fire-fighting helmet being now an insulated one with rubber covering.

From 1843 to 1846 during the early Victorian era the Dragoon helmet reverted after an interval of twenty-one years to the French pattern but in brass instead of black metal or leather. The body was now plain and into the ornamented crest was inserted in front a "brush" confined with a boss, and along its top a black horsehair mane nearly a yard long flowing loose down the back. The plume for the regimental trumpeters varied in colour, instead of being of the characteristic red of Continental Cavalry trumpeters.

Meanwhile there had in 1843 been created in Prussia a new type of helmet which was to become the best known and most characteristic of modern military head-dresses—the spiked helmet or *pickelhaube*. It marked a complete break with all classical tradition being inspired instead by the sixteenth century burgonet helm. In its original form it was higher and more conical than the modern German head-dress and it was adopted not only for the Infantry and Artillery,—the latter having a ball instead of a spike,—but also by the Cuirassiers who wore it in steel and the Dragoons who had the Infantry helmet with the addition of a plume. German military influence was then strong in our army and uniforms in these days were considered of paramount importance. So between 1844 and the early fifties the neo-classical helmets of the Austrians and French were gradually banished from the Heavy Cavalry in favour of the new Gothic helmet.

Illustration II (b) shows a Prussian Cuirassier helmet of modern type, rounder and less conical than the model from which our Dragoon helmet was taken. The back peak is prolonged down the neck and the spike is higher than that on the Infantry

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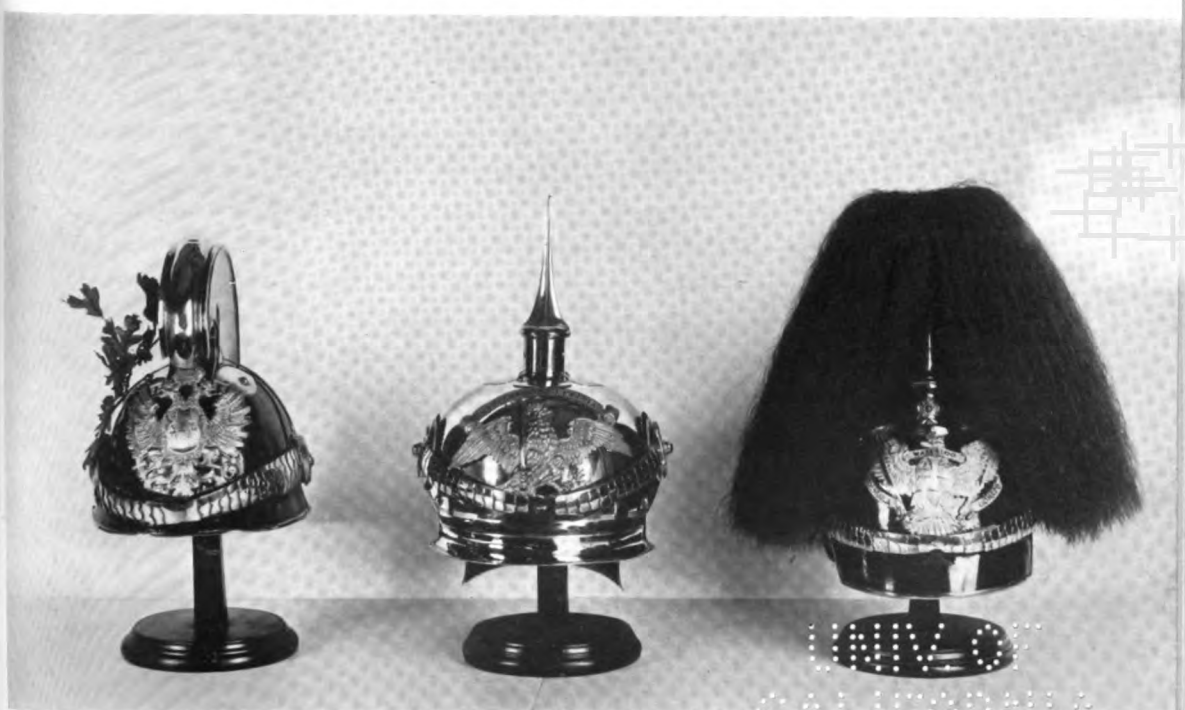
I

a—Italian Heavy Cavalry b—British Dragoon Guards c—French Cuirassiers

II



a—Austrian Dragoons b—Prussian Cuirassiers c—German Dragoons

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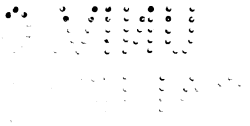

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pickelhaube. The new head-dress of the Household Cavalry was of German silver, while the Dragoon Guards wore it in brass and the Dragoons in white metal. All were given in addition the Prussian Dragoon type of falling horsehair plume, which for Dragoon Guards and Dragoons was uniformly black at first, but from about 1850 varied in colour for each regiment, that of the Carabiniers remaining for some years black instead of white as finally.

The modern British Dragoon helmet is depicted in illustration I (b). That worn to-day in the Household Cavalry is practically the model of 1844, the Garter Star which took the place of the Royal Arms frontpiece on the previous helmet, being surmounted by the crown and encircled with the collar of the Order in a wreath of oak and laurel. The type which was begun to be worn in 1846 by the Dragoon Guards and Heavy Dragoons, (as the latter were still called to distinguish them from the still existing Light Dragoons), was however much more elaborate than now, both front and back peaks being decorated, and the star, which was mounted on a shield, having a crown and wreaths like the Household Cavalry helmet. The present helmet with plain fluted spike, no crown and simplified decoration dates from 1870, and it is curious to note that the eight-pointed star, though so described in the Dress Regulations, is not the Garter Star proper, as (except in the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards), the centre consists, not of the Cross of Saint George, but of the regimental device or number.

An exception to the general rule that the head-dress of the senior regiment is worn in the amalgamated Cavalry regiments, is found in the case of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. The Dress Regulations of 1934 lays down that the white metal Dragoon helmet of the Inniskillings is to be worn though the regiment is now one of the Dragoon Guards, with however, the red and white plume of the senior regiment.

In the Royal United Service Museum is a marvellous collection representing every change in the type of helmet worn in the Household Cavalry and the Heavy Cavalry of the Line, from its introduction in 1812 till the Great War.

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To conclude this general sketch of the history of the British Dragoon helmet it may be of some interest to contrast with it those helmets worn by its opposite numbers in the principal European armies in 1914. Illustration II (a) shows the black-enamelled metal helmet of Austrian Dragoons without the former worsted crest-cover which was abolished in 1850; for officers the crest was gilt, with an embossed dragon. A custom which dated back to the seige of Vienna in 1683 was the wearing on the side of the helmet of an oak leaf spray*—in winter a sprig of fir was substituted—commemorating those fixed in the hats of the returning soldiers by the women of Vienna, after the defeat of the Turks outside the city walls by the Poles and Germans. The double eagle helmet badge† is that of the Holy Roman Empire representing the united spiritual and secular forces of Rome and Germany.

The patent leather helmet of German Dragoons (illustration II (c)) has a square peak like the old Infantry model; the plume was uniformly white for Dragoon Guards and black for Dragoons. The helmet portrayed is that of the 9th Hanoverian Dragoons stationed in Metz who were called from the colour of their facings the "White Dragoons" to distinguish them from another regiment of the garrison known as the "Red Dragoons." The Prussian heraldic spread-eagle is inscribed "Peninsula, Waterloo, Göhrde," these honours being descended from the regiment's ancestor the 3rd Hussars of the King's German Legion. The *pickelhaube* of Bavarian Dragoons (*Chevaulegers*) already referred to, had instead of the eagle, the double-lion Bavarian Arms with a white horsehair plume. Russian Dragoons also wore a *pickelhaube* with an odd-looking "sausage" plume across the top instead of from front to back, with the Russian double-eagle badge.

Lastly the French Dragoons who can claim to be the original Dragoons,—the 1st or Royal Dragoons of France raised in 1656,

* This tradition was after the War, preserved in the Austrian *Bundesheer*, the symbol being worn on the steel helmet, and it may apparently survive even the *Anschluss*.

† The K.D.G.'s have lately received permission to wear again this double-headed eagle badge, which was conferred on them in 1896 by their Colonel, the Emperor Francis Joseph, on his appointment. It was discarded in the early days of the War.

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is the oldest Dragoon regiment in the world—wore a helmet in the traditional form, designed for them in 1889 by the celebrated military artist Detaille, which was similar to the modern Cuirassier helmet, but without the "brush" and with a smaller side-plume. Not all the *panache* of pre-War days has vanished. While French Cuirassiers no longer ride in all the glory of shining breast-plate and helmet, their place as escort on State occasions has been taken by the mounted *Garde républicaine* whose uniform is only slightly less brilliant, their Cuirassier-pattern helmet bearing the Arms of the City of Paris, being worn with a blue tunic having the skirts turned back to show the scarlet lining, white leather breeches and jacked boots.

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THIRD TIME LUCKY.

The Story of a Cavalry Raid.

By H. C. MAYDON.

IT was dawn in the valley: the great camp stirred to life. A low, opaque haze lay over everything from which emerged, startlingly near, the whinny of a horse, the clash of metal, and a strident voice, cursing unmeaningly. The water cart was being harnessed up for its long drive to the nearest well. From far down the valley came the noise of a camp aroused to another day of routine—this so-called rest from the rigours of the Line. To another day of dust and heat and the long endless trail of led horses going to water; to a plague of flies by day only yielding to the drone of mosquitos by night. A mile away to the east, across a plain of powdery sand—evil and ankle deep—twisted the turgid waters of the Jordan, beset with nothing of shade save Dead Sea fruit-scrub and ragged palms. To the south lay the dusty, sun-bleached walls of Jericho, and, to the west, the red arid foothills, which lead up to the olive terraced hills of Samaria.

Already the Australian Light Horse were turning out to water, and on the lower road the supply wagons were groaning and rattling back to advanced base. Dust clouds rose stifling and stagnant to choke the valley from sun-up till dark. A squadron of horse rode jingling off towards the foothills. Far over-head specks, which were not birds, turned to sudden silver in the sunlight and a distant "archie" spat venomously, to rain a hail of hissing fragments on the heads of men, too dust begrimed and war weary to show interest. Far away from north and east came the sullen grumbling of guns.

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Beyond Jordan, guarding the pontoon bridgeheads, skulked a thin line of outposts, sweating and grimy, racked with fever, choked by the evil dust, slaking a parching thirst with the tepid swill of chlorinated water and itching for Johnny Turk to break the monotony with not too untimely skirmish. Across the river plain, eastward, rose, two miles away, the stark heights of Shunet-el-Nimrin, a natural fortress, guarding a defile and the mountain road to Es Salt and Amman.

Thus west and east of Jordan two mountain spines ran parallel, the one ours, the other the enemy's, before the hills of Moab ceased and subsided further east to the deserts of Arabia. Somewhere in those broad, waterless wastes, hugging and feinting at Hedjaz railway, lurked the almost mythical hordes of our allies, the Arabs of Lawrence.

Slowly and monotonously, swamped in heat haze and choking blind dust, the day drew towards its end.

There was a certain stir in the bell-tent of R.H.Q. unusual at this hour of the day, without a firm reason. "You're wanted, sir," choked an orderly, his mouth dry with dust, "the colonel—in the Orderly room."

"Ha, Bringey," said his C.O. "we move tonight. Orders just come in."

"Thank God for that," replied his 2nd in command. "Where to sir? Not back to jolly old Jerusalem?"

"No, there is a stunt on; I am not allowed to tell you more till we cross the bridge heads at midnight. Its all deadly secret and confidential. Brigade parades at 11 p.m. tonight. I'm sending out orders for regimental parade at 10.30. Mounted—fighting order—tin hats complete. The Q.M. has details as to rations and reserve ammunition. It looks like a big push, Bringey."

"Well, anything for a change, sir, although how they expect mounted troops to do any good in these mountains, I daren't guess."

The various squadron officers' messes were full of rumours that evening. Few even knew of the proposed crossing of the Jordan. Betting ran high on a moonlight flitting back to the

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coastal plain north of Jaffa; while the optimists murmured of the cooling breezes hard by Jerusalem. It was not till the regiment formed up late that night and taking its place as one link in an endless chain of cavalry, moved south-east towards the pontoon bridges, that an inkling of their purpose dawned.

"Gad, they're not going to use us to attack Shunet-el-Nimrin hills, are they? If so it's goodbye to our horses for many a day. Another Gallipoli," said one.

"To clear up the east bank of the Jordan, more like, though it will be a death trap from heavy shelling as soon as day breaks," replied another.

"Well, it seems we are for it in any case, so cheer up, my hearties. My God, what a bonny war!" from the optimist.

In bright moonlight and arid skirling clouds of white dust the long column clattered across the grass deadened boards of the pontoon. Silence had been enforced and smoking strictly forbidden. The outposts chain still held beyond the bridge heads: there might be no Turk within a mile to give alarm, but surprise was essential for the main coup, and even blind, long range shelling can be harmful. As they crossed the bridge and quietly formed up into column of troops on the hostile bank, there was no soul so leaden but to realize that the die was cast and that at any moment the distant loom of Shunet el Nimrin might burst into strings of fire and the air grow thick with the old familiar roar and whistle.

For half an hour the regiment pushed forward, once more strung out into column of sections, following blindly a stony track, which ran mid-way between river and the lowest swell of the hills. Dead silence enveloped them, a silence broken only by the muffled tread of hooves, the jingle of bit, chain and scabbard, a stifled curse. Yet from a ghostly world of dust and moonbeams came the queer sense of company—the whole broad valley was full of armed and mounted men moving forward, northwards, of dead purpose. Of Turks there was no sound nor sign. Four hours to go till dawn; at this rate Shunet el Nimrin will soon lie far behind us; what chance of bumping some unexpected outpost in the plain?

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Two miles from the bridge-head came another longer halt. The congestion was cleared. "Close up into column of troops. Halt. Dismount. Loosen girths. The C.O. will see all officers," came the word.

The cat was out of the bag at last. Desert Mounted Corps was to co-operate with 60th Division for a desperate assault on Shunet el Nimrin. The cavalry rôle was to create a diversion on flank and rear, while the infantry made a frontal attack. The 5th Yeomanry Brigade was to thread the mountains in rear of the lofty fortress and to take Es Salt, which lay astride the main mountain road, the Turks' life line of supplies. A.L.H. were on the same errand, with a brigade pushed far up the Jordan valley to watch the left flank. A New Zealand brigade was away, far out to the east, to find touch with our Arab allies.

It was soon after dawn and a wild four miles gallop up the valley, that the Yeomanry brigade turned sharply east and headed for a labyrinth of goats' tracks, which scarred the rugged mountain slopes. Doubtless there were guides—Arabs —somewhere; Brigade knew what they were about; but in the twilight confusion, with dread twitching at their heels, each individual's thoughts were centred on finding a way up. Dread, since minutes ago, at first flush of dawn, Hell had been let loose on the far peak, which loomed now five miles away to the south—a Hell of grinding crashes and dark ridges crimson with lurid flames. The barrage was down—the infantry were at it. Let but for a span a like inferno of spouting earth retaliate on this crowded mass of disordered cavalry and the game was up. Where was the Turkish flank? How far along this mountain barrier had he stretched his iron tentacles? Would they be greeted half way up by the rattle of machine guns and feel that fish-out-of-water sensation of a cavalryman helpless?

Five hundred feet cliffs to be climbed on a brigade frontage, no time to dribble up, feeling their way, for speed was the first essential. Gain the top they must at all hazards and in full strength, and with their horses, before opposition formed: for this was but the first step in their long bound and there must be no hold up. Once on the top, t'was said, the going was easier; a

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man might mount his steed again and feel more at home in his allotted rôle. Twenty miles to go over vale and ridge in ever climbing country. Never mind, t'would be open warfare there, where the flanks are wide and a horseman is something better than a snared rabbit.

But those first five hundred feet, where a regiment, in line of troop columns, aped a dozen herds of goats; and, each man on foot, leading and cajoling his horse up zig-zag and round boulder, played follow-my-leader and listened heart in mouth for that barking rat-tat which would spell disaster.

They gained the top at last, a false crest which led on endlessly to never ceasing folds, like the breakers of a rough and rising tide. But at least, here and there, a troop could slip to saddle again, cohesion was growing, individuals were a binding into a weapon of weight and purpose.

There was firing on the right now spasmodic rifle fire and too late to cause delay. Johnny Turk was awake but his screen was thin and his main body too busy exchanging buffets elsewhere to be worried. Even as the directing squadron reformed on the first step with its scouts already mounted, nosing forward, there came the dreaded tattoo of a machine gun from a knoll ahead, and a fringe of Turkish sharpshooters lined the far skyline. But it was a half-hearted resistance. A troop rode bucketing over scree and boulder to outflank the machine gun, a squadron rode helter-skelter forward, galloping hell-for-leather upward and the opposition melted. If ever a day spoke well for cavalry this was it, for there was no other arm that could have done it.

The tops once gained the Brigade sprang once more into being.

A track took shape on the broken grass-lands and, miraculously, by some wizardry, there was its pack transport plodding manfully. From now on till night-fall it was a mounted advance à la textbook, with advanced, flank and rearguards and a country not quite unrideable. True that a ceaseless procession of gebels, khors and wadis and a skyline that never matured, spelt constant danger; that the G.O.C.'s command was scattered, invisible and out of touch; that loads shifted and pack-horses

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jibbed, while baggage guards sweated; that wide to flanks and heavily from rear came the constant rattle of rifles and a score of conflicting messages; that towards dark ugly rumours were rife, of a narrowing gorge and a stiffening resistance, of a rear-guard heavily engaged miles behind. Nevertheless the gorge was threaded and at nightfall a tired brigade came to rest on a gently rising plateau, which led, t'was said, to a precipice girt cañon, where lay Es Salt.

There lies a thrill in a mounted raid which scarce can fall to other arms. Your boats are burnt and you strive committed far behind the lines. All men are enemies and you feel cut off from the old familiar world. With a good horse between your knees and the clatter of the squadrons behind you, there comes a freedom of spirit, a feeling of matchlessness. This is rapier work, swift dashes in and out, and not the numbing bludgeon work of trenches and heavy shell.

But that night was no merry-go-round. Imagination is the curse of adventure. Lines down, horses watered and fed, outposts on the skyline, men huddled in their scanty blankets, chewing cold fare—for lights were forbidden—and as their limbs chilled their thoughts wandered.

What fate was massing behind those skylines? Of what sort a fortress this twice threatened Es Salt?*

Orders came at midnight. The Brigade will form for attack at dawn—dismounted.

But that attack never materialised. Even as the tiny column formed up in the chilly murkiness of the heights with that half-naked feeling of a cavalryman without his horse, word came from below that Es Salt had already fallen. An Australian Light Horse Brigade had surprised it the previous night and the town was surrendered with scarce a shot.

The Yeomanry Brigade, happily re-horsed, rode cheerily down the great twisting zig-zags that give access to that mighty canon from the west. Below, straddling a mountain torrent, lay the Syrian town, queer mixture of east and west, where hybrid townsfolk stared curiously at their new masters and phlegmatic

* Es Salt had been taken and abandoned by our troops a few weeks previously.

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Bedawin shrugged, cursing all Infidels, with half an eye on their scattered flocks and a greedy glance for a new source of loot.

Signs of war were few. An Australian piquet or two; a staff officer left to hand over; a group of sullen Turkish prisoners; an abandoned machine gun; a casualty clearing station. Far from the south the distant rumble of guns still muttered and overhead the quizzing eye of aeroplanes flashed and quartered, like buzzards seeking for their prey.

"What now, Bringey?" asked the doctor, as the regiment halted to water amid feed apricot orchards and the C.O. quested at B.H.Q.

"God knows," was the reply, "the worst of war is that you never know what is happening and seldom even what is intended. Your sister regiments and brigades come and go and vanish and lucky if you ever know the wherefore or the history of that day. Its like reading a dozen stories at once and never once the ending."

They were given little time for soliloquy, for within the hour came the order, "girth up" and the Brigade slowly wound its way south down the high road towards Shunet el Nimrin.

"Looks as if Shunet must have fallen," chattered the optimist. "I expect we'll soon be meeting our infantry coming up the road. What will it be by this route? A dozen miles?"

"Its funny there is no sign of the New Zealanders and Lawrence's Arabs," said somebody, "I thought if the raid were successful we'd all be meeting here, I'm hanged if I see why we are marching south, either."

"Suppose Shunet has not fallen and the Arabs don't turn up from the east," broke in the pessimist, "we look like being in the soup properly with the Corps scattered half over Asia, a strong Turkish division just south of us and the whole Turkish army swarming in the north. What I want to know is how are we going to get out again?"

"Sufficient unto the day—," quoth the doctor, "but I admit I would like to know what's doing. It's damned poor fun risking your neck without knowing why you are doing so."

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That valley causeway between Es Salt and Shunet el Nimrin offered little scope of thinning the fog of war. A mountain barrier loomed on either side, hugging the road and leading it remorselessly towards the wasps' nest of the Turkish mountain fortress. From behind, to the north, far up the valley beyond Es Salt; from the eastern barrier of hill tops, which held the vale secure, came ugly rumours. Of the A.L.H. hotly engaged, of an ever increasing pressure from the north, of no news from the New Zealanders and of the promised Arab allies. The Hedjaz railway in the east would be still open to the Turks' reinforcements; the Es Salt road to the north could not be held for long; what of the brigade at Red Hill, who held open the valley of the Jordan and the only door to safety?

Five miles south of Es Salt the Yeomanry brigade halted, disintegrated and melted into pawns on the chess board. The leading regiment passed round a shoulder in the winding valley, found touch with Turkish outposts and were involved at once in the tedious game of mountain warfare, which, in this case, could have but one ending. Shunet el Nimrin had not fallen and the Brigade assumed the significance of a gnat worrying the heels of a giant.

Under the shelter of the mighty shoulder Bringey's regiment dawdled uncertainly, awaiting orders. The third regiment, who had formed the tail of the column, had mysteriously vanished, detached on some errand known only to B.H.Q. From now on for three days reigned stalemate, with move and countermove, as blind to the individual as any game of chess to the non-player. Each day the ring of surrounding rifle fire encroached, grew nearer, more menacing, and men, robbed of the élan of advance, loosed thought to the way of an ending. Supplies for man and horse still crept falteringly out from Es Salt, requisitioned now and scanty, helped, now and again, by the lucky purchase of a sheep or two from passing herdsmen. At night men slept in boulder-strewn bivouacs with an anxious glance at scattered outposts and a roving eye at dawn on the far off peaks and crest line.

On the third day came orders from some invisible but far-

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seeing Corps H.Q., the balanced brain which moved the chessmen. "The Fifth Mounted Brigade will attack the Turkish position." It was one of those orders from the powers-that-be quite inexplicable to the lowly regimental officer. The mere shape of the terrain itself was quite unsuited for aught but ibex shooting. A dismounted brigade, less one regiment and minus two further squadrons, piquetting the right flank, leaves four squadrons of some 60 men each, to attack (unsupported by guns) an unreconnoitred position of problematical numbers. One thought only sprang to the minds of all engaged: "if an entire infantry division, with guns complete, has failed to take Shunet el Nimrin from the front, how are 200 cavalrymen going to take it from the rear?"

These are the vague disturbing questions which sometimes assail the mind of the mere regimental officer and which he will be lucky to have answered this side of the Styx. Doubtless Corps knew what they were about. It may have been intended as a reconnaissance in force; or as a feint to relieve pressure elsewhere; or as a plant that puffs the fog of war. It certainly befogged the minds of the participants.

It is a queer thing war. If in peace-time one of the big-wigs advised you to back your shirt on a certain flashy stock and it went west; you would be sure to demand a wherefore not less than forcibly; but if in war he gambles with your life no less fruitlessly, brave is the man, who afterwards merely murmurs, "why?"

The dismounted attack failed, as bound it was to fail, as sure as God made little apples. It was not even a fight, but first cousin to a butchery. The mockery was that never a Turk was seen; the crowning mercy that the Turk held his fire as soon as the attack withered.

This was the way of it. Below the causeway, where it bent round the shoulder, lay an abyss-like drop to a ravine bed, falling away at right angles. From the ravine the far bank led up precipitously and the crest once gained would open up the dead ground and contested area beyond the shoulder. In other words it was a search for a flank for enfilade.

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But the old Turk was no fool when he set his fly trap. He let those 200 Yeomen drop down into the abyss, where even goats must huddle and clump and follow-my-leader and then he opened with shell and bullet into that smoking, fire-streaked cauldron.

It was all too easy—for the Turk. Our casualties were heavy and the C.O. wisely pulled out ere ever they reached the precipice ascent to the objective. It was not a rout, but as a retreat from a mining disaster, a procession of wounded climbing wearily from a deep smoking pit. The Turkish fire ceased; at times he has the makings of a great gentleman.

The famous raid was dwindling to its close. When the end came it came suddenly.

From the camp under the same protecting shoulder, beyond which the daily bickering of outposts had lately subsided, Bringey was sent on an errand. The G.O.C. was sending a troop westward across the hill tops to form a post on the heights and to establish touch by helio with some A.L.H. Possibly, since Bringey spoke Arabic and could thus question shepherds, and because an officer's report on the track might be useful, was the reason that he was sent with the troop. He might ride back when he chose to report.

On the map no track was shown, but the contours showed that a nullah re-entrant split the mountain wall and rose not too steeply. A dot on the heights marked a tiny, solitary, Arab village, some 12 miles from camp and this dot was the rendezvous. An Arab guide would show the best place to leave the main road.

The troop started at noon carrying all the rations they could and full nose bags. They were to be supplied by the A.L.H in the future. When they turned off the main road their guide left them for his herds. There were a score of goat tracks to choose from, all heading up the nullah and, although the going was stony and difficult and in places so precipitous that it were best to dismount and lead, yet the troop made good progress. They reached the top in two hours to find a rolling plateau, innocent of life and far from the stress of war. Goat tracks on

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the top were indistinct and confusing, but taking a rough direction from a compass bearing and pushing out a screen of scouts, more for spotting a few stone hovels than for protection, they finally marked and reached their destination.

There was an A.L.H. patrol in the squalid village, otherwise deserted. A rutted track led thence westward and finally reached the Jordan near the bridge heads.

After exchanging yarns and a brew of tea with the Aussies, Bringey turned his horse's head for camp at 4 p.m. He had his servant with him, but no anxiety of Turks. They reached the head of the nullah without difficulty, where a small stunted tree was a familiar landmark. The descent was harder than the climb and they had few wits to spare. It was not until they reached the main road, soon after sun-down that suddenly Bringey had an inspiration. Supposing that this were a possible line of retreat? Could a brigade get up here unimpeded by transport? Suppose it were a night march? On the spur of the moment he turned his horse, dismounted and pulled a great white stone to mark the place where his chosen goat track left the main road. He even climbed 50 yards further up to mark another confusing bifurcation. Then, realizing the futility of his task with scarce half an hour of twilight, he gave it up and decided to return at dawn with a party. On such trifles can fate hang.

He reported to his Brigadier at nightfall and to his amazement found the whole camp in confusion, horses saddled and squadrons parading.

"Good man, Bringey," was his greeting, "we hoped you'd get back in time. Is your path practicable, because we've got to use it? Orders just come through. Its a night flitting and no time to lose either. Our defence is cracking in every direction. Our wounded and packs have gone direct from Es Salt, but that road is congested and will be closed by now. We've got to be miles away before dawn. Our own outposts are to come in in an hour's time, leaving fires burning and all the old tricks. Now can you lead us back, at once?"

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"Good God," gasped Bringey, "why didn't you give me a hint before I started? Its bad enough for a troop by daylight, but a brigade at night with fever in our heels! My hat!"

"I've got a few more Arabs here; perhaps we had better let them lead us?" suggested the general.

"Can you trust them, sir," queried Bringey. "I can find a way up, if you give me time. For three or four of us, it would be easy enough but—." From far away memories Bringey was reconstructing a picture. It was of his brigade practising a night march on manœuvres on the South African veld. Their slow, tedious advance; the bucketting, shunting and cursing in rear. The waste of hours, the narrow escape from fiasco and the standing joke for weeks on end. Bringey had not then been the guide, but he could sympathize.

"Well. Bringey," his brigadier interrupted his reverie, "what's it to be? I don't know anything about the Arabs and they swear they don't know our village on top; but anyway they'll lead us up the nullah."

"That might be worse than ever, sir," Bringey blurted, "the nullah head ends in a dozen gulleys—we might finish up anywhere on the top. At least I can find my way from the stunted tree, if I follow my own goats' track."

"Very well, then, you lead," replied the brigadier, a trifle abruptly. But he kept his Arabs at his heels as the Brigade staff and Bringey moved off.

There was just a last glimmer of twilight when Bringey reached his white stone; behind him and trailing for a mile down the curving road, he was aware of a long serpent-like procession in column of sections.

"I'm going to dismount here, sir, and make sure we pick up the right track at the start," murmured Bringey.

"I don't care a damn what you do, as long as you get a move on," growled the brigadier, mindful of his thousand well-nigh helpless cavalry and the Turks who might be on their very tail. Then turning to his Arabs in fluent Sudanese Arabic, "Here, you, go in front and show us the way up."

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Now there is an Arab proverb which says in its own way, "two heads in a boat always quarrel" and never was there a better example. The first thing the Arabs did was to bear away to the right and search for a new track altogether, fading away in a moment in the darkness.

For a moment Bringey havered, then he plunged.

"Look here, sir, it must be them or me. If we follow them I lose my goats' track and shall be fogged at the top. You'll have to trust to compass bearings if they don't know the village."

"Blast it, we can't be monkeying about with torches and matches; give the whole show away. Right, you lead, Bringey."

How often in the next five hours did Bringey regret his presumption. Night guiding is a gift or a relic of the sixth sense of direction. Any man who has followed big game in the wilds continuously will tell you the same. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred your native guide will lead you back to camp faultlessly—day or night; and then, one day, you will strike a "dud" and getting lost at night will not appear as difficult as it seemed. But the worst treatment of a faltering guide is for a dozen people to be constantly hissing in his ear—curses, advice and contrary directions. Add to this the first suspicion of uneasiness from the far-stretched tail. The outposts had all been in an hour ago; the rearmost regiment still halted dismounted on the main road for endless æons. Would the leaders never get on? Would they still be lingering there at daylight and the crest behind them thick with Turkish guns?

They reached the top at last, if with small thanks to Bringey, at least they found the stunted tree—his first certain landmark; thence it was comparatively easy. But it was close on dawn before they found the village; they had been eight hours on the move to make a dozen miles.

The subaltern in command of the troop in the village was already at wits' end. He, and he alone, was possessed of the latest news, flashed by signal lamp from Australian Brigade H.Q. The tenet of every message, growing briefer and tenser as the night hours dwindled, was "where is your brigade? The

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line is cracking. We cannot hold up the Turks much longer. Speed. Speed."

The brigadier gave his command an hour to loosen girths, snatch a mouthful of food and stretch themselves. Then it was, "girth up and forward," as the growing light of another day rolled back the shadows.

From the map it seemed that there were ten miles to ride across the mountain plateau, then half as much amid a labyrinth of descending nullahs, and, finally, four miles across the Jordan plain to the nearest bridge head.

There might come a pinch—if not before—for those last four miles would be a wild gallop within effective shell range of Shunet el Nimrin.

For the first few miles the going was fair and the brigade could move on a broad frontage with strong flank and rear guards. As the daylight broadened the sound of incessant rifle fire came from their right front. It was the tail of the Aussie brigade holding on to a vital defile like grim death.

The brigade had closed to column of regiments by now, being squeezed by a bottle-neck of hills. They were trotting all out, which meant a hand gallop in the rear and a sense of wild excitement surged from head to tail, increasing at every yard. Bringey's regiment was now the hindmost and he rode at the tail of the last squadron. The accursed dust rose in dense clouds and all ahead was swallowed. The firing now sounded at their very elbow. Next instant the troop in front—his furthest horizon—reined up to a halt savagely and then swiftly dissolved into column of sections. A few bullets began to whistle overhead and to his ear came the familiar "clop—clop" of mausers, pointed his way from not far distant.

The sudden breath of a rising breeze swept the dust clouds away. Bringey found himself standing on a broad grassy plateau on the very brink of a deep ravine. From this shelf-like step but one narrow goats' track led down in giant zig-zags to the wadi bed 500 feet below. Thence the track—broadening a trifle—turned west and followed the valley, dropping sharply and deeply between precipitous crest lines. Opposite the zig-

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zag the far wall of the ravine climbed 400 yards away, and, to this crest line clung a handful of Australians with an automatic rifle, firing at red hot speed, with now and again an anxious glance and an urgent hat-wave flung at the Yeomen, "rush for the love of Mike."

But on that step with Bringey still lingered, chafing, the most of two regiments, watching their comrades of the leading unit gingerly finding a way in single file. It would be half an hour's job this, and at any moment the opposing crest of the ravine might turn black with Turks. One machine-gun would bottle them for good, a dozen snipers would play skittles with men on the zig-zag, confined to the pace of a snail.

In both directions at lip of plateau, officers were cantering searching for some possible, alternative way of descent. Others on foot were seeking a foot-way, in case of emergencies. But all returned defeated.

Time passed on leaden wings. The second regiment were on the move at last; Bringey's own leading squadron were mounting. The Aussies' piquet, with a last lightening burst of fire, were packing up and retiring to a final foothold. The drone of bullets overhead was increasing.

Now the last squadron were climbing into their saddles, but there was climax in the air. The ridge in front was empty now, open to the Turks. "Sorry, old man," said Bringey to the rear-most troop subaltern, "but you must leave your Hotchkiss gun and team. Post 'em here to cover the last of us. It may be vital. You can send their led horses down with the troop."

They took it well those four Yeomen, although it looked like goodbye at the moment.

As the last squadron began to string out to single file there came a clatter of hooves from behind and a missing rearguard troop of the leading regiment galloped up.

"They are hard on top of us," gasped their leader, "where's my regiment?"

"Gone down and well away, we'll hope. Now you must wait your turn on the switchback."

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"No, blast it, my place is with my regiment. You must let us through,"

It was a moot point, where every minute counted and blood ran hot that instant. The Hotchkiss gun troop had waited so long already and now, as the gangpath cleared, the gate was closing. But the gun team must stay till the bitter end. Their subaltern signalled "rein back" and the last comers passed.

Bringey set with his eye glued to his watch. He was playing a game. "Two troops to clear the zig-zag—say four minutes—if the long hand of my watch reaches the twenty minutes past before the Turks open fire from the ridge, we shall get away."

The Hotchkiss gun corporal, cuddling his gun behind a rock a few yards away, grinned. "Cutting it a bit fine, aren't we, sir?"

"Yes, but we'll do it. Only 1½ minutes to go and your troop have started. We need not wait for them to clear, as Johnny is so late."

Two minutes later the last little group were scrambling down together, jostling the quarters of Bringey's charger led by his orderly, from whose clenched teeth emerged a never ending stream of endearing curses. Let the world go mad, but a horse was sacred.

The reached the bed of the ravine just as a sweating Australian subaltern stumbled down from the far side. 'Just by the skin of your bleeding teeth, my buckeyes. You can thank your cousins from Down-Under you're not kicking in Johnny's lock-up to-night."

It was still a race. The brigade was strung out by now, miles long, in the belly of the ravine. They were still confined to half sections and they trotted when they could, bursting to a rare gallop to fill up gaps. If it were not a rout, it was next door to it, for there were still a few bottle necks to force and speed was vital.

The ravine was stifling hot and men, discarding tin hats for solar topees from their saddle bow, could not pull up for a dropped helmet; while now and again an awkward pack-load of

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entrenching tools sowed havoc and confusion in a congested column.

At the mouth of a nullah confluent they passed an A.L.H. Brigade H.Q., whose staff, from their saddles, cheered them madly forward.

"Get on, boys, you'll catch our brigade if you leg it hard enough. Red Hill has fallen, so there'll be some shemozzle when you reach the valley."

Bringey never paused to ask them how they themselves proposed to show their heels.

The passing panic in the tail had quietened as the nullah widened and they began to pick up their brigade in front. The glimpse of B.H.Q's flag showed them that they were not abandoned. Then came another winding zig-zag drop, where the floods of centuries had cut a deep waterfall. Happily the ravine bed had split into two forks, each with its zig-zag descent, and, at each take-off—stringing out to single file—stood a full brigade; for the Yeomen had caught up the A.L.H. And now, fresh fuel to the smouldering fire of excitement, down from the clouds shot two bombing planes.

"Thin out—take cover," screamed a voice, and on the instant all saw that they were Bosches. At 1,000 feet, perhaps, they stooped and, swerving low in a shallow arc, they dropped their bombs.

In helpless horror Bringey stared, expecting swathes of dead and a mob of maddened horses; instead, he saw very little results and the un-interrupted chain still steadily descending. The crowd, awaiting their turn, had thinned like magic, each man nursing his horse in nook or by boulder. The target had vanished. In its place a dozen Hotchkiss guns and scores of rifles were whipping the air.

Once again the planes stooped to drop bombs just as futile; then, empty of eggs, or favouring a spray of bullets, they returned once more spouting from machine guns.

But this time the pitcher ventured once too often; they were too reckless in their lust for slaughter. The leading plane, riddled with bullets, staggered in its low flight, zoomed upwards

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like a towering partridge, lost power and fluttered earthwards, bursting into flames. Its mate, yet poised for attack, lost nerve and swooped away, a very hawk, robbed of its prey.

"Phew," gasped a ruddy faced S.M., still pale beneath his tan, "a near thing that, sir, nasty spiteful varmints these 'ere airey planes." And he wiped the sweat from the back of his neck.

"Thank God, we blotted one," stuttered Bringey, "I never knew I could hate so much."

This proved to be the last zig-zag and henceforward the going improved. Squadrons were reforming at last and in a final bend of the valley a light-hearted brigadier loyally cheered the tail of his men out of the hills.

"One more final burst, Bringey," he shouted, "across the plain to the bridge. Johnny Turk has been registering his guns on the Aussies, so look out for it and gallop."

Under the shelter of the last bluff in the hills the brigade was massed. The A.L.H. brigade was a mile away across the plain, galloping in open order under a merciful screen of dust. Far away guns thundered and above the dust screen a continuous hail of flashes burst into balls of black smoke, or, striking the ground, threw up fountains of dust and shale.

"Pity we're not riding into 'em, instead of away, muttered the fire-eater.

"If you'd ridden at Huj you mightn't be so keen," replied his mate.

The brigadier rode up.

"Retire my regiments in open order," and they were up and away with long gaps between each regiment and a four miles gallop ahead of them.

Johnny's gunners were not in form that day. Beyond the cracking of giant whips above his head and spouting mushrooms leaping up always 100 yards away, Bringey knew nothing but wild excitement, in that last furious gallop.

Men were hit and many horses, but none in his immediate vision.

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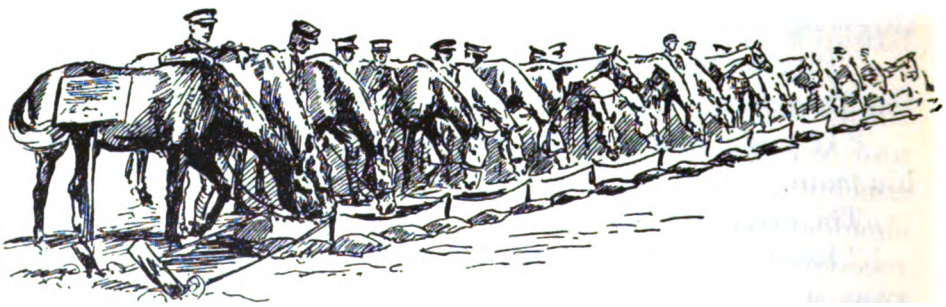
When they crossed the pontoons into safety the casualties were very few.

The raid took place in April. In the ensuing months the pawns made many moves on the chessboard and men had ceased to wonder of the why and wherefore of that seeming reckless plunge. In September came the great attack, which broke the Turks for good, and then, to the keen enquirer, came an inkling of that far-sighted stategy. For as the attack grew imminent the Turks must have argued, " twice they have thrust at Es Salt and Amman, there lies our dangerous flank and there we will pile our strength." But, as all the world now knows, it was on the western coastal flank that the storm broke and Shunet el Nimrin swung idle in the air.



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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The April "Army Quarterly" opens with a brief appreciation of the late General Ludendorff by a writer whom many will recognize under his pen name of "Archimedes." He considers that Ludendorff's *forte* was in tactics and organization, in both of which he was pre-eminent, but that his ability as a strategist was more in doubt, and this proved his undoing. Captain G. C. Wynne, discussing "The Chain of Command," considers that, if, as he believes, the British army is now committed to mechanization, with the tank the queen of the battlefield and artillery and infantry as auxiliaries only, we shall have to abandon our present system of command from behind, and adopt the German idea of delegating responsibility more and more to the front line commanders, who alone can know what is happening and take quick and appropriate decisions. Lt.-Colonel Sherbrooke discusses the method of infantry attack by infiltration and advocates a new three-unit organization of companies and battalions for the purpose of carrying it out. Mr. Donald Cowie writes interestingly on the defence of Australasia, outlining the armed strength, actual and potential, of Australia and New Zealand, and their recently revised defence policies, concluding that, while Britain must still be prepared to shoulder the main burden of Imperial defence, she may rely on receiving in any future armed conflict, far more effective support from these two Dominions than she received in the Great War. The question of the relative merits of attack and defence under present-day conditions continues to be a subject of discussion in several articles. Historical matter is somewhat less prominent than usual in this issue.

In the April "Fighting Forces" Captain Liddell Hart discusses the present organization and distribution of the Army, which he considers is hardly appropriate to its probable duties

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in any future war. Too high a proportion of our available strength is kept in India, and this must be regarded less as a garrison than as a general reserve if we are not to be over-insured there. In general a policy of reducing local garrisons and increasing strategic mobile reserves should be followed, for the present enhancement in the power of the defensive has increased the power of local garrison to resist invasion. The proportion of the Army kept at home should be organized and trained primarily for anti-aircraft defence and internal security, and any expeditionary force sent to the continent should consist of mechanized divisions only. Other articles deal with the system of the review of service conditions in the Navy, liaison between the Services, air defence, and the possibilities of South Africa as a residence for the retired officer.

The "Royal Artillery Journal" opens with an entertaining account of the experiences of one of the officers of the artillery contingent taking part in the Coronation procession, and there follow a lecture on the Far East and its problem by Sir Frederick Whyte, and a lengthy anonymous discussion of the problems of artillery when called on to deal with tank, gas and air attacks. Sir Frederick Whyte's views on the Far Eastern situation are of great topical interest, though he deals rather with the basic causes of the present Sino-Japanese conflict than with its actual course. He believes that these basic causes are less economic than political and psychological; he considers that the most likely results of Japanese aggression will be to consolidate China and make her a nation indeed, when she must prove invincible; and he explains the inaction of other powers in the war. The anonymous author of the article on "Tanks, Air, and Gas," considers that though much of the artillery experimental work connected with these problems has been unco-ordinated and inconclusive, enough has been done to enable them to be seriously tackled on a practical basis; he advocates more realism in field exercises, training in larger bodies, and more extended use of the demonstrative or set piece exercise, from which so much can be learnt both by those who watch it and by those who take part in it.

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The "Royal Engineers Journal" for March contains three articles at least of general interest. Colonel Pridham pleads for a revival of the study of the art of field defences, about which we learnt so much in the War, only largely to forget and neglect it since. An anonymous article describes in outline the conversion of a Territorial infantry battalion into an Anti-Aircraft Battalion, R.E., and Captain Wilkinson tells the story of the 9th Field Company, R.E.'s experiences when ordered out into the Western desert of Egypt during the Sanctions crisis of early 1936.

The "Royal Air Force Quarterly" opens with an article by Major-General Rowan Robinson on "Some Aspects of Air Raid Precautions," in which the whole subject is discussed, with many valuable ideas and suggestions too numerous to summarise here. There follow two interesting accounts of an air reconnaissance over the Libyan Desert, and an air trip to Gilgit on the North-West Frontier, and a number of lighter articles of a varied but universally readable nature.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The French "Revue de Cavalerie" for January-February contains an important contribution by Lieut.-Colonel Dario regarding the retention of horsed cavalry formations. He begins by reviewing the Great War and concludes that for the transportation of troops across difficult ground in Flanders or in the Balkans cavalry more than proved its value. Again, for the negotiation of all difficult ground, or where aircraft cannot be employed, horsed cavalry may still find its uses. French experiences in Morocco, as well as Italian movements in Abyssinia, show how modern campaigning has been transformed by the use of the motor engine. But these advantages have been bought at the cost of severe limitations; because—

(1) The motor is dependent on fuel that requires transportation. This throws a great strain on communications and also on technical repair and maintenance services.

(2) There are the limitations imposed on the motor vehicle by the formation of ground.

(3) Lastly, the functional weaknesses of the motor have to be considered. Sight and hearing are limited on or in the vehicles; whilst the latter are very easily seen or heard. They are also peculiarly susceptible to surprise.

Moreover, snow, frost, floods or excessive mud, all can strike mechanized formations with a species of paralysis.

On the other hand, for missions demanding high speed or travel over long distances the motor is now irreplaceable.

The fact is that the horse and the motor each have their own sphere of action. There is room for both in war. But the proportion in which each can be present in an army is a difficult problem. The solution depends largely on the nature of the war

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that is to be foreseen, as well as on the financial and industrial conditions of the potential belligerents.

The next question then, must be, what are the tasks that we can foresee as being left to the horsed formations to undertake; for their nature will not be the same as of old. These may be twofold :—

(a) To carry out work which the motor cannot cope with;

(b) To step into the breach when the motor fails or breaks down.

The author then asks whether the French Motorized Cavalry Division really fulfils these conditions: he considers that its 16 horsed squadrons are lost in the mechanized mass. What is needed is to lighten the cavalry squadron and not to make it more immobile by loading it up with mechanical adjuncts. The one hope of cavalry working in difficult ground is to make every effort to preserve its lightness and "fluidity." The supply and reinforcement of such cavalry must remain, of course, the business of motorized columns. The process of mechanization should enable cavalry units to be lightened instead of being weighed down by more vehicles trailing behind it. Horsed cavalry employed in difficult terrain is not very likely to encounter more than enemy mounted troops of like nature. Moreover, even if heavier weapons and vehicles are needed, small sections of such units are more easily handled in difficult country than larger or unwieldy formations.

There is again the further aspect of the question as to the form in which horsed units should be reconstituted. The use of the motor seems to have modified even the actual use of troops in the field as much as their tactical distribution. The rapidity of motorized troops is such that reconnaissance, such as used to be practised, no longer possesses the same importance. The rapidity with which a tactical situation can now alter needs other reconnoitring methods. The defensive has gained from mechanization; reconnaissance is apt to be carried out by hammer strokes of powerful mechanized units. It follows that duties

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of "security" become more important, as the need for slower and more detailed reconnaissance grows less imperative.

The net result is that the attempt to overload cavalry with weapons should be abandoned, and that the aforesaid tasks of reconnaissance, that is pure "cavalry missions" should be relegated to the motor. A return could then be made to a small cavalry division of 2 or 3 regiments with one mechanized regiment the latter containing a powerful anti-tank armament, a "groupe" of artillery—mortars rather than cannon—with an adequate headquarter unit for communications, etc.

At present there is a dualism prevalent in cavalry which is trying to combine strategic cavalry with mounted infantry; consequently it is overloading the existing cavalry. By a return to lighter cavalry, modern infantry would be assisted in the recovery of that nimbleness in manœuvre which it so sorely needs.

A return to the ancient distribution into three arms is not to be thought of; but the cavalry horse must be saved from becoming a beast of burden; and for the rider a return must be sought to those uses for which he is best fitted.

Since the above was written a Czechoslovak author, Captain Sraml, had championed the identical thesis in the *Vojenske Rozhledy*.*

This same number also contains a five-page summary of the changes and modifications proposed and carried out in the British Army. The details are correct to the end of 1937. The writer approves of the deductions on which the changes in material and in tactics are based.

The same journal for March-April contains another article by Lieut.-Colonel Dario, this one dealing with the use of armoured cars in Morocco during the fighting of 1930-31. He gives three entirely dissimilar examples of the use of these cars in very difficult ground. The article is worthy of study by any officer who might be called upon to work in like surroundings. This is followed by a slight description of an astonishing Russian cavalry raid that was conducted by General Rennenkampt in

*No. 10 of 1937

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Manchuria in August-September, 1900. The results of this highly successful enterprise were immense.

The next article is one of exceptional interest to British cavalry officers: this is a 20-page article that is entitled "The Evolution of the British Cavalry." The author, Lieut-Colonel Cuny is fully acquainted with and sympathetic to British horsemen. He begins by stating that Britain is "the land of the horse par excellence" and he traces the decline of the horse in face of the motor-car with regret. He next describes the British rider and concludes that in England "horsemastership" ranks before "horsemanship." From that point he traces the historical development of mounted troops from the days of Crécy to the Great War and expresses some views regarding the influence of the "small war" on that development. That is the reason he thinks why British cavalry clings to the brigade organization and ignores, so to speak, the cavalry division.

Section II of the article deals with the development of British cavalry since 1870 down to the Great War. The author notes the great differences in the opportunities open to cavalry on the Western Front and in other theatres such as Palestine; he considers that in 1914 British cavalry was far ahead of any other in fire tactics. The developments that have taken place between 1919 and 1937 are studied in detail. The author first takes the period 1919-1929, which he considers a retrograde period. During this time, he thinks, the tendency was to overload cavalry, whilst paralysing its action. The second period, which the author puts down as beginning in 1927 is marked by the advent of mechanization, rendered possible by the arrival of the light 30-cwt. lorry adapted for cross-country going. By these means the load on the horse was lightened whilst the fighting and first line gear could be transported on wheels. The net result was a division of cavalry containing two types of cavalry units: (a) mechanized units; (b) semi-mechanized units. He considers this organization to have been faulty. It has led since 1929, to a recasting of the whole equipment and organization of cavalry. This process has resulted in a recovery of cavalry mobility and its ability to negotiate difficult terrain.

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This last period came as the result of great improvements being made in the construction of machines and of new tactical ideas; the latter being imported from the Continent. In December, 1935, a new organization was heralded by the order to convert 8 cavalry regiments into mechanized units. The result was a division of the cavalry into four different types of units. By these steps it became possible to satisfy Indian requirements, whilst rendering practicable the creation of a mechanized division. The composition of this division is then studied in detail; it is not proposed to trace this further.

The general conclusions drawn by Colonel Cuny are the most valuable part of the article. He analyses the results of the latest mechanization, taking into consideration the possibilities accruing from the existence of Yeomanry and Indian horsed cavalry. The last opinion omitted by Colonel Cuny is that "we (the French) must congratulate ourselves to see it being organized on the continental model."

The U.S.A. "Cavalry Journal" contains less matter of interest to British readers than usual. There are two articles which are of interest to those who study foreign armies. The first is by Brigadier-General E. J. Stackpole, and deals with "The National Guard Cavalry." There is no need to analyse it further than to state that it might conceivably be read with profit by any British enthusiast interested in the organization and training of Yeomanry Cavalry. The second is a brief summary entitled "The Army of the United States." Another article, "Life and the Cavalry Leader," by Major E. S. Johnston, is a continuation of two previous articles dealing with the methods to be adopted in war by the cavalry leader. This article deals with security and is both sensible and clearly written. Two other very brief articles are worth mention: the first deals with "The care and maintenance of motor vehicles of the Cavalry Regiment (Horse)" by Captain H. D. Heiberg; this is based on the official regulations on the subject and offers a clear explanation of their provisions. The second is by Major H. C. Earnest and treats of "The Protection of Cavalry against Liquid Vesicants." It is based on personal experience and is not only

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brief but much to the point. The historical student will find "Notes on the use of Cavalry in the American Revolution" of interest. At the beginning of the War of Independence, says the author, Colonel F. G. Bauer, the Americans had no cavalry, while "the British apparently did not know how to use the cavalry they had." There is good ground for this statement. After two years of war the British discovered in Tarleton a cavalry leader of real ability, whilst the Americans found a few commanders of no ordinary capacity. Tarleton, however, did not succeed in bringing the war to a better ending for his side. He never had the necessary resources.

None of the German, Swiss or Austrian military journals have produced any outstanding article of true cavalry interest during the past quarter.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Alarms and Excursions." By Lieutenant-General Sir Tom Bridges. (Longmans.) 12s. 6d.

"Tom Bridges? Oh yes. He was the man who bought a toy drum and a penny whistle, and with them persuaded two battalions of stragglers, who were on the point of surrender, to march away to fight another day."

Vaguely we remember the story associated with the name; for after twenty-four years, memory like wine runs thin. But on the second page of his book, where we find his last request to the nurse before going under the anæsthetic, is not a request at all, but a query as to what they do with amputated legs (and please can it be sent for meat to his pet lion), we come at once under the spell of his personality, and greedily search to refresh our memories and learn more of the man.

There is plenty to learn both as regards his doings and his character; for few people have had a more varied career or have been put to greater tests. Starting by deserting to the South African War, he saw that campaign through, and went to Somaliland. Then, after a period at the Staff College he became military attaché in Brussels. The opening of the Great War found him with the cavalry in the first engagement of the war, next as liaison officer with Belgian Headquarters, and then, at the age of forty-five, in command of a division in France. It is evident that his diplomacy and powers of persuasion were on a par with his capacity as a leader and commander, for after commanding his division on the Somme, he was given—of all unpleasant tasks—that of a mission to the United States, to convince those in high places of the dire necessity of speeding up their programmes of despatching men and armaments to France. On the successful conclusion of that mission, he was sent to

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Macedonia just at the time when the final and supremely successful offensive was launched there which carried the allies into Constantinople. Even after the Armistice his travels and worries were not over (any more than anyone else's). He was partially instrumental in saving the life of the Emperor Charles of Austria and enabling him to leave the country; he was in at the debacle of General Denikin's campaign and the chaotic evacuation of thousands of Russian refugees (including the two pre-war Derby winners, Minoru and Aboyer); and finished his soldiering career witnessing Mustpha Kemal driving the Greek army out of Asia Minor. He must have given a very deep sigh of relief when he was given the Governorship of Southern Australia!

This is essentially a book for soldiers, for apart from the alarms and excursions and the history which General Bridges relates which cannot fail to thrill and interest all soldiers, the true character of the man peeps out between every line. A character made up of three main ingredients: sense of duty, sense of humour and common sense will always command men's loyalty. Reading between the lines we think that those stragglers at St. Quentin would have rose and followed even without the penny whistle and the drum. C.D.

"History of the 19th King George's Own Lancers, 1858-1921." By General Sir H. Hudson, G.C.B. (Gale & Polden, Ltd.).

This volume chronicles the history of the 18th King George's Own Lancers and the 19th Lancers (Fane's Horse) amalgamated in 1921 to form the 19th King George's Own Lancers.

The 18th Lancers were raised in 1858—two years earlier than the 19th—in order to provide part of the additional cavalry required for the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. After an embodiment of only two months, the newly formed Regiment was afforded its first opportunity for distinction and played a prominent part in the pursuit of the rebels near Gwalior.

In this action, the 18th—then styled the 2nd Regiment of Mahratta Horse—fought side by side with a squadron of the

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14th Light Dragoons—later the 14th Hussars—and a detachment of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, the latter—curiously enough—being mounted on camels.

This happy co-operation with their British comrades, so early initiated, has continued to be a marked feature of the history of the Regiment and, of this, the story of the second battle of Cambrai, 1917, illustrates an outstanding example.

Following on the success of the German counter-attack of 30th November, British troops from the reserve, including the 2nd Battalion, Grenadier Guards (Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. C. Rasch, commanding) and the 18th Lancers (Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Corbyn, commanding) were entrusted with the task of retaking the important tactical feature known as Gauche Wood. After a severe struggle in which heavy losses were incurred and Colonel Corbyn was killed, the Wood was secured by the combined action of both Regiments.

To commemorate the occasion, the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards honoured the 18th Lancers by the presentation of a Grenadier bugle, which is kept in the Officers' Mess as a treasured memento.

The 19th Lancers first took the field in the China campaign, 1860, and formed part of the force carrying out the turning movement that resulted in the capture of the Taku Forts. Numerous opportunities presented themselves for shock action against the Tartar cavalry and after several hand-to-hand encounters with the Regiment led by Captain Fane—a gallant soldier and an artist of merit—the enemy were driven to adopt a rigorous safety-first policy.

A study of the various campaigns engaged in by the two Regiments illustrates clearly the parallel lines along which they have developed. Of the twenty-seven battle honours earned by the two units, no less than twenty-two are duplicated.

In Palestine, both Regiments took part in the pursuit of the beaten Turks after the battle of Megiddo—the longest pursuit recorded in history since Murat's after the battle of Iena—and assisted in the capture of thousands of enemy prisoners and large stocks of war material.

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The hard riding involved in this series of operations imposed a severe strain—particularly on the animals—but the "Official History of the War" emphasises that "the horsemastership of the 4th Cavalry Division, which had much the lowest wastage of the Corps, was outstanding. "A" Squadron, 19th Lancers (Sikhs) commanded by Captain G. M. Fitzgerald, reached Damascus without having lost a horse." Truly a performance of which to be proud.

The history is extremely well produced and sets a high standard, both in the achievements that it describes and in the manner of their presentation. But the omission of an index is puzzling. Maps and illustrations, however, abound; and the numerous appendices are full and detailed. The author is to be congratulated on a most effective work. A.G.A.

"There's a Devil in the Drum." By John Lucy. (Faber & Faber). pp. 393. 8s. 6d.

This is the story of a young man, a boy who enlists with his brother in an Irish regiment before the War. He describes life in barracks before the War, mobilization, the embarkation of the original Expeditionary Force, his first contact with the enemy. He tells of his share in various battles, both as a young N.C.O. and as an officer, until, seriously wounded, he returns home to hospital where he is still being treated when the War ends.

As an Irishman, his views on the "Eastern Rebellion" are of great interest.

The book is well written and the story well told. This is as it should be and is only to be expected from the publishers. But what I particularly liked about the book is the spirit in which it is written. The author does not dwell morbidly on unpleasant incidents, but tells his facts simply. There is none of the half-baked ignorant introspection which is a feature of so many stories of the War and which marks our friends the "Pacifists of convenience."

A fighting soldier, he is eager for battle, has a healthy conviction that he is a better man than the enemy, that the British

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Army is superior to all others, and proves it to his own satisfaction and to mine.

Now that the Army is being reorganized by persons of varying ability and degree, it is well to be reminded that the moral qualities of the fighting soldier will eventually weigh heaviest in the balance, and that the man and not the weapon will triumph. John Lucy is proud of his comrades and of his regiment. His readers will share his pride. A.D.W.

"The American Civil war, 1864—1865."

Mechanization or no mechanization, the American Civil War will always be a most interesting and essential study to students of military history, of strategy and tactics.

Major Sheppard with the ready pen of the experienced writer, historian and strategist, has given us one more book which cannot fail to be of great assistance to officers who are working for the Staff College Entrance Examination for promotion examinations in which the American Civil War is the subject for Military History, and to all officers of His Majesty's Forces.

The writer treats his reader as a friend to whom he wishes to impart some of his exceptional knowledge of the subject. This he does with great accuracy in every detail, with sound reasoning by means of problems and solutions, and with the assistance of excellent maps which give an accurate idea of the country in which the operations of the rival forces took place, and how those operations were conducted.

No review can really do adequate justice to the invaluable material contained in these pages; clear, concise, and withal extremely interesting. Many valuable lessons are to be learned from this book. In particular, the attention of the reader and student is drawn to chapter XXVII—Final Reflections, page 152, which includes "Can a swift decision be obtained in a National War?—The Air Arm as a weapon of swift decision—War and Peace. Also in General Questions on the Camgaign, page 157, and Suggested Answers to Question, page 158.

A most valuable book, a triumph of interesting instruction. No Regimental Library should be without it. F.A.H.

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"A Trooper in the 'Tins." By R. A. Lloyd. (Hurst & Blackett.) 12s. 6d.

This autobiography of a Lifeguardsman is an excellent and readable piece of work throwing a pleasing and novel light on a military existence of which few readers, familiar as they may consider themselves with the life of the British soldier before and since the war, can know much. Mr. Lloyd, who has now left the Army to become a schoolmaster, enlisted in the 1st Life Guards in 1911 and served with them for ten years, including practically the whole of the Great War (he was badly wounded in the German raid on Etaples in May, 1918). His picture of the daily life of a Household Cavalryman in London and at Windsor before the war leaves the impression of a carefree, comradely yet strenuous existence, in which he met a host of good fellows and good friends, was not—oddly enough to the uniniated outsider—unduly troubled with discipline or severity, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. During the war, after gruelling and miserable days in the line in the first few months—of which he gives a lifelike and harrowing picture—his time was for the most part spent in back area billets—some pleasant, some less so—and in various supernumerary duties for which he had little taste, though much aptitude. He does not forget, but never stresses, the ugly side of war, but emphasises rather the good times, the good comradeship, the halcyon days of elementary enjoyment of the prosaic good things of life which, when all is said and done, form for the most of us who experienced them our best and most predominant memories of those fateful years. Mr. Lloyd's picture of great days and good fellows rings true, and makes easy and pleasant reading for all admirers of the British Army and the British soldier. E.W.S.

"The Development of the British Army, 1899—1914." By Colonel J. K. Dunlop. (Methuen.) 10s. 6d.

Colonel Dunlop's name has recently come before the public as that of the first Territorial officer to be appointed to the War Office staff, and his reputation in Territorial Army circles is well known. In this sketch of the reorganization of the British

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army between the Boer War and the Great War he therefore pays particular attention to the formation of the Territorial Army by Haldane out of the hotch-potch of expensive but inefficient yeomanry and volunteer units previously endeavouring to perform as best they could the multifarious and thankless duties of a second line to a regular army, itself too small and scattered for the work it had to do. The book, however, is no mere dry summary of the details of the reorganization presided over by Haldane's genius, that in a few short years equipped the British Empire with a model—though miniature—military machine in place of that which had shown it such glaring weaknesses in South Africa and contains vivid and sympathetic sketches of all the personalities concerned—not only of Haldane himself, but also of his two predecessors, Brodrick and Arnold Foster, many of whose ideas he adopted in whole or in part, and to whom history has done less than justice, as well as of Esher, Haig, Ellison, and many another who helped in the good work. There is a full equipment of bibliography documents, and statistical tables by way of appendices, and the whole book comes out at a most timely moment when our military machine, once more become antiquated, is again in course of radical reconstruction.

E.W.S.

"A History of Militarism." By A. Vagts. (Allan & Unwin.) 18s.

This is a full, almost encyclopædic, study of the part played by the military profession in the life of States from the Middle Ages to the present day. Written with typically German thoroughness and it may be not unfairly added with typically German discursiveness, it is a mine of curious and amusing facts —not always accurate but all entertaining if for nothing else than for their naivety and solemnity of treatment. The author, himself an ex-officer, thinks little of soldiers, whom he seems to regard as mixtures of fools and knaves, invincibly wedded to traditions and conservatism, both in the political and military spheres, and always intriguing, fortunately with little skill or success, for Army domination over the States. But though many of the author's views need not be taken too seriously, he

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has written an almost unique book, full of good things, the like of which is to be found nowhere else, and one which well repays reading for its own sake whatever may be the reader's ultimate opinion as to its validity or value as a historical and a sociological study. E.W.S.

" Count Belisarius."

This book by Robert Graves (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) author of " I, Claudius " and " Claudius the God," is the life-story of the greatest military commander of the age, and, like his former books, it is written in the form of a novel. Belisarius, born in 499 A.D. in Thrace, belonged to that Roman Empire of which Italy, let alone Rome itself, was only occasionally and by conquest an outlying Western portion. What was known then as the Roman Empire, was a system comprising Greece, part of Rumania, European Turkey, Asia Minor, Palestine and part of Egypt, with its capital at Constantinople. Even to the specialist historian of the period, the unravelling of political history during the sixth century is difficult enough. To the lay reader, suddenly confronted by it in the disguise of a historical novel, it is much too complicated. In order to read a historical novel with profit and pleasure, one must at least have an elementary grasp of the history of the period. I very much doubt whether one person in a thousand has the haziest notion of the outline of European history of the Byzantine period. In this sense then Mr. Graves starts with a handicap as compared with his former books on the Emperor Claudius. In my opinion, he has not overcome this handicap, and it shows that the " novel " technique of describing history rather paradoxically breaks down both as regards clarity and interest when applied to the career of a man of action.

The military aspect of the period is most interesting. There appear to have been two major changes from the earlier Roman methods of warfare. In offence, the bow and arrow seem to have been used by all the combatants much more extensively. In defence, the use of armour, mail and plate, was general, especially by the troops of the Roman Empire. Both Mr. Graves, and

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other writers on the period, stress the dominating role of cavalry in the victories of Belisarius. Here they are probably only partially right, because no competent military writer recorded these campaigns. All we know for certain is that the Roman legion, with its tactics, armament, and discipline had disappeared. What type of infantry formation displaced it we are not told but it was almost certainly much inferior. Belisarius's cavalry were armed with the bow and arrow as well as with swords or javelins and they shot from the saddle, apparently with great effect. In many actions, the disproportion of numbers between his adversaries and himself argues outstanding military genius on Belisarius's part. On the other hand I personally always find it very difficult to credit estimates of numbers of troops engaged without the very strongest evidence.

It is evident, however, that Belisarius was not only a first rate commander, but a man of great and probably charming character as well. He appears to have been amazingly humane in his treatment of defeated enemies, and nearly always prevented serious massacring and looting after the capture of a city. His army, however, did apparently manage to have one glorious night after the capture of Carthage. His difficulties in controlling the mixture of races which made up his army must have been formidable. Did he know the many languages necessary? Was there a common everyday language such as Urdu and if so was it Latin or a pigeon-Latin? Perhaps the two most notable feats of Belisarius are the defence of Rome against the Goths, and his last battle in which he defeated the Bulgars, and these episodes have been brilliantly and accurately described by Mr. Graves. A.M.

" The Aga Khan's Horses." By R. C. Lyle. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards, R.I. and by photographs. (Putnams.) 15s.

This record of a great stud should be read by every horseman whether interested in racing or not, even if he has never bred a horse and even if he has no intention of doing so. For it is a story of outstanding achievment told in an arresting way by

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an author well versed in all matters pertaining to racing. This record of sound judgment and efficient stable management covers the period from 1921 to 1927 surely a short time in which to establish a line of such horses as this owner has produced. Especially when one remembers that his Highness has headed the list of winning owners no fewer than seven times and has won the Derby three times. Both of these achievements are unique in the annals of English racing, certainly by any living owner.

Mr. Lyle has done a great service in collecting his material and in setting it forth for public consumption. The racing career of all the Aga Khan's successful horses is recorded with the stakes won and the betting odds. His success in comparison with other winning owners is also tabulated. Mr. Lionel Edwards has excelled himself in the illustrations and has infused accurate portraiture into his usual artistic drawings. The frontispiece depicting Bahram is particularly happily chosen for surely he is an example of one of the greatest achievements of a successful breeder.

The photographs of some of the celebrities of this stud are interesting, showing as they do how perfect conformation is the chief qualification for successful racing.

The whole book is admirably set out and as said before, arrestingly written, but one wonders if it is necessary throughout to resort to the jargon of the sporting press; to mention one instance only (p. 210) "He tapped the grey grandson of the flying Mumtaz Mahal with his whip."

Some day perhaps Mr. Lyle will give us a peep behind the scenes and tell us something of the inner history of the co-operation between owner, trainer and jockey. There must be scores of intimate discussions and happenings of interest that have arisen in the course of this distinguished racing career.

S.G.G.

"To Horse." Written and Illustrated by Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C. (Hurst & Blackett.) 10s. 6d.

This is another of those omnibus books on the horse with which the public has become so familiar lately. The author

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writes on every phase of horsemanship, horsemastership with special chapters on conformation, the history of the horse, stable construction, riding and its teaching, horse breaking, breeding, veterinary notes, etc. If there are no new methods propounded one welcomes the absence of those revolutionary theories with which many modern writers are apt to embellish their books.

The chapter on bitting is instructive and the author make his points with clarity.

The Evolution of the Thoroughbred, Chapter II, is perhaps the most interesting chapter. Chapter III, "Identification and Pedigrees" is a novelty in horse books.

The illustrations consist of 42 excellent photographs and 134 diagrams by the author. Among the former are included some of hair-raising falls, hardly encouraging to the beginner. Some of the drawings might perhaps be corrected in the next edition as an earnest student of the art of horsemanship, might it is conceivable find some cause for criticism. S.G.G.

"Die Reitkunst der Welt an der Olympischen Spielen, 1936." By Gustav Rau. (Verlag Sankt Georg, Woyrschstrasse 34, Berlin, W.35). Price, with English translation, 18 Marks.

This review of the riding events at the 1936 Olympic Games at Berlin—in which the Germans were so deservedly successful—comes belatedly for criticism. Perhaps it comes now as a return compliment for the hundreds of discarded British Army horses recently shipped across the North Sea for service in the German Army.

Accompanying the book is an English translation (rather quaintly worded) of its principal chapters, written by Herr G. Rau, formerly Director of Equitation in Germany. But, if it reaches the book-shelves of English horse-lovers, that will be chiefly on account of its five-hundred photographs of horses in action, each with a caption in three languages (the English again quaint).

Pedigrees of all the classed horses at the Games are given; and a compliment is paid to English breeders: "The Englishman always holds to the view that the horse must be a pleasure to the

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rider and not an object of life-long struggle. Thus for the breeding of riding horses he seeks a thoroughbred stallion with all those attributes which he demands in a good riding horse; above all one which, through shape and length, has under all circumstances a mobile back, whereas for decades we have bred so far as possible short rebounding backs."

The author also wisely sees in high-school training merely an indispensable means to the end of long rides across country at all paces, with the minimum of fatigue for horse and rider. He advocates the first training of young horses at the gallop: "At the gallop the horse accustoms itself most quickly to the rider, his weight and influence. Through the gallop the horse attains suppleness more quickly than through the trot." The whole art of riding is neatly summed up in the phrase: "Riding is a constant shifting of the centre of gravity between horse and rider, depending on what the rider must demand from the horse in certain movements." Another comment is: "The truly supple horse moves almost noiselessly on hard ground."

Above all is laid down the principle, hardly new to English riders, that the demands made by a man of his mount must be based on an appeal to mutual goodwill. D.C.A.

"Locomotion in Victorian London." By G. A. Sekon. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.) 12s. 6d.

Mr. Sekon, who founded the "Railway Magazine" and edited it for a number of years, is well known as a writer on railway subjects. In this admirably documented volume, which is a real continuation to the history of the Nineteenth Century, he has sketched the gradual and lengthy process that replaced the horseman, the pedestrian, and the horse bus by the tramcar, the tube railway, and the immense suburban network of the main line companies. The beginnings of another phase of mechanization—the transition from the horse to the motor bus, are also touched on.

The author recalls many interesting details of an earlier era, such as the Great Western's insistence in the Eighteen-Fifties on season ticket holders signing a book, "kept for the purpose,"

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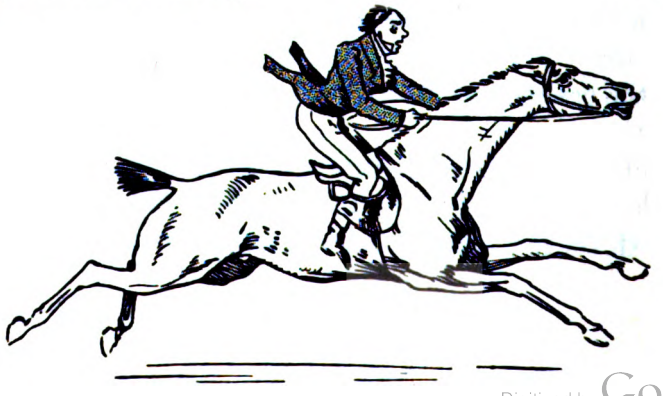
on every journey; the London & North Western's practice of granting free "seasons" for periods of up to twenty-one years to occupiers of houses in their suburban area; the importation of the first tramcars from the United States; the running of bus services by the Metropolitan and District Railways; and the fact that not until 1883, when other lines were using coaches of 50 ft. in length, or over, did the North Western employ vehicles more than 33 ft. long. "The reason was that the traversers by which the carriages were shifted from one line to another at Euston could not accommodate longer coaches, and rather than scrap these early appurtenances 33 feet remained the length of the carriages." Even when they were scrapped, 42 ft. was considered ample for the new and improved stock.

There is an amusing story of the first years of the Metropolitan Railway. On its opening in 1863, smoking was prohibited, and when five years later Parliament made it compulsory on the railways in general to provide smoking accommodation, the Metropolitan was expressly exempted from the obligation. But in 1869, the District was ordered to provide smoking compartments, which led to complications on the Inner Circle, where the service was worked by both companies. "Since smoking would have been legal in District trains and illegal in those of the Metropolitan, Parliament reconsidered the clause a few days later," and exempted the District. But five years after, the Metropolitan, in deference to public opinion, allowed smoking both on its trains and its stations.

The interest of the volume is increased by its illustrations, which succeed in evoking the atmosphere of a London that has not only passed away, but has been altered out of recognition—not always to its advantage. V. S.



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SPORTING NEWS

INTER REGIMENTAL POLO TOURNAMENT 1938.

The Indian Inter Regimental Polo Tournament for 1938 has just been concluded and resulted in a win for the 17/21st Lancers, who beat the 13/18th Hussars in the final by 10 goals to 4. The entries totalled nine and at the time when the tournament was due to start there was considerable doubt as to whether it would be possible to hold it at all, owing to the fact that a coughing epidemic had arrived in Delhi and the majority of the teams had been over there competing in various tournaments during the Horse Show week. In the end, however, no regiment was forced to scratch, although in the later stages of the tournament the epidemic prevented most of the sides from playing the full complement of their best ponies.

On the handicap there did not appear much to choose between three or four of the best sides, but early on the 8th Cavalry, who have had little opportunity to play together, were beaten by the 14/20th Hussars, a young team totalling seven goals. Probyn's Horse were put out 10—7 by a better matched side in the 13/18th Hussars, who had produced some good form in the Prince of Wales' Tournament in Delhi. Probyn's Horse are now strengthened by the inclusion of Major Pert, who joined them when the 15th Lancers, the winners of 1937's Inter Regimental, were disbanded and reorganised into a training regiment last April. Another good match in the second round, and probably the best in the Tournament, was between the 17/21st Lancers and the 19th Lancers, which was won by the former by 7 goals to 5. This game produced good, clean, hard polo and accurate striking. With the score 2—3 against them at half time, the 19th Lancers scored three quick goals in the fourth chukka. In the next, the 17/21st Lancers promptly counter-attacked and hit through three times in their turn, and one more goal early on in the last chukka gave them a lead of two which they retained to the end. The semi finals consisted of two easy victories, the 13/18th Hussars beating the Central India Horse by 10 goals to 2, and the 17/21 Lancers the 14/20th Hussars by 14 goals to 3.

The final produced rather a disappointing game, but on the day's play the 17/21st Lancers were decidedly the better side and appeared to be better mounted. The 17/21st started pressing almost at once and led at half-time by 3 goals to 1. The 13/18th, owing to a certain amount of mishitting, did not settle down to the standard of polo of which they are capable, and the game in consequence lost its crispness. Each side scored once in the fourth chukka but in the fifth and sixth the 17/21st Lancers hit through six more to

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their opponents' two, leaving them comfortable winners by six clear goals. The same regiment has also won the Subalterns' Tournament, which is run concurrently with and which starts after the completion of the second round of the Inter-Regimental. They have thus pulled off the "double," repeating their success of 1914, and being incidently, the first regiment to achieve this distinction since they won it as the 17th Lancers in that year.

The general standard of inter-regimental polo is, perhaps, at the moment not quite so high as it was during the peak era in the decade after the Great War, but the 19th Lancers, 13/18th Hussars, and 17/21st Lancers are all useful sides, the last-named showing on the whole the best stickwork, polish and balance. Walford and Cooke were in the winning team in England before the regiment left for its foreign tour, and the former especially was noticeable for his tactics and excellent striking. Hamilton-Russell and Turner are two promising players. Butler has for the last three or four years been the mainstay of the 13/18th Hussars, who are due for home next trooping season, and throughout the tournament was most ably backed up by R. Critchley. Chaplin, in the 19th Lancers, is a fine, strong player, and Pert who is playing as well as ever, is in the process of team-building with his new regiment. Indian regimental polo will, however, suffer a loss in the retirement from the service of the two Critchley brothers, who are leaving their respective regiments in order to take up business appointments at home. A list of the teams and players is appended :—

TEAMS FOR THE INTER-REGIMENTAL.

17/21 *Lancers*	
1. Major R. B. B. Cooke ..	5
2. Capt. the Hon. R. G. Hamilton-Russell	3
3. Mr. B. H. Turner	3
Back Capt. H. C. Walford ..	7
	18

13/18 *Hussars*	
1. Mr. J. R. Cordy-Simpson ..	3
2. Capt. R. T. Harrap ..	3
3. Capt. W. F. Butler ..	6
Back Capt. R. A. Critchley ..	3
	15

14/20 *Hussars*	
1. Mr. P. F. S. Haggie.. ..	1
2. Capt. E. L. Fanshawe ..	2
3. Capt. R. B. N. Woodd ..	3
Back Mr. S. A. H. Silvertop ..	1
	7

19*th K.G.O. Lancers*	
1. Mr. C. E. V. Keighley ..	4
2. Capt. G. H. Critchley ..	4
3. Capt. N. F. G. Chaplin ..	5
Back Capt. G. B. Still	2
	15

Central India Horse	
1. Capt. C. W. Ridley ..	4
2. Mr. J. F. Lovegrove ..	2
3. Maj. H. A. Wansborough-Jones	3
Back Mr. M. D. Burdon ..	1
	10

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8th K.G.V.'s O. Light Cavalry		*Probyn's Horse*	
1. Mr. J. Sorby..	1	1. Mr. F. W. Kennedy ..	1
2. Capt. H. B. Tucker ..	5	2. Capt. R. O. Critchley ..	5
3. Capt. J. M. W. Martin ..	4	3. Major C. E. Pert	7
Back Maj. W. N. Powell	3	Back Mr. A. R. Kemsley	1
	13		14

18th K.E. VII's O. Cavalry		*Skinner's Horse*	
1. Mr. H. L. F. Picard ..	1	1. Capt. N. Loring	3
2. Capt. J. M. Barlow ..	3	2. Mr. W. Cullinan	0
3. Mr. A. H. Wagstaff.. ..	2	3. Major J. Fulton	2
Back Capt. L. M. Murphy ..	3	Back Lt.-Col. W. Broadfoot ..	5
	9		10

BALDOCK POLO TOURNAMENT, SAUGOR (C.P.)

18TH AND 20TH APRIL, 1938

THE annual inter-ride Tournament of the Equitation School attracted only three entries this year, due to a large number of pony casualties and the loss of several students on account of mechanisation, the State Forces Ride being unable to raise a team at all.

The all-conquering "A" ride team who, as "Whipsnade" had had an easy win in the "C.I.H." Tournament a month before, were firm favourites at odds of three-to-one on ; "B" ride were generally reckoned to have a sound eleven-to-four chance, while the "Staff" stood at thirty-three-to-one and a bad bet at that.

In the first round "A" ride drew the "Staff," "B" ride getting a bye straight through to the final.

The opening game went just about as expected and ended in seven—two win for the student team who actually hit three goals to two.

The game was played at a fair pace throughout on orthodox lines, both sides concentrating rather more on keeping possession of the ball than marking the opposition.

These tactics greatly favoured the "A" ride team who were all hitting with confidence and held an advantage in ponies.

Colonel Vigors at three for the "Staff" worked extremely hard throughout, but was supported by some rather uninspired play by the remainder of his side. The forwards were always held by the opposing backs and lacked the necessary dash which, coupled with close marking, can alone upset a better mounted opposition.

The "A" ride played their possession game to advantage, and after a somewhat shaky start settled down to playing sound polo.

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The Final.

The final, played on 20th April, produced a great struggle and many thrills for the spectators before "B" ride scrambled home by the odd goal in seven after four and a half minutes of extra time.

This was quite a different type of game to the first match.

"B" ride owed their victory to really close marking, and hard riding which they did not relax for one moment.

"A" ride, who would have preferred a more open game, were hustled out of it in the first minute and were never able to gain the initiative for the rest of the match.

They opened the scoring with a free hit which was well taken by Ingham to score from 70 yards.

"B" ride equalized soon after and pressed home this attack with a further two goals in the second chukker.

"A" ride rallied and scored a second goal in the third chukker, and, amid great excitement, drew level in the fourth through a good individual run by Ingham who collected the ball in mid-field to score on his own.

Just before the bugle, Butler found himself alone with the ball with a difficult shot under his pony's neck to score the winning goal.

He played a great shot but just pulled the ball past the far goal post.

Both teams came out for extra time, definitely wearied by the hard riding of the first chukkers which now began to have its effect on the hitting.

Three times, in rapid succession, "A" ride had great chances to score. Two shots whistled by the posts, the third a difficult one under the neck, was twice attempted, but the players were so keen to hit the ball that they were late on the shot and hit it into their ponies' legs.

The ball was then rushed down to the "A" ride goal and "B" ride had a chance or two which were desperately saved.

At last Butler picked up a backhander and slammed through the winning goal, much to the relief of the spectators who could bear no more thrills.

"B" ride thoroughly deserved their win and worked extremely hard for it. Out of a hard-working team Crawford stood out as unremitting in his marking and for playing an excellent game at one.

Teams.

Staff	*H'cap.*	*"A" Ride*	*H'cap.*
1. Capt. D. C. Voelcker ..	.. 2	1. Mr. J. N. W. Hearn ..	.. 0
2. Capt. N. Chaplin ..	.. 5	2. Mr. C. B. Bennett ..	.. 1
3. Col. M. D. Vigors ..	.. 3	3. Mr. A. H. Wagstaff ..	.. 2
Bk. Capt. H. D. Caldecott ..	.. 2	Bk. Mr. J. O. Ingham ..	.. 1
Total ..	..12	Total ..	.. 4

"B" Ride	*H'cap.*
1. Mr. J. D. Crawford ..	.. 1
2. Mr. E. Habibullah ..	.. 1
3. Mr. J. D. Butler ..	.. 1
Bk. Mr. A. D. Drew ..	.. 1
Total ..	.. 4

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POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT SAUGOR EQUITATION SCHOOL MEETING

THE annual Point-to-Point Meeting was held on 28th April and 2nd May on the usual course at Makronia.

The programme for the first day was three individual races and the second day two team races.

The course was over light plough with some fourteen obstacles of made-up thorn fences, natural ditches, a water jump, and three walls ; the latter being an innovation and causing a fair amount of grief.

The details of the first day's racing were :—

THE LIGHT WEIGHT DIVISION OF THE 24TH PUNJABI CUP

Distance 2 miles. Catchweights 11 stone 7 lbs.

A field of nine faced the starter, with two winners of previous years—Mr. Crawford's M.G.C. and Captain Nixon's Scarface—as favourites. At the first of the walls, Scarface and Mr. Habibullah's State Express in the lead, both fell, leaving M.G.C. to lead the field round and run home a comfortable winner.

THE NETHERAVON CUP.

Distance 3 miles. Average catchweights 13 stone 2 lbs. Closed to privately owned horses.

Only four faced the starter with Mr. Butler's Candy Tuft, the winner, a fortnight ago, of the Stonewall steeplechase over 2½ miles, as a hot favourite. At the first fence Mr. Gutch's Cavalier overjumped himself and fell heavily. Candy Tuft and Mr. Pringle's My Clan ran to the last half mile together, when Candy Tuft drew out to win comfortably.

THE HEAVY WEIGHT DIVISION OF THE 24TH PUNJABI CUP.

A field of eight faced the starter with Mr. Wagstaff's Marcus and Mr Crichton's Talab as favourites. Both ran together, pulling out from the rest of the field over the last mile, with Marcus to win by some three lengths in the run in.

The details of the second day's racing were :—

THE 2ND LANCER CUP

A Team Relay race over a mile for teams of five from each of the 8 rides in the School.

In the first lap "J" ride from the Indian Wing with Jemadar Sharif Ali Khan's London, obtained a lead of some two furlongs that his ride maintained to win comfortably from "A" ride.

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THE NORMAN CUP.

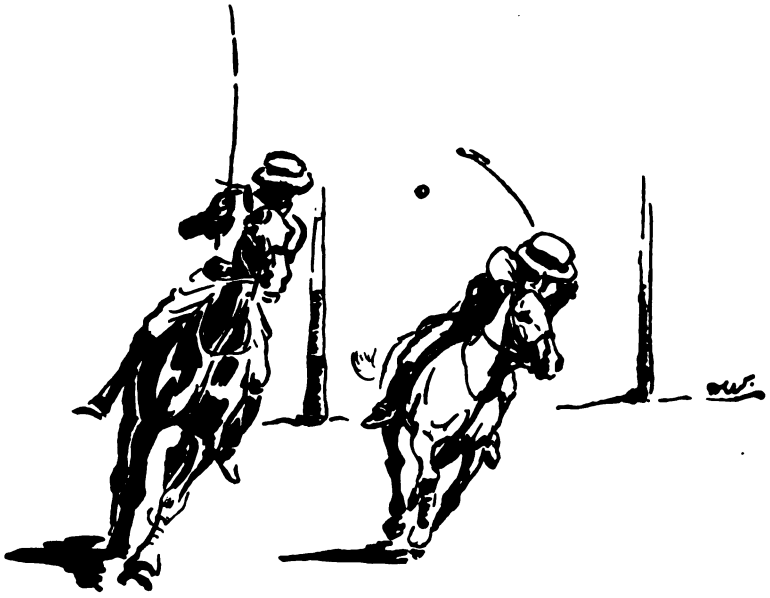
A team race of teams of three from "A" and "B" rides (British Officers) and "C" ride (Indian States Forces) over two miles.

Five teams faced the starter, three from "A" ride and one each from "B" and "C" rides.

The field started slowly, well closed up, all determined to finish without a fall. Up to the last jump over half the field of 15 were still together. The run in "B" ride team were equal on points with "A" ride 2nd team, but the winners by virtue of getting the first man home.

The "B" ride winning team consisted of :—

Mr. Butler's Candy Tuft.
Mr. Crawford's M.G.C.
Mr. Godfrey's Gulliver.



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THE ROYAL BAVARIAN GENDARMERIE CORPS

(IN 1812). FOUNDED BY COUNT RUMFORD

(From a Menu Card of its Centenary Dinner)

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CAVALRY JOURNAL.

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THE ROYAL BAVARIAN GENDARMERIE CORPS

(IN 1812). FOUNDED BY COUNT RUMFORD

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

OCTOBER, 1938

EDITORIAL.

CAVALRY JOURNAL ESSAY COMPETITION.

The Judges are disappointed with the Essays which were put forward, and regret that they do not consider them worthy of publication or of receiving a prize.

Whereas the essayists were asked to give their views as to how Mechanized Cavalry would be employed in War, most of them have simply elaborated the headings of Army Training Memorandum of April, 1936, which lays down the possible role of the Mobile Division.

The Judges consider that anyone writing a paper on entirely untried methods in war, should first of all have considered the special problems which would confront a Mechanized Force in the British Empire.

They might have envisaged the possibilities of such a force being called upon to fight in India, on the Frontier, or against the Russians; in Palestine or Arabia against the Arabs; or against the Italians in Egypt.

We also have important tasks in internal security in India, but at the back of the minds of the essayists was evidently a War in Europe—a possibility for the British Army but, at the same time, a contingency more remote than those quoted above.

The tank in the last war came as a complete surprise, but that element can no longer be regarded as existing after a lapse of 20 years.

This fact and the development of anti-Tank weapons was in some cases neglected.

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The Spanish War can hardly be regarded as a criterion for the successful use of light tanks, as these tanks are of inferior design and usually employed in an unsound manner.

Instead of taking the possibilities of warfare within the British Empire, the writers were content to take the generalities of our Training Manuals and Memorandas, without attempting to say how they would apply themselves to the general principles of our particular tasks.

Only one essay really touched on the subject of Supply and Maintenance, whereas the whole possibility of the employment of a mechanized force lies in the solution of these two problems.

The form and English as a whole were disappointing, there being too many "it is considered"; "it is thought"; "it is suggested."

Essays of this sort are without value if they simply enunciate theories of the Training Manuals.

An essay of this description should give the ideas of officers as to how they will overcome practical difficulties, and deal with problems which will confront them in our Empire wars.

Pax Hill,
Bentley, Hampshire.
14th June, 1938.

DEAR EDITOR.

I am confident the Cavalry Journal will have a successful and valuable career under your direction. It will be a new venture to change its tenour over to mechanized considerations, but it can do a genuine good by keeping up the cavalry spirit of initiative, quick decision, and forward push in the officers, whether they are mounted on wheels or war horses.

As my old regiment the 13th/18th Hussars has just been taken off its horses I am rather at sea under the new conditions and have now resigned from the colonelcy—a bit of a blow after 62 years in the 13th!

With all good wishes.

Yours sincerely,
BADEN POWELL.

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Pond Cottage, Tillingbourne, Dorking.
19th July, 1938.

To the Editor, Cavalry Journal.

Sir,—In a most interesting article on the Hanoverian Cavalry in the July Journal, Major Teichman says that only one cavalry regiment of the pre-War German army, is recorded as having any battle honours derived from the former Hanoverian Cavalry.

Actually, however, four German cavalry regiments—9th Dragoons, 13th and 14th Uhlans and 15th Hussars—displayed on their head-dresses honours of regiments of the King's German Legion with which they were historically connected. Thus in addition to the 13th Uhlans (Königsulanen) mentioned, its sister regiment the 14th Uhlans descended from the 2nd Heavy Dragoons of the K.G.L., bore on the shapska the same battle honours "Peninsula, Waterloo, Garzia-Hernandez." The 9th Dragoons whose ancestors were the 3rd K.G.L. Hussars, had inscribed on the helmet the letters "Peninsula, Waterloo, Göhrde," while the busby of the 15th Hussars was decorated with the combined honours of the 1st and 2nd K.G.L. Hussars—"Peninsula, Waterloo, El Bodon, Barossa."

Fate ordained that this latter regiment so traditionally connected with the Napoleonic campaigns of the British cavalry, should be present with the 4th German Cavalry Division at Néry, where it attempted a charge against the position held by the 1st Cavalry Brigade.

A fifth German cavalry regiment, the 16th Dragoons, also displayed on the head-dress the battle honour "Waterloo," which it inherited from the Prince Regent's Hussars, which was, as Major Teichman states, a purely Hanoverian regiment not in the British service.

In the Cavalry Journal of October, 1936, and January and July, 1938, are illustrations of the head-dresses of the 15th Hussars, 14th Uhlans and 9th Dragoons, some of which show the battle honours mentioned.

Yours faithfully,
Ernest Ryan.

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Sydney Cavalry Memorial.

To the Editor, The Cavalry Journal.

Sir—I enclose a photograph taken at Sydney at the Cenotaph on Anzac Day, April the 25th last, showing what I consider to be the most unique and striking floral tribute which I have ever seen placed on this memorial. It was deposited by Capt. J. Macarthur Onslow, late 16th Lancers and President of the British Ex-Cavalrymen's Association.

It consists of crossed green corn stalks cut to the requisite length to which are attached slings and pennants. The joints give it a realistic appearance, together with the spear-shaped blooms on top, which combine to form a simple and appropriate emblem.

Our Association here is a comparatively new one, but we have hopes of increased membership since we have become amalgamated with the Returned Sailors and Soldiers League of Australia, The attached list of members may be of interest to old timers of the units concerned.

Yours faithfully,

J. E. Magee, Sjt.,
Royal N.S.W. Lancers,
(Late 12th Royal Lancers).

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A.I.F.

Major M. L. F. Jarvie, M.C.	21st Australian L.H. Regt.	T. A. Mounter ..	21st Australian L.H. Regt.
Capt. R. E. Langbridge	21st Australian L.H. Regt.	J. West	2nd Australian L.H. Regt.

B.E.F.

W. Caffrey ..	1st K.D.G.'s	A. Newport ..	4th Hussars
E. McDonald ..	1st ,,	H. C. Barnes ..	7th ,,
I. G. Reece ..	1st ,,	A. D. Jewitt ..	7th ,,
G. Clarke	2nd ,,	S. Daly	10th ,,
G. R. Longhurst ..	2nd ,,	A. Kidd	10th ,,
F. C. Tree	2nd ,,	R. Weames ..	11th ,,
R. Donaldson ..	3rd ,,	A. E. Pilkington ..	11th ,,
Dr. W. Wilson Ingram	4th D.G.'s.	A. H. Pilcher ..	11th ,,
H. Smithers ..	4th K.D.G.'s	W. Gough ..	11th ,,
J. Whear	5th ,,	E. Boucquet ..	13th ,,
E. T. Murphy ..	6th ,,	H. Cheesmen ..	13th ,,
J. Earl	7th ,,	A. E. Cobb ..	13th ,,
A. Maconnachie ..	Greys	A. J. Warner ..	19th ,,
J. M. Jackson ..	6th D.G.'s.	J. Wilson ..	20th ,,
W. Hobby ..	5th Lancers	A. Filewood ..	20th ,,
R. M. Storey ..	9th ,,	C. Atkins	Imperial Yeo.
G. Cooke	9th ,,	H. J. Lane ..	,, ,,
Capt. J. Mcarthur Onslow	16th ,,	O. C. Loines ..	,, ,,
J. V. Watt ..	16th ,,	W. C. H. Prosser ..	,, ,, and S.A.C.
J. Trotter	16th ,,	J. S. Gaddin ..	K.E.H.
A. T. Wright ..	17th ,,	M. W. Hungerford	K.E.H.
C. J. Solomons ..	17th ,,	L. P. Moffatt ..	K.E.H.
J. M. Dowall ..	17th ,,		
W. Isaac	21st ,,		

Royal Calpe Hunt,
Gibraltar.
6th July, 1938.

Dear Sir,—I am writing as President of the Royal Calpe Hunt to enlist your sympathy and support for a Memorial to the late Don Pablo Larios, Marques de Marzales, M.F.H. who died on 3rd April, 1938.

As you know Don Pablo was closely associated for over 50 years with the Hunt, of which for 45 years he was Master. The survival of the Hunt during the War of 1914-1918 was due to his almost single-handed efforts, and the fact that the Hunt has just completed a successful season after an enforced lapse of a year,

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owing to the war in Spain, was again largely the result of his loyal support, tact and influence in the country.

Past Members of the Hunt will be glad to know that Don Pablo was hunting within a fortnight of his death.

It is felt that Past and Present Members of the Hunt, supporters of Foxhunting, and personal friends will welcome the opportunity of raising a memorial to one who did so much for hunting, and for the pleasure and sport of the Services stationed at Gibraltar.

The Hunt Committee, in considering the form of a memorial, have been mainly influenced by the desire to perpetuate Don Pablo's memory in a manner which would coincide most nearly with his own wishes.

They have, therefore, obtained the approval of the General Meeting of the Hunt for the issue of this appeal for subscriptions which will be devoted to the following objects :—

1. The Presentation to the Marquesa de Marzales of a suitably inscribed piece of Plate as a token of appreciation of the late Marques' services to the Royal Calpe Hunt.

2. The establishment of an endowment to be known as the "Pablo Larios Memorial Fund" which will be kept separate from the general Hunt Funds. The Trustees will use it to ensure the continuance of Foxhunting by the Royal Calpe Hunt in Spain.

Subscriptions are invited and any sum will be most gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Secretary, Royal Calpe Hunt, Gibraltar.

Yours sincerely,
H. P. CURREY,
Brigadier.
President, Royal Calpe Hunt.

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SIR BENJAMIN THOMPSON

Count Rumford

By Major Oskar Teichman D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

The Maximilian Strasse in Munich has been described as one of the finest streets in Europe. At its lower end, and near the River Isar, it expands into a square which contains the monuments of four illustrious Bavarians. One of these, a bronze figure some ten feet in height and set on a lofty pedestal, represents a handsome man in the uniform of a Bavarian Cavalry General of the late 18th Century and it bears the inscription: "Benjamin Thompson Graf von Rumford."

Northwards from the Maximilian Strasse lies the "English Garden," a beautiful park of some six hundred acres, near the entrance to which is another monument to the same Graf von Rumford.

On the western side of Munich is the Theresienwiese, nowadays famous for its political demonstrations, a vast expanse of open ground on the far side of which stands the Colossus of Bavaria and the Ruhmeshalle or Hall of Fame. In this Doric building may be seen the busts of eighty Bavarian notabilities, through the ages, and amongst them that of Graf von Rumford.

A street also bears the name of Rumford, and even a cinema!

Who was this Englishman with a semi-foreign title, and why is his memory honoured by three monuments in the capital of Bavaria? The average citizen of the *Hauptstadt der Bewegung* knows little of Rumford (except that he laid out the Englischer Garten) and cares less; his chief interests lie in the ideals of National Socialism in the town which gave it birth.

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It is a far cry from Munich in the 20th Century to Massachusetts in the 18th, but thither we must go to trace the origin of this remarkable soldier of fortune.

Benjamin Thompson was born at Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1753. His ancestors appear to have been amongst the earliest of the Colonists, one James Thompson having accompanied John Winthrop (Governor of Massachusetts) to New England in 1630. Benjamin lost his father at the age of two, and his mother married again a year later. The boy accompanied his mother to the house of his stepfather, who stipulated, however, that he should receive a weekly sum of two shillings and fivepence for the child's maintenance till he attained his eighth year. Fortunately a small legacy left by his grandfather was sufficient to meet this demand.

At school he is said to have been a " quick boy," and to have acquired a sufficient knowledge of astronomy and mathematics to enable him to calculate eclipses! At the age of 14 he was apprenticed to a storekeeper at Salem, where he appears to have had sufficient leisure to experiment with engraving, gunpowder and various mechanical inventions. At one time he was convinced that he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and he was very disappointed when a learned friend proved to him that this was impossible.

About this time the American Colonies began to object to the various measures imposed on them by the Mother Country.

When the famous Stamp Act of 1765 was repealed, the Colonists celebrated the occasion with great rejoicings. Fireworks were required for this occasion at Salem, and young Thompson undertook to make them. While preparing them an explosion took place, and he was so severely burnt that his life was despaired of. He recovered, however, but found that he had lost his occupation, as renewed attempts by Great Britain to impose taxes on her American Colonies, followed by their refusal to import her products resulted in such stagnation of trade that a clerk was no longer needed in the store at Salem. For a time we lose sight of Thompson, but he reappears in 1769

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teaching in a school at Wilmington and also studying for the medical profession. Two years later he again became a clerk in a store, this time at Boston, where he was living at the time of the famous riots which culminated in some 300 chests of tea being thrown into the water. In the following year he attended lectures at Harvard and pursued his scientific studies once more, particularly in measuring the projectile force of gunpowder.

At the age of 17 he was offered and accepted the charge of a teaching academy at Rumford (now called Concord), a thriving village in New Hampshire. Here, according to an American biographer, "he found himself caressed and welcomed by a society not wanting in refinement or pretensions to fashion." Nearly six feet in height, erect and well made with a handsome profile, bright blue eyes and dark auburn hair, he was considered a model of manly beauty: added to this a polished manner and a degree of culture far beyond the standard of the day made the young schoolmaster very attractive to all the ladies in the neighbourhood. One of them, a Colonel's widow, by the name Mrs. Rolfe, possessed the dual advantage of good looks and a large fortune. Thompson saw that it was the chance of a lifetime and made the most of it. In 1772 he married the widow (she was 33 and he nearly 20) at Boston, "when he fitted himself out with a dress in the extreme fashion of the day, scarlet being then a favourite colour."

Thompson as one of the wealthiest men in the district now mixed with the best society in the Colony, and in due course made the acquaintance of the Governor, Sir John Wentworth. Wentworth, who was becoming more and more unpopular on account of his efforts to carry out his instructions from Whitehall, was anxious, owing to the critical situation which existed between the Mother Country and her American Colonies, to attract as many influential colonists to the Royalist party as possible. In Thompson Wentworth saw a valuable (and wealthy) recruit, and in order to gain him over he gave him a commission as Major, a vacancy having occurred in that rank in the 2nd Provincial (Militia) Regiment of New Hampshire. Thompson was delighted with the honour, and the Governor felt that he

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had cooled any spirit of patriotism for America which the young man might have possessed. His brother officers, however, found no difficulty, when the time came, in deciding whether they should fight for or against the liberty of the Colony. Meanwhile they were intensely jealous of Thompson who, without any previous military experience, had been placed over the heads of older men, some of whom had seen active service. In the towns where these lived, military titles " were something more than tavern or road-side compliments."

From this period Major Thompson began to be unpopular in his native province. He was talked of as a friend to Great Britain and an enemy of the Colony. His indifference to political questions and the marked kindness with which he continued to be treated by the Governor accentuated his unpopularity.

Meanwhile Thompson went his own way, farming the broad acres which he had acquired by marriage, and devoting his spare time to the study of military books and experiments on gunpowder.

When two deserters from the regular army in Boston applied for work on his farm at Rumford, Thompson returned them to their regiment and secured their pardon, by personal intervention with the British G.O.C., General Gage. This act of kindness caused the greatest indignation amongst the majority of the Colonists who were hostile to Great Britain, and by November, 1774, no name was more detested in Massachusetts than that of Benjamin Thompson.

He was denounced as a sychophant of the British, a traitor to the interests of the Colony and an enemy to liberty. Hearing that he was to be tarred and feathered, he escaped to Boston where he was well received by General Gage and the officers of the British Garrison. A few months later Thompson returned to Rumford and would have been lynched but for the interference of an old friend, who used his influence to disperse the hostile mob which had gathered round the house. By June, 1775, open hostilities between the colonists and British troops had been in

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progress for several weeks, the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill had been fought and Thompson's position was still more critical. As a Major of Militia of the Province he should have acted on the side of the Colonists, obeying the Provincial Congress which had succeeded the British Administration. But he knew perfectly well that, owing to his unpopularity, anything he did in this direction would be misrepresented. Thompson, therefore, in order to clear himself of all suspicion and to live on his own property on good terms with his neighbours, demanded a trial. This was granted, and, apart from the general allegation of his being a Tory and a friend of Wentworth and Gage, the only charge made against him at the trial was that of sending back the two deserters who had been working on his farm. The court found that he had not committed any crime, and he was set free, but without the satisfaction of a formal acquittal.

As a result of the trial Thompson appears to have been reduced to the ranks, for when we next hear of him he had joined a detachment of Congress troops at Chelsea and was paying great attention to tactics, "in the hopes of obtaining a commission." Military rank was however denied him in the Colonial Army. The notorious "Tory Thompson," as he was called, was looked upon with suspicion and thoroughly hated; so much so that by the Autumn of 1775 even his life was in danger. Under these circumstances he came to the desperate decision of leaving his native country. This decision, it is said, was not unconnected with what his wife and child might suffer on his account, should he remain in Massachusetts.

After converting some of his property into cash, with the intention of migrating to one of the Southern States, he left Cambridge, the head-quarters of the American Army in October, 1775: but on reaching Newport he found the British frigate "Scarborough" and was taken on board. His reception by her commander appears to have been most cordial, and in due course Major Thompson (as he was called by his British friends) was landed at Boston, where he was well received by General Sir William Howe who had succeeded General Gage. Throughout

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the long winter Howe, commanding the British Garrison, remained blockaded by Washington in Boston. Major Thompson may have been on the British General's staff during these five months, but in any case we know that he made himself extremely useful. In March (1776) Howe was forced to evacuate Boston, and sailed with twenty battalions of infantry, some Royal Artillery and the 17th Light Dragoons to Halifax.

Meanwhile Thompson had left for England on the "Scarborough," bearing despatches from Howe to Lord Germain.

Lord Germain is probably better known to readers of the Cavalry Journal as Lord George Sackville, who was courtmartialled and cashiered for refusing to charge at Minden. In spite of this sentence he was subsequently appointed Minister at War and was now (1776) Secretary of State for the Colonies. Lord Germain had been appointed to this post in the previous November "as a prominent and effective agent in the subjugation of the American Colonies."

The despatches which Major Thompson bore from Sir William Howe were not encouraging—they stated amongst other things, "that the British Army after being cooped up in Boston for nine months had been compelled by Washington to evacuate it by their ships, and that a whole fleet of store-vessels and transports on their way to Boston to relieve the Army were likely to fall into the hands of the Yankees"—but in spite of this depressing news Thompson was received with great cordiality by the Colonial Secretary.

Thompson's knowledge of the local conditions and topography was apparently considered of great importance by Lord Germain, who immediately took him into his confidence*; so much so that he became such a favourite with My Lord, "that he was daily in the habit of breakfasting, dining and supping with him."

As a result of these friendly relations between the British peer and the former village schoolmaster of Rumford, Thompson now 23 years of age was appointed to the somewhat barren honour of Secretary for Georgia, but also to a lucrative clerkship in the

* The fact that Thompson was one of those proscribed in the Alienation Act passed by the State of New Hampshire at this date, constituted an additional guarantee of his loyalty.

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Colonial Office. As is the case in most Government offices he had plenty of leisure, and this he used in making the acquaintance of influential and also scientific people, and in making further experiments with gunpowder. He particularly studied the velocity of projectiles, the recoil under various circumstances and the best position for the vent in firearms; he also wrote a paper on the "Cohesion of Bodies"; the latter he submitted to the Royal Society, which resulted in his election to the honour of F.R.S. His certificate for election describes him as "A gentleman well versed in natural knowledge and many branches of polite learning." Thompson's genius was not only experimental but also practical, for about two years after his arrival in England he had persuaded the War Office to add bayonets to the carbines of the Horse-Guards when fighting on foot.

During the following year, in order to continue his experiments with large guns, he asked for and readily obtained permission to make a cruise in the "Victory" belonging to the Squadron under Admiral Sir Charles Hardy. "Though," writes Thompson in one of his essays submitted to the Royal Society, "we were not fortunate enough to come to a general action with the enemy . . . I had opportunities of making several very interesting observations, which gave me much new light relative to the action of fired gunpowder." Resulting from this cruise he also wrote a treatise on naval artillery and invented a new code of "marine signals" for the Admiralty.

In September, 1780, "B. Thompson, Esq." was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, an office which he held for thirteen months. During this period he is said to have been responsible for all the details connected with the recruiting, equipping, transporting and victualling of the British forces in America.

Although well paid this was an unenviable position, as he was often held liable for his Chief's mistakes which were responsible for the American disasters.

After Cornwallis had surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, Lord Germain resigned, but before doing so he took the opportunity of rewarding so faithful a friend as he had found

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in his Under-Secretary. Thompson, though still only 28 years of age, was now honoured with the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army, and he was appointed to command a Cavalry Regiment known as the King's American Dragoons. This was the new name given in 1781* to a corps of Hussars (Provincial), which had been part of the British Forces in North America since 1778. He was delighted with this turn of events, and forthwith appointed a clerk in the Colonial Office as his attorney, to receive his pay and to attend to the various commissions to which he was entitled. Meanwhile Lord Germain had written to General Sir Henry Clinton, C.-in-C. in America, recommending Thompson to him.

About the middle of October 1781, "Lieutenant-Colonel B. Thompson of the King's American Dragoons, late Under-Secretary of State for the American Department, and a number of gentlemen of rank, left England on the "Rotterdam," a fifty gun ship, for New York."

Thompson, who could not bear to be idle on a long voyage, had previously obtained permission to take with him "four pieces of light artillery" and a large supply of ammunition. With these and with the ship's heavy guns he made some interesting experiments.

Owing to rough weather and contrary winds the "Rotterdam" could not make New York, and late in December Colonel Thompson landed at Charleston, South Carolina.

He had been ordered to report to the British G.O.C. in New York, where he was to take over his Dragoon Regiment; but finding himself at another seat of war he immediately offered his services to the Officer in Command, until such time as he should be able to continue his journey.

At this date the remains of the British Army in the South, under General Leslie, had been driven into Charleston, St. John's Island and Savannah by Greene, and found it difficult to hold their ground. Not only had the morale of the Army suffered, owing to want of clothing and sickness, but it was also short of

* Jl. Soc. Army Hist. Research Vol. XVI, page 22, and pages 17, 18, 21.

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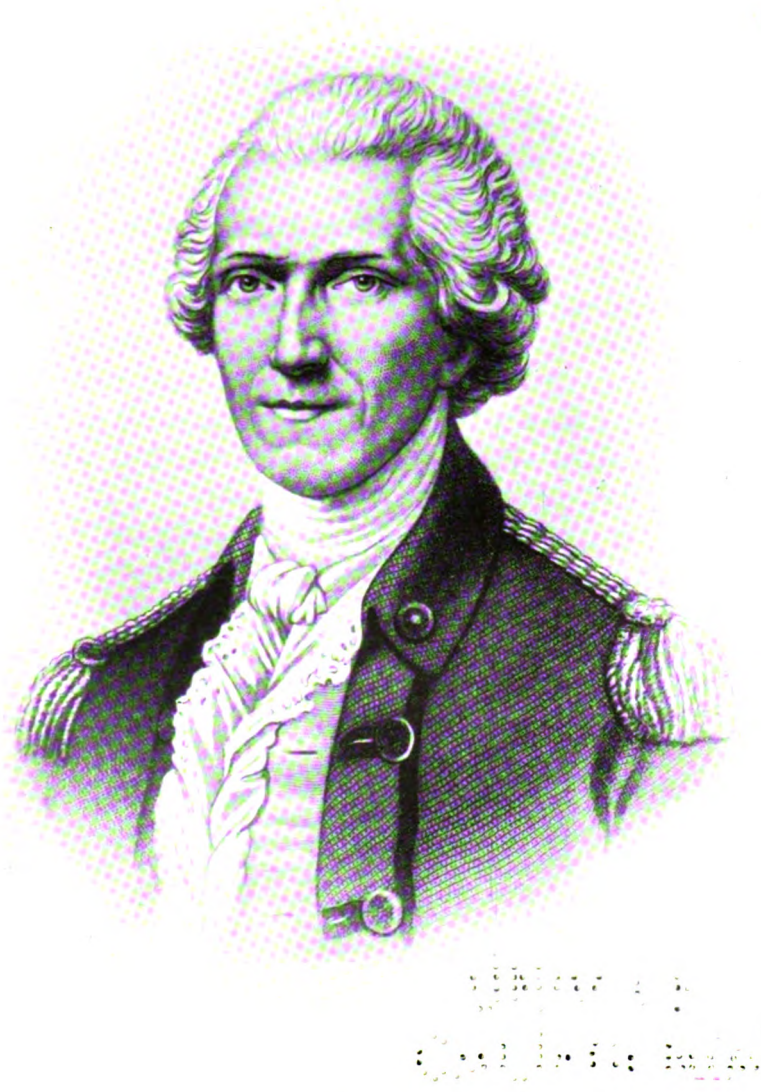

SIR BENJAMIN THOMPSON
COUNT RUMFORD
(AGED 30)

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UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

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supplies and had to depend on raids in order to feed itself : while incessant attacks of guerilla bands under the skilful leadership of such men as Marion and Sumpter were a constant source of anxiety.

Directly Thompson arrived he was given charge of various detachments of Cavalry which, with his characteristic energy, he soon welded into an efficient corps. It is probable that at this date he had hardly even *seen* a Cavalry regiment in the field, and yet because he was Colonel of the King's American Dragoons, Leslie entrusted all his Cavalry to him ! Leslie however appears to have been justified in his action, for on January 29th, 1782, he wrote to Clinton :— " From the unwearied attention and diligent efforts of this officer (Thompson) the Cavalry has become respectable, and I have every thing to expect from this improvement."

Thompson soon found that this war of posts, skirmishes and raids for cattle did not give him the chance of distinguishing himself greatly. His real command was awaiting him at Long Island, New York, but meantime Leslie was very grateful to him for his power of organisation and the methodical way in which his raids were carried out. The most important of these took place about two months after his arrival at Charleston, and the details have been preserved in a despatch from Thompson to Leslie, dated February 25th, 1782, from Duxcent's Plantation :—

" Sir : I did not expect, after the affair of yesterday, the enemy would so soon have put it in my power to congratulate you on another defeat of their troops by those which you have done me the honour to put under my command.

" We had the good fortune this morning to fall in with a chosen corps, under the command of General Marion in person, which we attacked and totally routed, killing a considerable number of them, taking 16 prisoners, and driving General Marion and the greatest part of his Army into the (River) Santee where it is probable a great number of them perished.

"After refreshing our horses at the plantation where we halted last night, at nine o'clock this morning the Cavalry marched back to the Santee, to the ground where we fell in with the enemy

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yesterday. The Infantry marched at the same time from this place, and we promised to join them in the afternoon.

"We had advanced about nine miles from the place we left in the morning when, coming in through a gateway to the cleared grounds of a plantation, we discovered the enemy about three hundred yards distant, directly in front of us, drawn up in the area between the negro huts belonging to the plantation. As soon as the troops were formed I ordered the Charge to be sounded and the line moved forwards. The enemy also sounded the Charge, but, instead of coming out to meet us, they were discovered going off by their right in the greatest hurry and confusion, and attempting to gain a swamp that was on the banks of the river upon that side.

"We immediately charged after them at full speed, and had the good fortune to come up in time to cut off a great part of their rear. Those that gained the swamp were pursued, and many of them were killed in attempting to get into the river, and others were shot and drowned in attempting to swim to the opposite shore. We took near forty horses, many of which are capital chargers.

"After the action we collected at our leisure all the cattle from the rebel plantations in this quarter, and have sent them down the road with a proper escort. We shall follow as soon as the troops are refreshed.

"In this last affair with the enemy, as well as during the whole time that I have had the honour to command this detachment, the troops, both officers and men, have behaved in such a manner as to merit my warmest acknowledgement.

"I have the honour to be, with perfect respect, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

"B. THOMPSON."

Rivington's Royal Gazette (New York), reporting on the affair a few weeks later, informs us that Lieut.-Colonel Thompson's command consisted of the Cavalry, Cunningham's and Young's troops of Mounted Militia, some German jagers, the volunteers of Ireland,* and a detachment of the 30th (Cambridge-

* Raised by Lord Rawdon and composed entirely of deserters from the American Army, according to Fortescue

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shire) Regiment with one three-pounder. The Gazette adds, "By the spirited exertions of his troops, and by the Colonel's mounting the Infantry occasionally on the Dragoons' horses, he carried his corps thirty-six miles without halting."

During March Thompson, together with the Earl of Dunmore (Governor of Virginia) and others left for New York, but before he sailed General Leslie not only issued an order thanking him for his services, but also wrote to General Sir Henry Clinton expressing regret at having to part with such an enterprising young officer, adding that should Thompson's Dragoons be spared to act in South Carolina where Cavalry was so much wanted, he was confident they would tend much to the benefit of His Majesty's service.

On arrival at New York on April 11th, 1782, Thompson joined his regiment at Flushing, on Long Island. His first task was to recruit the King's American Dragoons up to strength.

According to Pictet*: "He gathered into his corps the feeble remains of two regiments which had been engaged throughout the war." These units were the Hussars previously referred to, and probably the Queen's Rangers.

Rivington's Royal Gazette for July 24th, 1782, contained the following recruiting notice inspired by Thompson:—

"Any likely and spirited young lads who are desirous of distinguishing themselves by serving their King and Country, and who prefer riding on horseback to going on foot, have the opportunity of gratifying their inclinations. Ten guineas to volunteers, or five to anyone who brings a recruit.

"For the convenience of those who come from the continent by way of Lloyd's Neck, an officer will constantly remain at that post."

Thompson had himself fixed his establishment at six troops of sixty other ranks, seventeen Commissioned Officers, and ten Staff Officers (Adjutant, Chaplain, Quartermasters, Surgeon and Mate)—total all ranks 388. The trumpeters were black.

* Bibliothèque Britannique, Vol. XX.

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On August 1st the King's American Dragoons,* now up to strength, paraded at their camp near Flushing, Long Island, in order to receive their colours from the Duke of Clarence (the future King William IV), at that date serving as a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The Duke, accompanied by Admiral Digby, General Birch and other officers, after reviewing the Regiment, presented the colours to Lieut.-Colonel Thompson who in turn handed them to the eldest Cornet. The ceremony was concluded with three cheers, God Save the King, and a Royal Salute fired by the Artillery.

To celebrate the occasion an ox was roasted whole afterwards, and each Dragoon sliced off a piece of beef for himself with his sword. A few days later Thompson, on behalf of himself and his officers, petitioned General Sir Guy Carleton (who had succeeded Clinton) that they might enjoy the privilege of permanent rank in America. This had been promised on the completion of the Regiment, and at the end of August, 1782, Carleton notified in a G.R.O. that Lieut.-Colonel B. Thompson and the Officers of the King's American Dragoons were granted permanent rank in America.

During September the Dragoons moved to Huntingdon, an advanced post of the Army on Long Island. Preparations were made for an expected attack by the French on New York ; and General Robinson, in command of the troops on the Island, issued orders to each of his regiments in case of a surprise :—

" If an attack is made on Huntingdon, the troops will immediately assemble and march to the support of Colonel Thompson."

No attack however matured and Thompson utilised his Dragoons during the winter in building barracks, block-houses and also a fort at Lloyd's Neck. The latter is said to have been erected in order to protect the British from the raids of the Whaleboatmen from the Mainland. Materials were scarce and Thompson is accused, by American historians, of compelling the local inhabitants to assist in pulling down a Presbyterian Church in order to supply wood for building block-houses.

* The officers were all Americans except the adjutant who belonged to the 17th Light Dragoons.

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There is no doubt that owners of property in Long Island suffered considerably from the depredations of the British troops during this period. At a later date Sir Guy Carleton instituted a Board of Commissioners to adjust demands for compensation, but as the members of the Board sailed for England without attending to them, the sufferers never received their money.

Towards the end of the year 1782 Thompson's corps is stated to have consisted of "the remains of the Queen's Rangers and Tarlton's Legion," 580 effectives, and to have been still stationed at Huntingdon to protect the trade with the Mainland.

Early in the spring of 1783 the British Government conceived the idea of despatching an expedition against the French in the West Indies.

In March Thompson received orders to "complete his Regiment by volunteers from various American Provincial Corps and also to raise four companies of Light Infantry for a particular service."

This "service" probably referred to the defence of Jamaica, which was threatened by a French expedition under the Marquis d'Estaing, who three years earlier had captured Grenada.

A few weeks later, however, it became apparent that peace would soon be made, and the plans for sending additional troops to Jamaica were cancelled.

Early in April Thompson wrote to Carleton asking that, as there was no longer any chance of service in the West Indies, he might take his regiment to Nova Scotia for duty; and that meanwhile he might have leave of absence to proceed to England, in order to ask on behalf of himself and regiment that they might be sent to the East Indies, or to any part of His Majesty's Dominions where their services could be utilized.

Thompson's leave was granted forthwith, but on arrival in London his request was refused, as additional troops were not required in India or elsewhere.

Sir Guy Carleton, who had been much impressed by Thompson's organizing abilities and personality, had mentioned his distinguished services in despatches; and the King on this

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recommendation promoted Thompson Colonel, although he had only been a Lieutenant-Colonel for two years. He was thus entitled to a Colonel's half-pay for the rest of his life.

Although Thompson was now in England he did not forget his officers* in America, and as the result of his representations to Lord North, the King granted them all half-pay.

On October 10th, 1783, the King's American Dragoons were disbanded, and the men were settled on the lands appropriated for them on the River St. John, New Brunswick.

Thompson was now without a command, but he was a Colonel in the British Army at 30 years of age. If he could attain this rank after serving only two years, his future military career appeared to him to be full of possibilities. As there was no immediate prospect of a command in the British Army, owing to the wholesale disbandment of all newly raised regiments with the exception of those serving in India, he decided to offer his sword to one of the Continental Monarchs, until such time as he should be recalled to England for duty.

The few months really active service which Thompson had experienced at Charleston had whetted his appetite for a command in the field : and he decided that to whatever Army he went it must be on active service. In the Autumn of 1783, however, there was little choice, only Austria being at war with the Turks. Thompson therefore decided to offer his services to the Emperor Joseph II ; but as an officer on half-pay he needed special permission to visit the Continent, and still more so to seek employment under another power.

Leave, however, was readily granted, and towards the end of September he embarked at Dover for Calais accompanied by his three chargers.

Amongst the passengers on board was the historian Gibbon (probably on his way to Lausanne in order to complete his "Decline and Fall") who, in a contemporary letter wrote :— "Our party includes Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher Thompson attended by three horses, who are not the most agreeable fellow-passengers."

* 2 Majors, 7 Captains, 4 Lieutenants, 8 Cornets, a Chaplain and 2 Surgeons.

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It was a rough crossing and it is said that Gibbon was afraid that the vessel would capsize, owing to the restlessness of Thompson's chargers. Incidentally, this gives one some idea of the size of the ships used for Cross-Channel service in 1783.

On the following day Thompson landed at Boulogne, the boat being unable to make Calais, and took the road to Strasburg. It was in this town that an event occurred which was to have a decisive influence on his future. At this time Maximilian, Prince of Zweibrucken (Heir to the throne of Bavaria), a Field-Marshal in the French Army, was in garrison at Strasburg.

On the day after his arrival in that city Thompson, hearing that a parade of the garrison was to take place, determined to watch the ceremony. Accordingly he left his hotel, wearing the scarlet full-dress uniform of a Colonel of Light Dragoons, and rode out on his best charger to the parade ground outside the town.

The Prince soon noticed amongst the spectators this officer in a foreign uniform and mounted on a fine English horse. On being questioned, Thompson informed the Prince that he had just come from serving in the American War.

"These gentlemen," said the Prince pointing to some of his staff, "served in the same war, but on the opposite side, under Count Rochambeau." *

An animated conversation followed, and Thompson was invited to dine with the Prince and his staff. The same evening over the wine, Thompson produced some excellent maps of the principal engagements and the whole war was fought over again in the most friendly spirit. Actually his war service had consisted only of three months skirmishing at Charleston, followed by garrison duty on Long Island, but Thompson knew all about the whole campaign in America and he was therefore able to convince the French Officers of the important part he had played in it.

The Prince, who was very keen on his profession and eager for information, was much struck by the intelligence and personal charm of his guest.

* Cornwallis two years previously had surrendered Yorktown to Washington, who was assisted by 6,000 Frenchmen under Rochambeau.

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Next day the Prince entertained Thompson again; and before the latter continued his journey to Vienna he had promised to visit the Elector Charles Theodore of Bavaria in Munich, to whom he had been given a letter of introduction by the Prince.

Thompson stayed a week in Munich. He appears to have made a very favourable impression on the Sovereign, who not only received him most cordially, but also recommended him to the Emperor in Vienna.

The chance meeting in Strasburg had indeed been a lucky one, and little did Thompson think when he left London that he would in due course arrive in Vienna with a personal introduction to the Emperor himself!

Thompson remained in Vienna for some months, where "he received a most flattering welcome and was presented at Court and mingled in the best society"; but on applying for service in the Imperial Army he was disappointed to learn that peace was about to be made with Turkey.

It was in the early days of 1784 that he received a pressing invitation from the Elector of Bavaria to enter his service as personal A.D.C. and Military Adviser. The late Colonel of the King's American Dragoons (with only two years' service!) was much flattered by this offer which he accepted forthwith, conditionally on his obtaining permission from King George III.

The Elector of Bavaria, who must have been a good judge of character, had recognized in Thompson a man who would be able to reorganize his army, and whose advice would be useful in those troublesome times. For Bavaria was, in 1784, a prize which Prussia and Austria were quarrelling over, and owing to a weak army and unsatisfactory economic conditions its future was uncertain. Fortunately for his country, the Elector's choice was, as we shall see, fully justified.

On arriving in London, Thompson immediately applied to the King for permission to enter the Bavarian Service. Not only was this granted, but as an additional mark of his favour George III conferred on him the honour of Knighthood on Feb-

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ruary 23rd, 1784. In the grant of arms which he received at this date he is described as :—

"Sir Benjamin Thompson of St. James's, Westminster, Knight, Colonel of the King's American Regiment of Light Dragoons, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, late Under-Secretary of State of the Province of Georgia, and Colonel of a Regiment of Militia in the Province of New Hampshire."

Equipped with a knighthood, permanent rank in the British Army and enjoying the privilege of half-pay, all of which enhanced his position on the Continent, Thompson arrived in Munich in the early summer and entered the service of Charles Theodore, Elector of Bavaria. The latter immediately appointed him Colonel of a Cavalry Regiment and his A.D.C.

Colonel Sir Benjamin Thompson was now a most important person; he was housed in a palace and was given a military staff and a large retinue of servants. He had brought with him some thoroughbred horses, and when mounted on parade he was the cynosure of all eyes.

In a very short time he acquired a complete knowledge of French and German, and his fine appearance and dignity and courteous manners soon made him popular with all classes of society. The handsome Englishman appears to have been much admired by the ladies of the Court, one of whom (the Countess von Baumgarten) presented him with a daughter in the following year.

Meanwhile he was studying Continental politics as they affected Bavaria, the organization of her somewhat effete Army, and her internal, social and economic conditions.

As the statutes of Bavaria did not allow a foreigner to receive decorations from her ruler, by the request of the Elector, the King of Poland conferred on Thompson the Order of St. Stanislaus, and at the same time he was made a member of the Academies of Berlin, Munich and Mannheim.

After three years in the service of the Elector, "M. le Chevalier Thompson, Colonel et Aide-de-Camp Général au service de S.A.S. L'Elect. Palatin Duc de Bavière," was promoted Major-General of Cavalry *and* was appointed to the posts

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of Minister of War, Minister of Police, Chamberlain and Privy Counsellor of State. With these united offices he practically controlled every department of the public services.

This was a truly remarkable record for a foreigner who had only been in the country for such a short time and who was only thirty-six years of age!

It was perhaps natural that Thompson should encounter some opposition in the execution of his numerous duties: and at this time he experienced the jealousy of the Bavarian nobility and officials who resented a stranger being placed in such an exalted position over their heads. This feeling was, however, gradually dissipated as his numerous reforms began to bear fruit.

The reformation of the Army was his first measure, and he introduced a new system of order, discipline and economy in the service. Thompson, by raising new regiments, increased the strength of the Bavarian Army to twenty Infantry and eight Cavalry regiments. For these he designed new uniforms, samples of which may be seen in the Rumford room of the Bavarian Army Museum in Munich to-day. New barracks were built with military gardens attached, the latter in order to introduce the culture of the potato. Foundries for guns were established under his personal supervision at Munich and Mannheim, and here Thompson's expert scientific knowledge was of the utmost use. By careful economy and the prevention of waste he was enabled to raise the soldiers' pay and at the same time he improved their social status. After a few years of the Thompson régime the Bavarian peasant was proud to be a soldier, and the Minister of War was known as the soldier's friend. He also reorganized the Remount Service, and improved the breed of horses in Bavaria by importing English stallions.

Thompson soon discovered that the officers of the Bavarian Army, which had deteriorated since the days of "Der Blaue König," were to a large extent ignorant of the Art of War, and he therefore founded the first Military Academy in Munich.

Bavaria suffered much at this time from a lack of public security, owing to the large number of beggars and robbers who roamed about the country, and to the smugglers who operated

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on her frontiers. "This detestable vermin," wrote a contemporary historian, "had recourse to the most diabolical acts and the most horrid crimes in the prosecution of their infamous trade."

In his dual capacity as Minister of War and Chief of Police it occurred to Thompson that he could eradicate this evil by using some of his Cavalry regiments as Mounted Police. He also realized that the utilization of his Cavalry for this purpose would provide experience in mounted patrol work, and also many an *escarmouche* (for the bandits were armed), which would be useful training for the junior officers.

The four Cavalry formations selected for this purpose consisted of one Cuirassier, one Dragoon and two Chevauleger Regiments ; and it says much for the tact of the new Minister of War that he had no trouble with the aristocratic commanders (two Princes and two Counts of the Empire) of these units in utilizing them as Mounted Police. Thompson divided the country into four sections for each of which he made a regiment responsible. Each section was again divided into squadron areas, and so on until every village had a patrol of three or four troopers. In this way the whole country was patrolled and the frontiers guarded against smugglers. The inhabitants of each village were compelled to supply free quarters and forage, but the Government paid for the subsistence of the troops. In a few months, after a number of small engagements at the expense of only a few casualties to the soldiers, the robbers were all mopped up and the roads were rendered safe for travellers.

It is interesting to note that although the four Cavalry regiments eventually returned to purely military duties, the cadre which remained for Mounted Police Work was the origin of the Royal Bavarian Gendarmerie Corps which continued until 1914, and which Thompson may be said to have founded.

Having cleared up the provinces, he now drew up a scheme to deal with the beggars in the capital. For years these had been the curse of Munich, and he decided to have them all arrested simultaneously so that none should escape. His general idea was that every able-bodied mendicant should be put to work,

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in order to provide uniforms and equipment for the Army and to improve the amenities of the town. In this scheme he may be said to have anticipated the reforms of Mussolini and Hitler, in whose countries tramps and beggars are practically extinct to-day.

New Year's Day had always been considered the beggars' holiday in Munich, and for this reason Thompson chose January 1st, 1790, for his coup.

The secret had been well kept, and the mendicants were out in full force to receive and beg for alms as usual.

The Officers, N.C.O's. and men of the three Infantry regiments, garrisoned in Munich, took up their positions at appointed places in the streets. At midday the drive commenced Thompson himself arresting the first beggar, and by sunset over three thousand had been collected. He had previously collected a considerable sum of money from the richer citizens, who were only too willing to help any scheme which would rid them of the scourge of beggars from which they suffered. This money was used in the first instance to feed the beggars, who were housed in some derelict buildings. These, under Thompson's personal supervision were converted into workhouses for the manufacture of cloth, etc., and in a few months they were actually self-supporting. By the end of the year the workhouses had become a remunerative industry and besides producing all the clothing necessary for the Bavarian Army, cloth was also sold to the public and even abroad. Similar institutions, staffed by ex-beggars and supervised by expert craftsmen, were founded in other Bavarian towns. In order to improve the amenities of Munich, Thompson, utilizing those beggars whose work in the cloth factories was unsatisfactory, and others who had been captured by the Military Police in the Provinces, converted six hundred acres of derelict land in the environs of the capital into a beautiful park, known as the English Garden, which the grateful citizens enjoy to-day.

In the interval between the death of the Emperor Joseph and the coronation of Leopold II, the Elector of Bavaria, being at that time Vicar (Regent) of the Empire, created Thompson a

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STATUE OF SIR BENJAMIN THOMPSON
COUNT RUMFORD

IN MUNICH

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Count* with the Order of the White Eagle. He chose Rumford, the village in New England where he had taught as a schoolmaster, for his title, and thenceforth was known as Graf von Rumford on the Continent, and as Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, in England.

During his eleven years' service in Bavaria, Rumford, in addition to being the Elector's right hand in all military and technical matters and to being responsible for reforms in the country's social economy and public services, had been making important scientific experiments : and it was in order to publish the results of these that he returned to England in 1795. Here he conferred with the scientists of the day, and published his essays on various physical phenomena. He also introduced improvements into the workhouses and wrote papers on the management of fires and the economy of fuel.

In the summer of 1796, owing to the critical state of affairs in Central Europe, the Elector sent Rumford an urgent message begging him to return to Bavaria.

While Napoleon was pursuing his Italian Campaign, Moreau after a series of successes had crossed the Rhine at Strasburg and was approaching Bavaria. That country had, on the advice of Rumford, remained neutral during the Campaign of 1794 between France and the German Empire, and she hoped to do so again. But after the defeat of the Austrians by the French (near Augsburg) the former retired on Munich, and it appeared impossible that Bavaria could now escape being involved in war.

It was at this moment that Rumford arrived in the city, which he reached with considerable difficulty, travelling by a circuitous northern route in order to escape capture by the French.

The Elector, who was relieved to see Rumford, immediately reinstated him as Minister of War, promoted him General and appointed him Commander-in-Chief. Rumford's first task was to make arrangements for the billeting and rationing of the Bavarian Army, which was falling back on Munich. After

* The Elector could at any time himself have created him a Baron, but the much higher title of Count (Graf) could only be granted by the Empire.

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accomplishing this in his usual methodical manner, he selected positions for his guns and ordered the gates of the city to be closed.

Meanwhile the Austrians, being denied access to the town, crossed the River Isar and established themselves and their guns on the heights which command the bridge and the city.

At this critical moment the gallant Elector fled to Saxony, leaving Rumford not only Commander-in-Chief, but also President of a Council of Regency with full powers to act as he thought fit.

Rumford was determined to remain neutral and if possible to save his adopted country from the horrors of war; but it needed tact and firmness to prevent some of the officers in the regiments, which he had himself created, from disobeying orders and taking the offensive: for the morale of the Army having been raised, its officers were naturally anxious to show what their regiments could do in the face of the enemy.

In rear of the city were the Austrian guns which dominated it, and in front the French were approaching. "If a single Frenchman," wrote the Austrian Commander-in-Chief to Rumford, "enters Munich I shall blow the town to pieces with my guns!"

Although Rumford had put Munich in the best possible state of defence, he knew that he could not withstand an attack by either French or Austrians. He therefore relied on diplomacy and on that tact and firmness which had carried him so well through life.

As a result of his negotiations with both sides, the danger was averted at the eleventh hour. Neither the French nor the Austrians entered Munich; and soon afterwards the defeat of Jourdan on the lower Rhine obliged Moreau to retreat, and consequently Bavaria was evacuated.

The inhabitants of Munich fully realized that they owed the preservation of their city to Rumford alone.

As the danger was now over, the Elector Charles Theodore returned to his capital and rewarded the man who had saved it.

Rumford's wife, whom he had not seen since he joined the

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British at Boston in 1775, had died during his eleven years' service in Bavaria, but at this date (1796) his daughter Sarah joined him in Munich. She was received at Court as a Countess of the Empire, and part of the large pension which had been granted to Rumford by the Elector was settled on her for life.

For two more years Rumford remained in Munich administering the country for the Elector. By this time Napoleon was engaged on his Egyptian Campaign and there did not seem to be any immediate prospect of Bavaria becoming involved in war. Rumford therefore decided, in spite of the entreaties of the Elector to the contrary, to return to England* in order to pursue his scientific experiments in a more congenial atmosphere, and to found the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. When the Elector realized that he could not persuade his invaluable Graf von Rumford to remain in Bavaria, as a mark of esteem for the man who had been his "right hand in military, technical and economic affairs for so many years" (as one contemporary German historian wrote), he appointed him Minister to the Court of St. James's. This appointment was not however looked upon with favour by George III and it was cancelled, as Rumford being a British-born subject was ineligible for that post.

On returning to England, Rumford founded the Royal Institution and wrote papers on fuel economy, the improvement of workhouses, various social problems, the casting of heavy guns, new models for light artillery and innumerable scientific problems, all of which to-day fill five volumes.

After the Peace of Amiens in 1802 Rumford removed to Paris in order to continue his philosophical experiments amongst the French savants. Here he committed the greatest mistake of his life, by marrying Lavoisier's widow. This woman—she could not be dignified by the title of lady—turned out to be a perfect virago and made his life a misery until he was able to get a separation.

The last years of Rumford's life were peaceful, and he lived

* He wrote to Sir John Sinclair at this time: "As the alarms which were the occasion of my being called upon to take the Command in Chief of the Bavarian Army have subsided since the French Armies left our neighbourhood, I hope soon to be able to put up my sword and resume the pleasing occupation of science and philosophical experiment."

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in comfort* at his house in Auteuil on his half-pay and his large pension from the Bavarian Government.

He died in 1814 at Auteuil, where his tombstone records that he was :—

> "En Bavière, Lieutenant-Général, Chef de L'état—Major-Général, Conseiller d'état, Ministre de la Guerre.
> En France Membre de l'Institut et L'Academie des Sciences."

It is perhaps natural, considering the date when the stone was erected in Paris, that no mention was made of his English services.

The monument in the English Garden in Munich was erected when he was absent in England during the Autumn of 1795 and without his knowledge.

On one side there are two figures, representing the Goddess of Plenty leading Bavaria and strewing her way with flowers: and beneath is an inscription which may be roughly translated :

> " Pause saunterer. Your enjoyment should be enhanced by gratitude. A fertile suggestion of Charles Theodore, taken up with genius, taste and love by Rumford, the friend of mankind, has changed this formerly dreary spot into what you now see before you."

On the other side below the bust of Rumford is inscribed :

> " To him who abolished the most disgraceful of public evils—Mendicity and Idleness : who gave the poor relief, occupation and good morals, and many schools of instruction to the youth of the Fatherland. Go wanderer ! and try to emulate him in spirit and in deed, and us in gratitude."

In 1867 King Maximilian II of Bavaria erected the Rumford statue in the Maximilian Strasse and a few years later his bust was placed with those of other Bavarian notabilities in the Hall of Fame.

* With a lady who presented him with a son ; the boy became an officer in the French Army and was killed at Sebastopol.

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RAIDS AND COUNTER-RAIDS.

By Major-General T. T. Pitman, C.B., C.M.G.

As seen from both sides.

Throughout the long period of trench warfare on the Western front, the policy of the British troops was one of continuous activity. There was considerable difference between our methods and those of our allies, the French. The latter had certain areas such as Verdun and one or two other localities where continuous fighting raged from one year's end to another, but there were other parts of the line where one would hardly know that a war was going on, the men holding the line played cards.

When a British unit took over a sector of the line, they worked like beavers to improve the defences, the artillery and machine guns kept up a continuous "straaf," which brought continuous retaliation from the enemy, while at intervals there were raids and counter-raids. These incidents which entailed heavy bombardments, followed by half an hour's heavy fighting, have since filled many pages of regimental histories, both British and German. So frequent were these occurrences throughout the long line held by the British, that they seldom received notice in the daily papers, and were more often than not summed up in the words "All quiet on the Western Front." They were anything but quiet for those who took part in them.

There was one point in the line where raids were continuous, and where in later days engagements took place, and that was Gillemont Farm. A glance at the map will show the reason. The farm buildings, in ruins, and the walled enclosure, about 200 yards square, constituted no-man's land between the two

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opposing lines, it was in reality a small knoll at the end of a spur. From the centre of the enclosure you could look right down into the recently constructed Hindenburg Line and the villages of Bony and Le Catelet. On the other hand, a German from the same position, could see into the British posts and had a grand view of the back areas, and so it came about that neither side was allowed to have possession for any length of time. On the 17th May, 1917, the Second Cavalry Division took over the line in this vicinity. They soon found out that the holding of Gillemont Farm was an expensive proposition. Our line consisted of a series of posts not connected up, but thanks to the lie of the land, the posts were approachable from our side without observation.

On the night of the 20th May, the Germans made a heavy attack which by the gallantry of the Oxford Hussars, was driven off, and thanks to the personal effort of Major Val Fleming, who with others of his regiment lost their lives, the line was restored and the farm buildings remained in no-mans land. The details of this raid make a story by themselves but as the object of this article is to compare British and German accounts, and no German account has so far been published, the account must be left for another day, and we will commence with a raid made by the Royal Scots Greys on the 10th June.

On the 4th June, as a result of certain reconnaissances by patrols and air, it was calculated that the enemy were endeavouring to construct a continuous line of trenches in front of Gillemont Farm, which would make a jumping-off place for the attack by a force of considerable strength. It was decided to carry out a raid with the object of breaking up the enemy defences already constructed, and capturing prisoners for identification. The Scots Greys were selected to carry out this raid. They had recently been in the Gillemont sector and therefore knew the ground well. Five days were allowed for preparations, and these were most carefully made down to the smallest detail. An exact replica of the enemy's trenches were constructed in the back area, so that every officer, N.C.O. and man could practice the various tasks allotted to them.

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The following extracts from the plan of operations will give an idea of the thoroughness with which the details were worked out. It was decided not to use artillery on the section of trench to be attacked. A Stokes mortar battery was used for this purpose. On the night of the 8th/9th and 9th/10th, emplacements for these were dug and 500 rounds of ammunition brought up.

A demolition party of R.E. were to accompany the raiding party, mobile charges were prepared for destruction of dugouts, also wire cutting charges. Electric torches were fixed to the rifles of a proportion of the moppers-up.

The troops to be employed were as follows—

(a) Assault troops. 3 officers and 80 other ranks Scots Greys; 1 officer, 6 O.R. 2nd Field Squadron R.E.

(b) Close barrage. Stokes battery of 7 guns.

(c) Covering fire. 9 machine guns, 3rd and 5th Machine Gun Squadrons.

(d) Artillery support. A/296 18 pounder, 6 guns; "E" R.H.A. 13 pounder, 6 guns; "J" R.H.A. 13 pounder, 6 guns; "D" R.H.A. 13 pounder, 6 guns; "C" R.H.A. 13 pounder, 2 guns; 4th Divisional 18 pounder, 5 guns; D/210 4.5, 4 howitzers; 4th Divisional 4.5, 3 howitzers. Heavies 2 batteries 6 inch., 8 howitzers; 2 batteries 60 pounder, 8 guns.

All the above were given definite targets and an exact time-table of fire.

Space does not admit of giving full details for all the various units which cover some 12 pages of foolscap, but perhaps sufficient to show that for 30 minutes after zero, "all" would not be exactly "quiet" on the Gillemont front.

The Greys' Regimental History gives the following account

"The two parties paraded in steel helmets and cardigans with a white band on each arm, and at 2.15 a.m. on June the 10th, directly the Stokes mortar bombardment ceased, they were in the enemy trenches. Lord Binning's party met with practically no opposition and Lt. Cator's with only a

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very little which was easily overcome, and the two parties met in the centre of the enemy's trench having killed or captured the whole garrison. In fact so completely were the enemy surprised, that the parties found themselves with ten minutes to spare before green rockets were to go up to signal their return. This time was devoted to searching the dead and various dugouts for papers and so forth, and punctually at the hour appointed the two raiding parties, on whom the Germans were now directing considerable shell fire, returned to their trenches. They had killed 56 Germans and taken 14 prisoners with a total loss to themselves of two killed and five wounded, and even their dead were brought back into our trenches with them. The complete success, with which this raid was carried out, was due principally to the very careful preliminary preparations, to the fine leading of the officers, and to the wonderful discipline and coolness of all the men who took part in it. A striking instance of this last quality appears in the fact that the telephone operator, who accompanied Lord Binnings party, kept Captain Borwick informed of the whole progress of the raid, and the latter was able to keep brigade headquarters in touch with everything that was going forward.

"Lord Binning and Lt. Cator received the M.C. as an immediate reward, and eleven other ranks were granted the Military Medal. The men were in no way specially picked troops, being volunteers from those performing their ordinary duties in the trenches, which they continued to carry out both before and after the raid."

The above is a good short account of the proceedings but the full narrative sent in after the raid contains many other interesting items, for instance, the machine gun barrage which was maintained throughout, fired 23,000 rounds from 9 guns, in action. The list of casualties shows 2 other ranks killed and 14 wounded, of whom 2 severely. Now we will turn to the other side of the picture, and we will quote from the history of the 34th (Pomeranian) Fusilier Regiment.

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"The 34th was on the Western front till the end of November, 1914, in the Wytschaete sector from the 2nd to 19th November. On the 20th it entrained at Lille for the Eastern front where it remained until mid-May, 1917, when it was sent to the Belgian-Dutch front. Here it spent two or three weeks training, but it was by no means all work and no play, there were charabanc excursions to places of historic interest. After this pleasant interlude they were sent to the area east of Gillemont Farm, going into billets at Beaurevoir on the 6th June.

On the 7th June the first battalion took over its allotted sector of the Siegfried line, due west of Gouy-Le Catelet. The amount of work put into the sector astonished them. The hard ground had been hewed into deep trenches of the most finished perfection. The whole Siegfried line was a pronounced reverse slope, but naturally known to the enemy through their aircraft. Dugouts did not exist but there were many good tunnels, up to 40 ft. deep with two exits. The men spent most of the day in the open trenches as it was dark and damp in the tunnels, but the latter offered good cover from artillery fire and enemy aircraft. The battle position of the regiment ran north and south, some 1,300 to 1,600 yards in front of the Siegfried line, with Gillemont Farm as the focal point. The farm which was shot to pieces, lay on high ground and gave both us and the English a good view, and consequently good artillery observation. There had been considerable scrapping for the possession of this farm in recent months. In the end the posts on both sides faced one another in the farm at very close quarters. At first our most advanced position was in the outskirts so that it gave very little cover. The wire was still very weak, and in places shot away. The field of fire was very restricted, as the position had to be behind the crest on account of the effect of enemy gunfire. The sector was described by our predecessors as ' completely quiet, the enemy, English cavalry, does not shoot, and we too have let him alone.' Unfortunately our predecessors had done the same as regards restoration of the battle position. On this point the regimental commander was at once impressed by the G.O.C. with

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the necessity of a thoroughgoing reconstruction of the battle position as quickly as possible. Thus the regiment had a time of strenuous work before it. Unfortunately the neglect of our predecessors to construct a battle position capable of effective resistance was to have very painful consequences for us in other ways.

" The area between the front line and the Siegfried line was held by machine guns carefully disposed in chessboard fashion by the machine gun officer. They had the most varied tasks; in particular the enfilading of depressions, the flanking of roads, defence against aircraft, against tanks, flanking of wire entanglements.

" In the course of the afternoon of the 7th June, two companies of the 2nd battalion marched to Beaurevoir and two to Gouy.

" On the 8th the 1st Battalion relieved the 1st Battalion 237th reserve regiment in the front line, the 2nd Battalion took over as support battalion in the Siegfried line. Our artillery fired during the relief. The enemy answered very vigorously. The 3rd Battalion moved into rest billets at Beaurevoir on the 9th and the day passed very quietly.

" At 3.55 a.m. on the 10th extremely violent machine gun, artillery, and trench mortar fire of light and heavy calibres broke out quite suddenly on the 1-a and 1-b lines of the battle position, east of Gillemont Farm, in the 4th company sector. The garrison had been working unsuspectingly, as the English also were working, and, as usual, exposing themselves freely. Our predecessors, the 237th R.I.R., had a tacit understanding with the English, not to shoot during work at night. The astonishingly well directed artillery fire caused the 4th company heavy casualties, in spite of the smallness of the garrison. The enemy put down a complete box barrage in a half circle round the farm. Observation from the trenches was rendered very difficult by the very violent machine gun fire. After some twenty minutes of the heaviest fire, several English shock-troops, from 30 to 40 strong, broke out south of the farm and, under cover of a sudden mist, got into the much damaged, and in many places

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totally destroyed, trenches, most of the garrison of which was wounded. The English thereby came under their own artillery fire, which caused them some loss. Some of our listening posts came running back, others were overrun in the thick mist. One in the farm held out for a long time, when the English were already in our trenches. The garrison of the trench, of whom many were already wounded, were completely taken by surprise by the English suddenly on the top of them. In a gallant defence a great number were shot down and bayoneted. Several wounded were also killed by the English. The firing of green star shells calling for a counter barrage had no result to begin with, as owing to the thick mist it could not be seen. After a long time the 4th and 5th batteries of the 5th Reserve Field Artillery Regiment opened fire but with little effect. One section of the 7th Battery had not already shot in. The news of the English being in our 1-a line was brought to the company commander, Lt. Borchardt, by the severely wounded Fusilier Knappich. Lt. Borchardt immediately counter-attacked with shock troops held in reserve, before whom the enemy hastily withdrew, pursued by artillery and machine gun fire with apparently good results. In their hasty flight the English left behind 10 rifles, 4 steel helmets, 10 wire cutters, a bloody stretcher and a great number of hand grenades. From the stamp on the bayonets it appeared that the English belonged to the 5th Cavalry Regiment.

Further advance of the shock troops was prevented by heavy enemy machine gun fire. The full extent of 1-a line was again in our hands. The 2nd Company, reserve of the front line battalion, which had been sent up to counter-attack, now arrived in the front line, and made up the losses of the 4th Company with one of its platoons, helped the wounded and collected the dead, but with the oncoming daylight went back with two platoons to the Siegfried line. The losses of the 4th Company amounted to killed, I N.C.O. and 20 men; wounded, 1 officer (Lt. Pommerans), 3 N.C.Os. and 19 men; missing, 3 N.C.Os. and 7 men.

" The object of the enterprise seems to have been the complete possession of Gillemont Farm, already several times attempted by

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the English, as appeared from the telephone apparatus left behind in their flight. Undoubtedly it had been carefully and skilfully prepared for a long time before; it was carried out knowing that a relief had just taken place."

Lt. Borchardt's counter-attack is described as follows:—

"A platoon of the 2nd Company under Lt. Lunse was sent up in support of the 4th Company. Lt. Lunse was killed by a grenade close behind the line. When on the cessation of the artillery fire towards 1 a.m., Lt. Borchardt counter-attacked with 4 shock groups of the 4th and 2nd Companies, he met with complete success. He got into 1-a line on the road Bony-Gillemont Farm, and cleared it completely. The enemy withdrew in rapid flight. During the artillery fire it was observed that the British carried back a great number of dead and wounded. Our losses were 1 officer (Lt. Lunse), 2 N.C.Os. and 3 men killed; 2 N.C.Os. and 16 men wounded."

It was a bad welcome to the western front. The fault lay in the carelessness, shown over and over again in spite of all warning of our predecessors in the use of the telephone through which the enemy learnt of the reliefs almost every time.

The following further details are given by eye-witnesses. Temporary Officer Klemp, 4th Company writes:—

"The relief took place without the slightest movement on the part of the enemy. Not a shot was fired, only from time to time the enemy sent up star shells. Now and then one heard the English advanced listening posts talking in low tones and moving to and fro. The 1st and 2nd platoons had occupied the 1-a line and the 3rd platoon under my command took over command of the 2nd line immediately behind the line of advanced posts. As on first taking over we found only disconnected bits of trench, in part full of water, the two front platoons at once began to make a continuous trench. The next night 9th/10th June, I had just sent the ration party away from my platoon, when the company commander, Lt. Borchardt came to me with his orderly and told me to come with him and look at the work of the 1st and 2nd platoons. We set off accompanied by faithful orderly

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Lance-Corporal Damm, and after much stumbling over barbed wire and shell holes, arrived at the front. It was pitch dark, the work on the the trenches was already well advanced. It struck us as strange that the English kept so very quiet. I had a curious feeling of something going to happen, and I left the front line in order to be with my platoon in case my foreboding should prove true. Lt. Borchardt also went away. We had hardly reached the second line when suddenly an English shell came over. This was the signal for a heavy bombardment of our position. After about an hour and a half's very severe shelling, English shock troops suddenly penetrated our line. The first and second platoons had frightful losses. Only two sections were left, all the rest were killed or wounded. We found dead and wounded with skulls smashed and bodies showing five or more bayonet wounds. Lt. Pommerans also was severely wounded. It was a sad experience. All the brave old Fusiliers, some of whom had been with the company since 1915, were gone. The English had made 7 prisoners. All the rest were literally murdered. The 3rd platoon also had suffered severely, having been caught in the English barrage while carrying rations. With the rest of my platoon, two sections in all, I advanced to the counter-attack, Lt. Borchardt and Serge Hoppe leading. We recaptured the whole of the lost ground. Of the trenches there was little left to see; they were levelled to the ground by the English mortars and grenades. Although we had sent up green star shells for a counter barrage, our artillery and trench mortars did not reply to the hostile fire.

"Concerning this failure to reply the O.C. 1st Trench mortar detachment reports: At 3 a.m. I had just come back from the front where I had been reconnoitring trench mortar positions, and I was on observation duty. The mortar detachments reported all ready to fire. My telephone was manned, but no star shell was seen, nor any telephone message received, until later I got one saying what was happening in front. Neither the artillery nor the heavy trench mortars saw any star shells, and so did not fire.

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"On the afternoon of the 13th, took place the solemn funeral of those of the 34th who fell at Gillemont Farm in the nights of the 9th, 10th and 11th. One officer, 30 N.C.Os. and men were the regiment's first sacrifice to the Fatherland on the soil of France. It was a very impressive ceremony and many tears stole silently down."

We have now seen both sides of the picture, and readers can make their own comparisons between the respective regimental histories. The raid was a very fine performance on the part of the Greys and the effect seems to have been even greater than was thought at the time. The Germans have styled it as murder, but time on a raid is very short and the taking of prisoners is not always possible. It has to be remembered that had they not killed the enemy, the enemy would certainly have killed them. The German idea of the great success of the counter-attack is interesting in the fact that it does not appear to have started until the Greys were safely back in their own trenches. The last paragraph of the German account gives a sad touch to the story, and those of us who witnessed the victory of the Scots Greys polo team at Hurlingham this year, must hope that on the next occasion when the Regiment meets the gallant 24th Fusiliers it will be in a contest of friendly rivalry.

For the translation from the German history I am indebted to Major Adrian Keith Falconer of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars and it is hoped, in the next number of the Journal, to continue the story with further raids which followed.

T.T.P.

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FRENCH VIEWS ON MODERN CAVALRY.

By Major E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C., Royal Tank Corps.

I.

In view of the fact that, whereas the British army has only just begun to mechanize its cavalry on a wholesale scale, the French army has already had considerable experience of the problems and difficulties of such a policy, it may perhaps be of interest to give an outline of French views, official and unofficial, on the subject. If we ever fight a great war in Europe again we shall certainly do so on the side of France, so we ought in any case to know how the French army plans and intends to use its present-day cavalry formations.

I.—*The Official Doctrine.*

Let us take in this first article the official doctrine, as outlined in the 1937 "*Instruction sur l'Emploi Tactique des Grande Unités*," which more or less corresponds to our "Field Service Regulations—Operations." The text of these Instructions is prefaced by a report to the War Minister, drawn up by the Commission responsible for the compilation of the book. This Commission was presided over by General Georges, a member of the Counseil Superieur de la Guerre, and comprised fifteen members—ten generals, three colonels, a lieutenant colonel, and a squadron commander of the Air Force. The cavalry representative was General Boucherie, formerly commanding the 1st Cavalry Division—we shall meet him again later, so his name should be made a note of.

The introductory report of the Commission deals briefly with the changes in the conditions of war that have come about since the publication of the last regulations in 1921. In general, it is considered, the basic principles of these regulations still hold good, but require to be modified in the light of the new tendency

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for all states to cover their frontiers with permanent fortified works; the improvement of means of intercommunication; the increase of the air arm and of anti-aircraft defence; and the general creation of mechanized and motorized units, and of anti-tank weapons designed to oppose them. It is with this last question of course, that we are mainly concerned here.

The Report goes on to say that despite the growth and strengthening of frontier fortifications, victory can be obtained, tomorrow as in the past, only by manœuvre, that is, by speed and mobility, and that motorization and mechanization have greatly facilitated such manœuvre. Motorized units, defined as "units endowed originally, in whole or in part, with automobile vehicles, wheeled or tracked, which assure their transport but do not effectively alter their normal methods of fighting," can be rapidly moved and manœuvred as the needs of the moment demand and can be safeguarded and supported, both on the move and in action, by mechanized units, *i.e.*, those equipped with armoured fighting vehicles. Thus there now exist, side by side with formations of the normal type, new type formations capable of fighting battles on their own; the new type cavalry formations, known as light mechanized divisions, would thus replace the old horsed cavalry divisions, and the motorized divisions would replace the normal type infantry divisions. For such formations, though the basic principles of their action remain unaltered, certain special problems require attention; in particular, the question of security on the move and at rest, and that of overcoming the greatly improved means of anti-tank defence. "The anti-tank weapon," it is roundly stated, "is now the main adversary of the tank, just as in the last war the machine-gun was the chief foe of the infantry." So formidable a weapon is it nowadays that the Commission consider that tanks in attack can operate only under the protection and with the support of a powerful artillery, and that only after the enemy's defensive system has been ruptured and disorganized will it be possible for them to act independently by means of deep penetration and long range exploitation of success.

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In the French army, as most people know, tanks are classified not by size or weight, as hitherto with us, but by mission, and comprise "tanks of accompaniment," which work in close co-operation with the infantry under the orders of the infantry commander, and "tanks of general manœuvre" which are retained under the orders of higher formation commanders, for special tasks of an independent nature as required. When our new infantry tank comes into use, our classification will presumably correspond more or less to this, both we and the French having "tanks of accompaniment," and the French formations of "tanks of general manœuvre" undertaking—though on rather different lines—the independent missions allotted to our Mobile Division.

It is not necessary for our present purpose to enter into details of the role of these tanks of accompaniment, as laid down in these pages, in which indeed there is not a great deal about them. Their normal mission will be to accompany and assist the infantry, attacking in particular the enemy machine guns and automatic weapons; but they may also, if and when opportunity offers, move ahead of the attacking infantry waves to secure successive objectives, or attack hostile mechanized units, or, if once the hostile front has been shaken but not unless or until this has been done, penetrate deeply into the enemy lines to attack his troops and command posts in his back areas. In this last case. it is envisaged that the tanks will form temporary mechanized detachments (consisting either of reconnaissance groups, or of mechanized cavalry brigades, or of light mechanized divisions) assembled and utilized for vigorous pur- of the defeated and retreating enemy, whose serious resistance is assumed already to have been subdued completely.

The book then passes on to deal with the role of the new model cavalry in general.

Its duties are defined as follows:—

(1) It procures information, covers, and fights in co-operation with other arms; it may be used to prolong or supplement their action wherever it is necessary to operate rapidly at a distance or by surprise.

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(2) In conjunction with air forces, it seeks out the enemy, determines the situation of his forward troops, maintains contact with him and procures for the commander the information he requires. It will usually be necessary for this information to be amplified and confirmed by fighting.

(3) At the same time, the cavalry will have to cover the main body either in front or on its flanks according to the situation of the moment.

(4) In action the cavalry acts by combined fire and movement.

The French cavalry comprises horsed units; motorized units (lorry-borne dragoons (*dragons portés*) and motor-cyclists), and mechanized units (armoured cars and tanks). The units of the two former categories normally fight on foot and are armed, as are infantry units, with heavy and light machine-guns, tools, means of observation and transmission, and light bridging equipment. Men of horsed units also carry the sword for use in mounted action, opportunities for which are, however, expected to be few and far between and to concern small parties only.

Mechanized units are armed with machine-guns and light guns, and possess wireless equipment for intercommunication.

Cavalry formations include divisions and corps, light mechanized divisions, special formations such as the *Spahi* brigades of the Colonial Army, and units forming part of the normal formations of all arms, such as the reconnaissance groups of infantry divisions, army corps, and fortified zones. These last, though normally forming the organs of security of the formations of which they are part, may be collected as required to form a mobile reserve in the hands of the higher command.

The cavalry divisions and corps, highly mobile and strong in fire power and in armoured fighting vehicles, can at need intervene in the battle by rapid and powerful action. Failing opportunity for such action, they will normally be held back in strategic reserve.

In an offensive battle they are the essential means for exploitation of success; in a defensive battle they are eminently suitable for a manœuvre in retreat. Used as a reserve, they may be

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called upon to intervene to fill a gap in the front, exploit a success, or initiate or parry an enveloping manœuvre.

The normal composition of the cavalry division includes, besides the horsed or motorized units, heavy and light artillery, engineers, a bridging and a signal detachment and an air detachment of one co-operation squadron and one inter-communication detachment. All the transport is motorized. A cavalry corps comprises a variable number of cavalry divisions, and also infantry, tanks, artillery, engineers, and air forces specially attached in accordance with temporary requirements. Cavalry corps are not permanent formations, but are formed at need; they will of course have a larger command and staff organization, greater fire power and greater possibilities of manœuvre and fighting than the normal cavalry divisions.

The duties of cavalry as regards the services of security and information are laid down as follows :—

Compared with the air arm, it is capable of assuring continuous observation, of working in all weathers and over any sort of ground, notably in enclosed country unsuitable for air reconnaissance. It can also secure information by means of prisoners. Its information can usually be relied on as accurate, and it is capable of determining the apparent contour of the enemy's front, and of maintaining close and constant contact with him. It can also occupy and hold ground for a limited length of time.

Information will of course be sought for simultaneously by air forces and by cavalry. The larger cavalry formations will normally be given by the higher command definite tasks to carry out by a certain time in certain areas, and will be fully informed of any special conditions likely to facilitate or affect the execution of such tasks. They will usually endeavour to accomplish their mission by utilizing all their available forces, constituting what the Instructions term the *découverte*, and consisting of their own aerial forces and of mobile detachments, either horsed or motorized. the whole *découverte* acting in close conjunction and operating at long range so as to reconnoitre all the main roads on a broad front. In rear the main body of the

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formation will advance, regulating pace, direction, and halts by the information received from the *découverte* in front, and ready either to screen the march of the slower moving formations of the main army or to seek contact with the hostile main body, according to the mission allotted to it or any fresh orders received from the high command.

The various reconnaissance groups of the formations of the main army will have to keep touch with the forward cavalry, and hold themselves in readiness to take over its duties should it be detached on any mission which would involve its turning aside and so uncovering the front of the main army.

When engaged on a mission which is primarily one of security rather than of information, the cavalry will still send out its reconnaissance patrols, and will back them up by a second screen of long range security detachments pushed out to a distance governed by the ground, the general situation, and the size of the body of troops they are to cover. The task of these detachments will be to secure and hold lightly any line affording good defensive facilities, especially against armoured fighting vehicles. On this line they may later be reinforced by the advanced guards and possibly even by the main bodies of the cavalry formation to which they belong.

There then follows a separate chapter entitled "General Considerations on the Employment of Large Cavalry Formations," which is full of interest and value. The offensive power of these formations, it is there stated, is high by reason of their strength in artillery and armoured fighting vehicles, but as against this high degree of offensive power must be set the serious congestion often resulting from the large number of their vehicles, the vulnerability of many of these vehicles to anti-tank weapons and to air attack, and the high demands of maintenance, supply and refuelling. The task of the commander of a large cavalry formation is one demanding high and unusual qualities —the power of rapid thinking and of quick decision, ability to issue at short notice orders which combine simplicity with precision, plenty of enterprise to enable him to utilize to the best advantage the mobility of his command, and the necessary

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initiative to enable him to carry out the tasks entrusted to him, although he may for long periods together be out of touch with his superiors.

The crux of his leadership must always be to co-ordinate the employment of the three categories of fighting troops under his command—the horsed, motorized, and armoured units. In the course of whatever actions he may be undertaking, despite any obstacles of the terrain or action of the enemy, he will have to move his powerful but cumbrous mass of manœuvre swiftly and surely to the point where he has decided to direct his principal blow, as being the most suitable for the co-operation of all his forces on formidable ground.

To do this successfully will call for a high degree of decentralization on his part and his subordinate commanders must be capable of carrying out their role with intelligence and initiative.

When acting on the offensive the commander will proceed, first, to reconnoitre his adversary, and then to attempt to engage and pin him down on a broad front, preparatory to delivering the decisive stroke at the chosen point with the maximum force available. He will usually engage all his forces from the first in such a decisive stroke, relying less on successive efforts than on surprise, initial weight, and power of manœuvre, and will try to take advantage of the mobility of his units to bring about a swift combination of front and flank attacks and hit the enemy hard at the chosen point. The above considerations apply in the main to the encounter battle; should the enemy be found established in a defensive position, the large cavalry formation can act against him only if reinforced with the means necessary for the purpose, when it will operate in much the same manner as an infantry division.

In defensive fighting, cavalry formations should take full advantage of their mobility and great fire power and of favourable ground for defence to secure and hold wider fronts than those normally admissible, though the duration of their resistance may often be limited. Particularly suitable for delaying action and manœuvre in retreat, they are less so for prolonged or stub-

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born resistance, which should be demanded of them only in exceptional circumstances, and even then only if they can be powerfully reinforced by artillery and infantry for the purpose.

The cavalry corps, which may include according to circumstances, horsed divisions, light mechanized divisions, or motorized or normally composed infantry divisions, is reckoned capable of developing a rapid offensive or defensive action, the weight of which will vary with the composition of the formation at the time. The normal method of working will be for the commander, who will normally retain a reserve in his own hand, to distribute tasks to his subordinate formations, in accordance with the plan of manœuvre which he will draw up on the basis of information received by him from the "*découverte*." It will be part of his task closely to co-ordinate the action of the air forces and the cavalry detachments working together to form this "*découverte*." He will also have to take measures for the security of his command, which he will normally do by laying down lines to be occupied and held by divisional security detachments in such a manner as to ensure to the cavalry corps a series of successive security zones within the boundaries of which he can freely handle his mass of manœuvre. In this connection he will also have to lay down the missions and objectives of the advanced guards of his divisions and arrange for, or ask his superiors to arrange for, the necessary air security.

Finally, having distributed among his divisions their due proportion of any supplementary forces attached to the corps, he will issue his dispositions and orders for the manœuvre decided on. He will to this end lay down : the lines of advance and zones of action of his divisions; the successive bounds to be made good by their main bodies; the times by which these are to be reached, and the arrangements for securing touch along them; the place of his reserves; and the measures to be taken to secure control of all roads in the corps area.

Once battle is joined, it will probably be necessary for the cavalry corps to adopt a defensive attitude on the greater portion of the front, and employ the whole of its somewhat limited means of offensive action in the section chosen for its main effort

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of attack. This will be selected by the commander during the course of the previous manœuvring for positions, in accordance with the information at his disposal. As soon as he has made this decision, he will allot sectors of attack, lines of attack, and objectives to his divisions, reinforcing those entrusted with the principal attack either from his reserve or by drawing troops from those destined for a defensive role only. Normally he will always keep in hand a reserve of troops and part of his artillery.

In certain circumstances, such as an attack on hostile forces surprised in movement, or in a pursuit, it may be possible for the cavalry corps to carry out several simultaneous or successive attacks on widely separated points; it will then be necessary for the commander to allot to the formations carrying out each of these attacks additional troops from his reserve in accordance with their relative importance. It will also be one of his duties to co-ordinate, usually through the medium of the cavalry corps artillery commander, the action of the corps artillery and the artillery of all the divisions under his command.

In much the same manner, during a manœuvre in retreat, the cavalry corps commander will lay down the successive positions to be held during the various phases of the retirement, the hours up to which they are to be held, and most important of all, the degree of resistance to be offered on each position. He will also draw up a general plan of demolitions, and on this will largely depend the distribution of his forces to hold the various successive lines of defence.

Should the cavalry corps be called on definitely to fight on a defensive position, the commander will define the forward zone and battle zone, the tasks of his divisions, the routes of approach to be forbidden to the enemy, and the localities to be held. Normally, divisions will be disposed side by side, each providing for defence in depth within its own sector.

In exceptional circumstances cavalry corps may be employed as part of a covering force, disposed as if for defence on a wide front. In this event the commander will maintain it in constant readiness to manœuvre in retreat if hard pressed by a superior enemy, and will keep in hand strong mobile reserves

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suitably disposed on roads reconnoitred beforehand, so as to enable him rapidly to reinforce any part of his wide front at need. It may also upon occasion be necessary to use a cavalry corps in the battle line; but if the advantages of its special aptitudes and powers of manœuvre are not to be lost, it will usually be necessary to attach to it such additional troops as will enable it to fulfil its special task quickly and cheaply, so that it may revert as soon as possible to its normal role.

Passing next to the cavalry division, the existence of both horsed and mechanized units in this formation, its strength in automatic weapons, and the motorization of its transport endow the cavalry division with a high degree of power and mobility, and the tasks entrusted to it should be such as will allow it to take the fullest advantage of both.

The orders given to its commander should lay down : its task, its line of advance, its zone of action, objectives to be secured by certain definite times, the nature of the information required and the time by which it is required, and the action to be taken should the enemy be met with. On the basis of these orders the divisional commander will draw up his plan of manœuvre and issue his own orders, which should deal with, among other points : (a) Information to be obtained.

(b) Security arrangements.

(c) Disposition of the division.

The services of information and security will normally be provided for on the same principles as those already laid down for the cavalry corps.

The disposition of the division will be governed by its task, by the ground and by the general situation. In a country suitable to motorized units, where they have the necessary room to manœuvre, these will be pushed rapidly forward to gain touch with the enemy, while the horsed units follow on the roads in rear, using the best speed of which they are capable, to take up their allotted positions in accordance with the general plan of manœuvre decided on by the divisional commander.

Should the ground be difficult and the enemy in force near at hand, it may be preferable to employ the horsed units in first

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line, support them with armoured fighting vehicles, and retain the motorized units in reserve for the time being.

In order to avoid mixing up horsed and mechanized units and to ensure the necessary disposition in depth throughout the division, the normal procedure will be to organize within the formation tactical groups, each of which will receive its appropriate task, line of advance, zone of action, successive bounds, and orders for its guidance in case of encounter with the enemy. It will be the responsibility of the divisional commander to co-ordinate the action of these tactical groups. It may sometimes also be necessary for him, in order to avoid dispersion of effort and loss of control, to limit the forces of which the commanders of groups are at liberty to dispose without prior reference to himself.

The offensive action of the cavalry division will be carried out on the general lines laid down for the cavalry corps above. It will normally be carried out by the whole of the available artillery and armoured fighting vehicles available, and will be directed against a chosen point on the enemy's front or against his flank, according to circumstances.

When acting on the defensive the commander of the cavalry division will seek to make use of all advantages of the ground to enable it to hold a wide front, and will strive to preserve his liberty of manœuvre by constituting and keeping in his own hand a strong reserve of mobile troops ("*dragons portés*," armoured cars and tanks). In face of a powerful hostile attack the powers of resistance of the cavalry division are severely limited by its small numbers of men and artillery.

During withdrawal the normal procedure will be for the commander to use part of his division to hold an advanced position, while with the remainder he organizes the defence of a second position at a sufficient distance in rear of the first to make it necessary for the enemy to mount and carry out two successive and distinct attacks. He will fix the duration of the resistance on each in accordance with the task of the division, the total amount of time he has been ordered to gain by delaying the pursuit of the enemy, and the favourable or unfavourable nature of

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the ground as regards defence. His orders will cover such points as organization of command, successive positions to be held, allotment of troops between these positions, the role of the artillery, and arrangements for withdrawal from positions to positions. He will also arrange to carry out the programme of demolitions laid down by higher authority as far as concerns his own zone of action.

In a defensive action the cavalry division will fight as an infantry division and will be reinforced as necessary by artillery and machine-gun units. Particular attention will have to be paid to the security of the led horses and empty vehicles, as any extensive losses among these would cripple the division's utility in future operations.

In a retreat the cavalry division, under cover of rearguards reinforced by armoured fighting vehicles, will take full advantage of its mobility to fall back rapidly out of reach of the enemy pursuit, until the time comes for a stand to be made or for the offensive to be resumed.

We finally come to what from our present point of view is the most interesting part of the official French cavalry doctrine—the instructions for the light mechanized division. This differs in composition from the normal type of cavalry division in consisting entirely of mechanized or motorized units (two light tank regiments, a regiment of "*dragons portés*," two motorized artillery brigades, an engineer detachment, and services), all horsed units having been discarded.

"The light mechanized division," we read, "is a formation characterised by high mobility, wide radius of action and armoured protection. Equipped for long range reconnaissance, capable of ensuring its own security, it can fulfil, with the help of the necessary reinforcements, every task devolved on a large cavalry formation, and is especially suited for the service of information and security indispensably required by large motorized formations. Its numerous armoured fighting vehicles enable it in the offensive to deliver sudden and surprise attacks, while for defensive purposes its great fire power renders it possible for it to hold effectively a wide extent of front."

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The "*elements portés*" will normally have the task of holding ground gained by the armoured units, supporting their attack, or observing or masking the hostile front in sectors not attacked. The armoured units, forming the spearhead of the formation, will have the duty of carrying out decisive attacks and counter attacks; but they will require protection against hostile anti-tank weapons, and this must be afforded them by the automatic and anti-tank armourment of the "*elements portés*," supported by the divisional artillery and attached air forces. "Success can be regarded as assured only after the "*elements portés*," which alone can hold ground, have established themselves in the gains conquered by the armoured units."

The light mechanized division must be so organized as regards its command and intercommunication, supply, and transport services, as to be able to take over and utilize to the full such troops as may be temporarily sent to form part of it for any special mission. For offensive tasks, such additional troops may comprise extra air squadrons, tank units, tractor-drawn artillery, or motorized infantry; for defensive tasks, anti-tank units, machine-gun battalions, or artillery.

The normal missions envisaged for the light mechanized division are three in number :—

(a) *Exploration* for the benefit of the normal larger formations. It should be capable of carrying out a mission of this nature on a front of from 25 to 35 miles to a distanoe of 60 to 100 miles ahead of the main body of the army and of maintaining an average speed in the advance of 10 to 15 miles an hour.

(b) *Security*, either in the initial stage of operations as part of the covering force or in reserve to it; at later stages, to screen the entry into action of motorized formations or to protect at a distance the front or flank of forces carrying out an offensive or defensive manœuvre.

(c) *Intervention in Battle* : (i) in an offensive battle by passing through a breach effected in the enemy's front or by passing round one of his flanks, so as to reach his back areas and lines of communication (such attack to be delivered in close co-operation with those undertaken simultaneously by other large formations),

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and also by carrying out a vigorous pursuit. (ii) In a defensive battle by manœuvring in retreat, or by intervening from reserve to fill a gap in the front or counter attack a temporarily victorious assailant.

The effective combination of the actions of air forces with that of the light mechanized division will often be productive of most fruitful results.

As regards the principles of employment of the division, these differ only in detail from those laid down for the normal type of cavalry division; but owing to the greater mobility and wider dispersion of the former, its commander must be a man of unusual resolute and quick thinking, and capable of expressing himself clearly, simple and briefly in issuing his orders.

When engaged in an offensive mission he will have to organize his service of security and information in full realization of the fact that he will require by reason of the great size and great mobility of his mass of manœuvre, to get his information unusually quickly and to spread his protective net unusually widely.

His command will always be so disposed on the march that it can quickly resume battle formation, and has at his disposal and under its control the routes necessary for such a rapid deployment. It too, like the normal type cavalry division, will usually form tactical groups, often involving the temporary attachment to certain units of bodies of troops or detachments from other units.

The offensive manœuvre and the attack of the light mechanized division will be carried out at speed, starting from a jumping off area held in strength by the "*elements portés*" and supported by their fire and by that of the artillery. Should the enemy be caught completely by surprise, there may occur a suitable opportunity to deliver a swift and violent attack with the armoured units relying on their own fire only, without waiting for the support of the slower moving units. The divisional commander will always keep a reserve in his own hand and will bear in mind the necessity for a rallying position in case of a repulse.

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When acting on the defensive the light mechanized division is suitable for holding a front thinly, for counter strokes, and for covering a retirement, especially a deliberate step by step retreat from position to position.

Such, summarily stated, is the present-day French official doctrine for the employment of cavalry. It is hoped in forthcoming issues of the CAVALRY JOURNAL to outline certain unofficial views and theories in elaboration of the above, and to add, possibly, some comments or criticisms on various points of interest.

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THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

The Oldest Cavalry Regiment of the Line.

By J. Paine.

The fact that the 1st The Royal Dragoons will now be one of the only horsed cavalry regiments provides a favourable opportunity for paying a tribute to this fine old regiment of heavy cavalry. The Royals is the oldest of the cavalry Line regiments.

The badge of The Royals is of a truly national character, for it is the Crest of England within the Garter, whilst the regimental motto. " Spectemur Agendo," is of noble choice, since the translation is " Let us be judged by our deeds." That motto was pointedly alluded to by King George the Fifth when he presented a new Guidon to the Regiment at Aldershot in 1925. Regimental tradition dates its adoption back to 1740 when the Colonel of the Regiment was Charles, third Duke of Marlborough, who was related by marriage to the Barons Montagu, whose family arms bore the motto, " Spectemur Agendo." It was not, however, till 1856 that Royal approval was given for the retention of this much prized motto.

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When raised by the Earl of Peterborough in 1661 as The Tangier Horse, the Regiment only comprised one troop. Its early activities embrace a stretch of over twenty years conflict with the Moors during the British occupation of Tangier, followed by a period when the Colonelcy was held by no less a personage than Lord Churchill, afterwards first Duke of Marlborough. The Royals' first Battle Honour, "Tangier, 1662-1680," is borne by no other cavalry regiment in the Service. This much prized honour is followed by "Dettingen," "Warburg," "Beaumont" and "Willems," and then coming to the last century, there are "Fuentes d'Onor," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Balaclava," "Sevastopol." "Relief of Ladysmith," and 'South Africa, 1899-1902." No battle honours were granted to commemorate the distinguished part taken by the Regiment at Sedgemoor and Fontenoy.

The fact that The Royals captured a beautiful white satin standard from the French at Dettingen in 1743 brings to mind several other trophies and relics of regimental interest. There is, for instance, the curiously worded Recruiting Poster circulated in 1764 and still in the Regiment's possession. It is worded thus: "Wanted Volunteers for His Majesty's 1st (or Royal) Regiment of Dragoons, Commanded by General the Earl of Pembroke. All Young Men, willing to serve in the above-named Regiment, shall immediately enter into present Pay, and good Quarters, by applying to the Commanding Officer, at the Head Quarters in the City of Exeter, or at Axminster, Ottery St. Mary, Newton-Bushell, or with a Recruiting Party stationed at Devizes, Wiltshire, while each Volunteer will receive His Majesty's full Bounty of Two Guineas and Half; with an Addition of Pay, and a Crown to drink His Majesty's Health; also a good Horse, Arms, Cloaths, and Accoutrements with every Thing necessary to complete a Gentleman Dragoon. Young men wishing to be entertained as Royal Dragoons must be well made, and well looking, perfectly sound and healthy, having no bodily Infirmity whatever, from the Age of Sixteen to Twenty-one Years, and from five Feet eight inches and a Half, to five Feet eleven Inches high. No Tramps or Vagabonds need apply, nor

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any Seafaring Men; likewise Militia Men not having served their Time, or any Apprentice whose Indentures are not given up; nor will any Man be entertained that is not known something of, as it is the Intention of the Regiment to inlist none but honest Fellows, that wish to serve their King and Country with Honesty and Fidelity. God Save the King."

Relating to the same century as this poster are the various Inspection Returns of the Regiment in the Public Record Office. One of these Returns contains the entry, "1774, 31 May. Trumpeters handsomely dressed, and formed a good Band of Music," whilst from another one learns that twenty-one years previously farriers and drummers were mounted on grey horses. In the early part of the last century there used to be a tavern in Newark, Nottinghamshire, known as "The Eight Bells," a title afterwards changed to "The Royal Dragoon," presumably in honour of the Regiment.

That special type of decoration known as a Regimental Medal is now a thing of the past. At least two instances can be given of silver Regimental Medals having been bestowed on non-commissioned officers of The Royals. One bore the inscription, "Major-General the Earl of Pembroke; obtained by Sergeant T. Fowler for Skill at arms; Colchester, 17th November, 1804." Pembroke, by the way, was the first British officer to compile a work on military equitation and in his portrait painted by the great Sir Joshua Reynolds, he is depicted in the uniform of The Royals, to whose Colonelcy he was appointed in 1764. The other Regimental Medal was inscribed, "This badge of merit was awarded by Colonel Clifton, the Royal Regiment of Dragoons, to Sergeant Cook, at Cork, 17th November, 1827" and bore a representation of the Standard of the 105th French Infantry Regiment. This Standard with its Eagle is now in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital and was captured by Captain Clarke and Corporal Stiles, both of The Royals, in one of the brilliant charges made by the Union Brigade at Waterloo. That Eagle remains to this day the collar badge of the Regiment, and "The Eagle" is the title of the Regimental Journal. The nickname,

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"The Bird Catchers," sometimes applied to the Regiment, has its origin of course in the capture of the Eagle. During the latter part of the eighteenth century the badge in vogue was a horse-shoe enclosing the design "1st D" inside a laurel wreath.

The notable part taken by The Royals throughout the Peninsular War recalls an observation once made by Wellington in a letter written from Lisbon in September, 1809, to General Payne, commanding the cavalry: "I arrived here yesterday and I saw The Royal Dragoons in the streets, and I think that in my life I never saw a finer regiment. They are very strong, the horses in good condition, and the regiment apparently in high order." Preserved in the little museum near the Waterloo battlefield is a pouch ornament worn by one of The Royals during the campaign and a copy of the Historical Record of the Regiment. The Royal Dragoons can boast of four historians—Richard Cannon, General De Ainslie, Brigadier-General E. Makins, C.B., D.S.O. (the present Colonel of the Regiment), and C. T. Atkinson, M.A.

The laurel wreath affixed to the Guidon on each Waterloo Day up to 1914 was an annual gift from the German Emperor, who had been appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment in 1894. When His Imperial Majesty reviewed part of our "contemptible little army" on Laffan's Plain on a beautiful August day in that year, he darted away from the saluting base when the turn came for the Royal Dragoons to pass and, drawing his sword, placed himself at the head of the Regiment and saluted the Duke of Connaught, who had replaced him at the flagstaff *pro tem*. When The Royals were clear, he cantered back to resume his post and continued to receive the salutes of the remaining troops. In the evening he dined at Government House attired in the mess dress of the Regiment, his right hand twinkling with rings on every finger. His English Dragoon helmet was minus its black plume on the following day when, at the head of a large and brilliant staff and mounted on a white charger, he galloped up to a mound to survey a glorious sham fight staged for his benefit in the Long Valley. It was on one of these great days at Aldershot that the Kaiser appeared at a

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review in the frock coat and forage cap of The Royals, but apparently the Royal wearer experienced some trouble with the chin-strap since it was most noticeably twisted on one side of the face.

Another Royal personage who wore the uniform of the Regiment for many years was a gentleman nearer to our own hearts, Prince Francis of Teck. In recognition of his services at the battles of the Atbara and Khartoum, His Serene Highness was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order and a few years later he was mentioned in despatches when serving against the Boers in South Africa. He is remembered for his devoted labours in the cause of London's medical charities, the Middlesex Hospital in particular.

Deserving of mention in this discussion is Saddler-Sergeant D. Johnson of The Royals, since the models of a field forge and limber and of a 6-pr. field gun with carriage which he constructed in the 'fifties, were thought worthy of exhibition in the Royal United Service Museum, where they may be seen to this day. The field gun was cast from old brass buttons, chaco-plates and chain belonging to every cavalry regiment in the Service. Displayed in the same museum is a statuette of a Royal Dragoon of 1750. The 'fifties recall, of course, the Crimean War and the magnificent charge of The Royals at Balaclava, where they rode with the Heavy Brigade and covered themselves with glory. The oldest survivor of the rank and file of the Regiment who fought in the Crimea, Robert Barber, was living in 1913. His photograph lies before me now and depicts a hale-looking, white bearded man, close on ninety years of age, wearing three medals and holding his beloved old helmet. He was then drawing a pension of one shilling and a penny a day!

Perhaps the best known notability from the ranks of the Regiment was Archibald Forbes, who broke off his university course to enlist in The Royal Dragoons and, while still a trooper, contributed articles to the papers. As a war correspondent he saw much service and is remembered also as a writer of many military works. One of the most interesting autobiographies ever penned. "Life As I Have Found It," was written by General

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C. P. De Ainslie, who was Colonel of The Royals in the 'seventies and 'eighties. Worthy of mention too are a couple of historical works penned by officers of the Regiment, the Journal of Colonel de St. Pierre, relating to the War of the Spanish Succession, and the two volume Memoir of the Earl of Peterborough written by Colonel Frank Russell in 1887. The well known treatise on "Veterinary Medicine," a work which ran into many editions, was written by James White, who was Veterinary Surgeon of the Royal Dragoons from 1797 to 1804. White was a man of singular ability and a somewhat advanced thinker for his day. The remarkable diary of the Unknown Trooper of the Royals of 1702 during the fighting in Spain (recently published by the Society for Army Historical Research) was written when the author was in his 83rd year.

The Regiment's activities against the Boers have been recorded by Brigadier-General E. Makins in his book "The Royals In South Africa, 1899-1902," and in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral one may gaze on the memorial erected in 1910 to the memory of those members of the Regiment who fell in the campaign. In 1904 the Regiment sailed for India for the first time in its career and it was destined to serve there again after the War. The Indian Grand Military of 1934 was won by an officer of The Royals, Captain Moseley, who three years previously had won the Grand Military when home on leave. The winner of the latter race in 1884 and again in 1891 was Burn-Murdoch, a celebrated gentleman rider of the Regiment of those days.

The fateful year 1914 saw The Royals in South Africa, from where they journeyed in October to Flanders, to form part of the 6th Cavalry Brigade, the story of whose achievements has been recorded in book form by Lieutenant J. B. Bickersteth, M.C., of The Royals. A squadron of the Regiment made a very successful charge on March 24th, 1918, at Collézy, when a mixed detachment of the 3rd Cavalry Division gallantly and effectively came to the aid of the 36th (Ulster) Division. The Great War gave the Regiment its first and only Victoria Cross, the recipient being Second-Lieutenant J. S. Dunville, who after-

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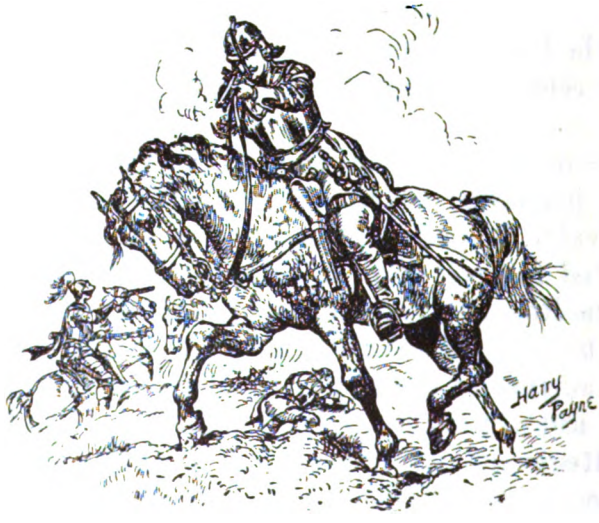
wards succumbed to his wounds. And who could ever forget The Hon. Julian Grenfell, the poet? This talented officer joined The Royals in 1909, won the D.S.O. in 1914 and died of his wounds in hospital at Boulogne in the following year. The Regiment's achievements throughout the campaign are commemorated in many Battle Honours, ten of which appear on the Guidon. "Grey Lady," an equine survivor of the War, who was on the Regiment's strength in 1926, was still in the land of the living ten years later. She was then living in peaceful retirement at Folkestone, and, despite her twenty-seven years and a shoulder wound, was regularly hunted with the East Kent and other hounds.

And here one must reluctantly take leave of a regiment remembered for so many things—scarlet tunics and blue facings; black plumed shining helmets; the familiar notes of the regimental slow march; the memory of a long line of gallant officers, non-commissioned officers and men, and, lastly, the illustrious past of the Regiment itself. Little wonder Prussia's last King felt proud when he rode at the head of his British regiment over forty years ago.



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"AS OTHERS SEE US."

By Lieutenant-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.Hist.S.

Every now and again a voice is raised from out of the ranks of the Reformers, declaring that the method of teaching history is all wrong. The fault is said to lie in the way that historians distort facts in order to shed the greater lustre upon their own country. The result is curious in this that on reading the accounts of any battle fought during the last couple of centuries, written by historians of the contending parties, you are left in complete uncertainty as to who was victor in the fray, who the vanquished. It is generally "the other fellow" who was vanquished sometimes without noticing the fact judging by his subsequent demeanour. The historians whose work leads to such bewildering results have not, as a rule, been active fighting men themselves however much they may sound the trumpet. They have had to rely upon a mass of documents, reports, personal recollections confusing in themselves, and always in an atmosphere far removed from that of the action described. The temptation then is to draw deductions and to do this without bias to one side or other requires almost superhuman effort, such effort is moreover, discouraged officially in some countries. These reflections on the making of history, render it all the more satisfactory, that the doings of British Cavalry in France during the Great War, have been chronicled by men who confined themselves to stating facts. The accounts of actions in which British cavalry performed feats that astounded their opponents, are sober and strictly objective. It is this very quality which not only excluded the British cavalry from any favourable consideration by the public, but even encouraged a demand for the abolition of all horsed troops. The public was led to believe

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that our cavalry was quite useless during the war, and as it seldom thinks out things for itself, was quite prepared to agree with the quid-nuncs who air their opinions on all things and at all seasons. To prove the utter uselessness of cavalry in war you must abstain from reading any accounts of that arm's achievements. The accounts chronicled by British cavalrymen may well suggest to the layman who knows nothing of warfare, that our horsed troops did very little towards victory. A charge here and there, a hard ride to gain a commanding position, long days of constant movement, mounted and dismounted, nights passed in the open under conditions so inclement that the horses' welfare became a matter of grave anxiety. All this is recorded by regiments that did these things, in terms so modest as to suggest that they were just matters of everyday routine and nothing to "make a song about." This would be the impression of those few that ever read the war records kept by our cavalry regiments, and therefore they would not make a song about them. No poet has yet been moved to tell of Monchy-les-Preux, Moreuil and Rifle Wood, and Villers Bretonneux. Happily among our opponents were those capable of appreciating the deeds done by British Cavalry, and eye witnesses on the other side have told us of them in glowing terms yet with professional appraisement.

It is the hall mark of the true soldier that he can feel genuine admiration of his adversary. This generous feeling informed the German soldier, who was one of those troops that had been forced back a matter of four or five miles during the early stages of Nivelles great attack in April, 1917. The 11th of that month is described by that German eyewitness as the day of "sacrificial death ride" by British cavalry, as "the last shreds of war's romance, thundering troops, flashing swords and all that belonged to old time chivalry." To the 10th Hussars and Essex Yeomanry it was a simple duty to be carried out with all directness, Monchy-les-Preux was to be taken and held. To the German infantryman looking out over the ground he had been forced to abandon, the problem was equally simple; hold on at all costs. Therefore he held his fire until those lines of horsemen galloping up through driving shreds of snow and mist, should

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draw within range. Then, as he was trained to do, he filled all that flat depression with shot and shell, and a hail of bullets from rifle and machine gun. All this time he was under heavy barrage fire from our side. Nevertheless our eyewitness was able to take note of his surroundings, German artillery dashing up from Boisy-Notre Dame to take the British cavalry in flank, over the sights. "It is impossible," say the German gunners, "simply unqualified impertinence," and increase their rate of fire as the first wave of horsemen overrides the outlying line of riflemen. Hussars and Yeomen close their ranks and ride straight as the flight of an arrow, for Monchy. No more reports from the German artillery observers in Monchy, and those on the south side of the village, will never send in another message, they have been stamped into the shell-pitted ground as the cavalry passed over.

Said the German writer: "the attack was over as quickly as it had come. Like some phantom charge out of past centuries, Cromwell's red-coated Ironsides in the setting of materialist, mechanized modern warfare. The British cavalry attack of April 11th, 1917, was great, heroic and we are proud of an opponent who dares do such a thing." Here the force of tradition is illustrated by the 3rd Dragoon Guards to whom the German author refers; "they are direct descendants of Cromwell's Ironsides." When James II recruited his 4th Horse in Oxfordshire, Bedfordshire and St. Albans district, the sons of those who had ridden under the Protector's standard rode out to join the forces of Law and Order.

Whereas the operations which included the action by the 6th Cavalry Brigade failed to break the opponents resistance and this for reasons that do not affect the reputation of British arms, the great German March offensive shows our cavalry as unsurpassed in execution of its most difficult task, that of covering a retreat. In this case again we are fortunate in the account of an eyewitness on the other side, moreover a cavalryman, one who would understand the immensity of the task in what he describes as "the greatest defensive battle of all times for the British Army." Here and there incidents stand out as landmarks in

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the swirling tide of battle. Stourton and his patrol of 8th Hussars crossing the Somme to reconnoitre towards Cérisy and Morcourt, observing without being seen, the movements of half a battalion of German infantry marching along without any of the usual protective measures; an example of ground reconnaissance, but where were our aircraft? The Canadians in hand-to-hand fight with Saxon Grenadiers on the fringe of that beech-wood near Moreuil; one horse and two desperately wounded troopers remained captive in German hands. It is interesting to note the reasons given for the failure of German infantry to check the charge of cavalry both at Villeselve on the 24th and at Moreuil Wood on 30th of March. The German infantry had been trained in the use of hand grenades to such an extent that musketry had been neglected, so also had bayonet exercises, in fact many of the Saxons had forgotten to fix bayonets and were hopelessly outclassed when it came to meeting the Canadian troopers as handy with a short pistol as with a long sword. By that time the British cavalryman was asured of his superiority over the German infantryman. Finally, it was British cavalry, again according to the German authority, that brought the great March offensive to a standstill at Villers-Bretonneux on 24th April, 1918.

The German cavalryman who wrote this in praise of our cavalry, did so because no one on our side had done them full justice. It would be interesting to hear that same authority on our cavalry at the present moment comparing it with his own and that of neighbours whom he may have to meet in battle any day. On the one hand he would find those fine old regiments changed beyond recognition and starting out to build up a new tradition, on the other he would find his neighbours steadily increasing their horsed troops and encouraging horsemanship by all manner of means. In this direction the Germans have made an important gain. In consequence of the "Anschluss" all that Austria acquired in the domain of equitation since the days of 17th century Hispano-Habsburg, becomes the property of the third Reich. The result of a comparison between the German cavalry, for instance, and our own, can satisfy only those who say

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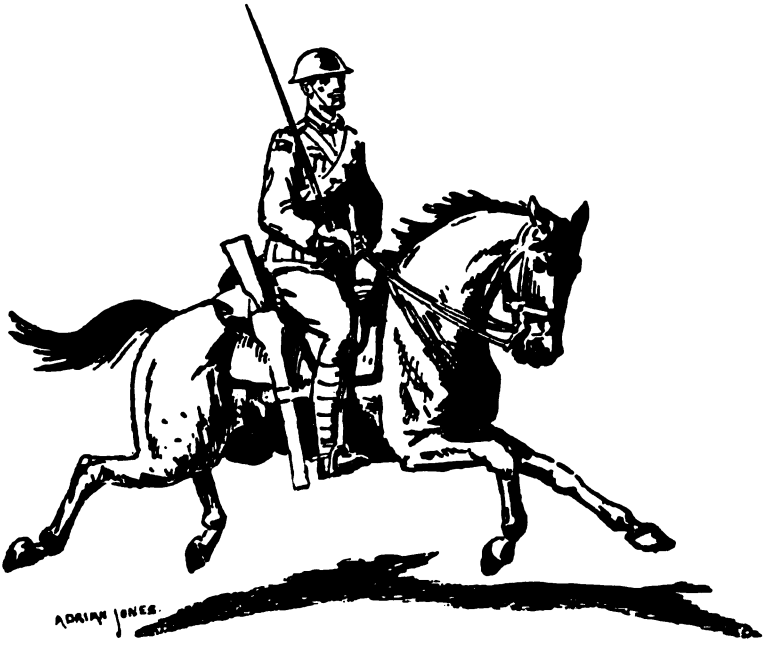
"cavalry is no use." Our German critics and well-wishers are astounded at what seems to them our surrender to the clamourous inexpert.

There remains a body of opinion which still maintains that cavalry may yet prove not only useful but of extreme value. You will find that opinion embattled in the Shires, where some of the Yeomanry regiments have retained their horses and their traditions, in Ireland where the framework of a Horse Militia still stands ready to be filled up at a moment's notice. The horse is surely coming back into use for transport and agricultural purposes, especially in Ireland the native land of many a fine old cavalry regiment. According to a census taken on 1st June, 1937, there are close on 500,000 horses in the Irish Free State alone; this is an increase of 5,785 over 1936. It would be interesting to put alongside of these figures, the number exported to those continental people who do not breed enough horses for their warlike purposes. With them authority creates public opinion, with us "vox populi" may sway authority, it is certainly becoming interested on the subject of the horse.



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MECHANIZING LONDON'S FIRE-FIGHTING SERVICE.

By VERNON SOMMERFIELD.

AMONG the pictures in this article is one of a streamlined fire engine, which strikes an ultra-modern note in the design of mechanical vehicles. This is the latest stage to date in the evolution of the London fire-fighting service, whose history can be traced back for over seven hundred years. And that is not the beginning, although there is not much in the way of definite record before the twelfth century.

There is one important difference between the process of mechanizing London's buses and the London Fire Brigade. In the former instance, after a lengthy period of experimentation with the object of evolving a standard chassis, the horse gave way to the internal combustion engine, and there was no intermediate or transitional stage. In the case of the Fire Brigade, there was an intermediate phase. First came the manually-operated engine, which did not change materially during many centuries. Then came the steam-operated pump, mounted on a horse-drawn vehicle, which was succeeded by the steam-driven pump, and not until 1908 was the mechanically-worked pump combined with motor traction.

Our first date is so early as 1189. In that year, the Lord Mayor of London—the first to hold the historic office—promulgated an "Assize of Buildings," with the object of encouraging the use of stone in place of wood, more particularly for party walls. A second Assize, of 1212, went further, and required new houses to be roofed with lead, boards, tiles, or shingles, instead of the traditional rushes or reeds that had served for dwelling-houses and other buildings largely made of

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LONDON FIRE BRIGADE

A horse-drawn manually operated double-acting reciprocating pump, worked from both sides by extending bars. This engine was made for the London Fire Brigade by Shand Mason, in 1890. Engines of this type were last used in the Brigade in 1899. As shown, the appliance is manned by men from No. 68 Station, Redcross Street,

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wood. This second Assize is of particular interest, since the civic authorities also made regulations for primitive fire-fighting measures; it was decreed that each alderman should "keep a crook and cord," and it was further recommended that every householder should place a vessel full of water before his doorway.

Such modest measures appear to have been considered adequate for four centuries. They also seem largely to have been disregarded, or allowed to fall into desuetude, for in 1615 we find James the First declaring that it was his royal wish "to leave words, and to act and execute our Princely ordinances on that behalfe, and not to make discourse of recital of them." The proclamation furthermore expressed the hope that—

"As it was said by the first Emperor of Rome that he had found the city of Rome of bricke, and left it of marble, so that Wee, whom God hath honoured to be the first King of Great Britaine, mought be able to say in some proportion, that Wee had found our citie and suburbes of London of stickes, and left them of bricke, being a materiall far more durable, safe from fire, beautifull and magnificent."

The monarch was too optimistic; fifty-one years later much of central London was destroyed by the Great Fire, with which the crooks and cords were insufficient to cope, the only effective means at the time being to blow up or pull down adjacent houses, so as to create gaps too wide for the flames to cross. That method, it may be said, in parenthesis, actually belongs to the technique of modern fire-fighting, but it is not adopted save as a last resort, or where fire is accompanied by exceptionally strong wind.

It is characteristic of the national fondness for "muddling through," that the Great Fire, which ought to have stimulated immediate reform in the matter of fire-fighting, did, in fact, nothing of the kind. It took another forty-one years before an Act was passed ordering every parish to keep a "large engine," a hand engine, and a leather pipe, and enjoining on churchwardens, of all people, the responsibility for fixing fire cocks on water mains and pipes, and for indicating the position of the

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cocks by signs on neighbouring houses. This measure illustrates another national characteristic; Government action was not taken until the way had first been shown by private enterprise, in the shape of the organization of the first fire brigades by insurance companies at the end of the seventeenth century. Those brigades are specifically referred to in the 1707 Act, which mentions the employment by the fire offices of "watermen" for extinguishing fires, who "give greater help than any other persons not used to come into danger." The watermen may be regarded as the first ancestors of the present London Fire Brigade, which incidentally, recruits most of its members from either the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine.

A word on the origin of the fire insurance business. Three years after the passing of the 1707 Act, there was launched the Sun Fire Office which has thus an unbroken record of 228 years. Prior to its establishment, fire insurance was either a personal venture involving only one or two individuals, or was conducted on a co-operative system; a number of subscribers contributed to a common fund, and if a loss had to be made good it was collected from all the parties concerned, under penalty of forfeiting part of the money they had paid in. This method appears to have worked well enough, but was unscientific, and led to complicated calculations for assessing the value of damage or loss, as well as to delays in settling claims.

The Sun started its career on a more scientific basis. It began with twenty-four members, or shareholders, who pledged themselves to pay claims on the principle of share and share alike. There had been previous ventures—the Phœnix (not the present undertaking of that name), the Friendly, and the Hand-in-Hand. The nature of the business done by the last-named can be gauged from its original style, which was that of

> "Contributors for insuring Houses, Chambers, or Rooms from Loss by Fire by Amicable Contribution within the Cities of London and Westminster and the Liberties thereof, and the places thereunto adjoining."

The contributory principle of meeting losses is here clearly stated; in 1706, one Charles Povey had started a business for

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insuring against fire losses in London and Westminster, and it was in part at least due to his recognition that he was taking too great a burden on himself, that the Sun Fire Office was established four years later.

Organized fire-fighting as we know it to-day grew out of these pioneer insurance concerns, who, for their own protection, raised and equipped fire brigades. Those brigades were efficient, but their private nature brought with it the great drawback that they assumed no responsibility for fires in general, being interested only in those on the premises of their subscribers. A conflagration might rage fiercely in a dwelling-house bearing the plaque of the Sun, but it was no business of the Phœnix brigade, and it was the business of neither if the fire were on the premises of a Hand-in-Hand subscriber, or a non-insured person. But we must admit in justice that the restricted development of the private brigades limited their activities, then and much later. In fact, down to well in the nineteenth century fire-fighting equipment in London was still so inadequate, that when the elder Brunel's Battersea sawmills were burning in August, 1814, "as another fire was raging in the city at the same time, only three fire engines could be spared for Battersea, and the tide being out, they could hardly get any water." In the result, the mills were burnt out, and his losses on the venture sent Brunel to the King's Bench Prison for a while.

Until well on in the century, the fire engine also remained a primitive contrivance. Indeed, there was no appreciable difference between the appliances available in the cities and those maintained by a village brigade. Small four-wheeled wooden trucks resembling a box on wheels, a crude hand pump, and a few lengths of leather hose (the commercial utilization of rubber is a relatively recent development) represent the equipment in use from the beginning of the seventeenth century until the eighteen-thirties; the first steam fire engine used in London did not inaugurate its career until 1832 at a fire at Barclay and Perkins' Southwark Brewery, To anticipate the story, we may mention that the manual fire engine did not disappear from the London area until 1899.

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This same year 1832 saw a much more important development, since it was then that the various organizations maintained by the insurance companies were amalgamated into one, through the initiative of an officer of the Sun Fire Office, the new undertaking receiving the style of the London Fire Engine Establishment. Its institution was a great advance, but the principle of private responsibility for the fire service was still maintained. Four years later there was set up another voluntary organization, the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire. The distinction in title is of importance; it is a feature of fire-fighting in London that attention was paid to the putting out of fires many years before the first measures were taken for saving life.

The Metropolitan organization of the eighteen-thirties was still small. The yearly expenses of the establishment amounted at first to only £8,000, the staff was no more than eighty, and nineteen stations were maintained. Even in 1862, shortly before the civic authorities assumed responsibility, there were only twenty stations and a hundred-and-twenty men, although the annual expenditure had increased to £25,000. The Society, which maintained fire escapes at some eighty to ninety stations in central London, spent about £7,000 a year.

Modern history begins in 1865. In June, 1861, there occurred the great fire in Tooley Street, which cost the life of the Superintendent of the Fire Engine Establishment, and destroyed property to the value of some two millions. Damage on this scale appears to have convinced both the local authorities and the Government that "something ought to be done about it," and negotiations, in which the insurance companies were, of course, concerned, eventually brought about the Metropolitan Fire Brigade Act, 1865. This placed on the then Metropolitan Board of Works (superseded in 1889 by the London County Council) the triple responsibility for extinguishing fires, protecting life, and protecting property. Between 1866 and 1867, the Board accordingly took over the stations, equipment and staff of the establishment, the staff and escapes of the Society, and the engines maintained by the various parishes, together

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with the men in charge of the last. In 1889 the Brigade in turn came under the control of the London County Council.

The Council's area embraces approximately 120 square miles, with a population of about four-and-a-half millions, and there are sixty-two stations, including the new headquarters on the Albert Embankment and three floating stations at Battersea, Blackfriars, and Cherry Gardens. The floats, it is interesting to recall, carry on an old tradition; they go back to the early days of the Sun Fire Office, and if those aquatic fire-fighters lacked the power and efficiency of the contemporary craft, they made up for it in picturesqueness, especially in the matter of the gilded solar emblem on the bows.

This hundred-and-twenty square miles is the wealthiest area of its size in the world. It embraces the greatest of all financial and banking centres, the headquarters of the bullion, fur, and jewellery trades, and most of the London Docks, which carry on the greatest entrepot trade of the Five Continents in the world's greatest port, and are responsible for much of the essential food supplies of considerably more than a quarter of the total population of Britain. Wimbledon, Kingston, Mitcham, Sydenham, Eltham, Woolwich, Bishopsgate, Whitechapel, Homerton, Stoke Newington, Camden Town, Hampstead, Kensington, Bayswater, Wandsworth, Deptford, Hammersmith, and the City are among the districts in the administrative area.

The equipment taken over by the London County Council in 1889 comprised 143 engines, 146 escapes, and 80 hose carts, and 674 men were transferred to the Council's service. This last is less than a third of the present staff, including the technical, administrative, clerical, and workshops officials. Pumping appliances number 117, but comparative statistics give an incorrect impression, since there has during the present century been so great an increase in the power and efficiency of the equipment. That improvement, it should be noted, is not entirely due to mechanization. For example, the Brigade has been supplied with 50-ft. escapes and 40-ft. extension ladders. One of the latter is carried on each engine, or "pump," its special service being for use under conditions where rescue work is not feasible

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by means of the escape, such as in areas, back gardens, or forecourts. Other innovations are all-steel ladders, a hundred feet in length, and mounted on chassis with pneumatic tyres, self-contained pumps that can be used on top of a ladder, lorries designed to carry a mile-and-a-half of hose, engines with enclosed bodies that give the crew protection under all weather conditions, self-contained oxygen breathing apparatus, and a new type of helmet. This last may lack some of the glamour of the old brass headgear, but its cork and rubber composition is more serviceable, and the amenities were by no means neglected in its design, in which the Royal Fine Arts Commission collaborated. The new helmet is lighter and gives greater protection, and the reader may be interested to learn that although the "brass hat" is no longer worn on duty, it still forms part of the ceremonial uniform.

Mention has already been made of the use of the first steam pump in 1832. The appliance had actually materialized at an earlier date, the first built in England having been made in 1829 by Braithwaite and Ericsson. There is a striking coincidence in the date, since in the same year the two makers entered the *Novelty* in the Rainhill Trials, of which the outcome—the walk-over of George Stephenson's *Rocket*—determined the use of locomotive power on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and thus definitely wedded the locomotive to the railway.

The situation of London, and the quantity and nature of the merchandise stored in its docks, have for generations necessitated the provision of floating fire appliances capable of mobility on the Thames. As early as 1852, the Fire Engine Establishment had experimentally converted a manually-operated floating fire engine to steam, and three years later the first craft to be designed for steam working was placed in commission. The beginnings of mechanization were earlier on the river than on land, and it was not until 1860 that the first steam engine, which did good service at the Tooley Street fire, was employed. Thereafter, development was fairly rapid, 78 being in commission by 1904. After that, the tempo was quickened; 1905 saw the introduction of the first steam-propelled engine;

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LONDON FIRE BRIGADE

Intermediate Stage: Horse-Drawn Steam-Operated Engine

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three years later, the first petrol-driven chassis came on the scene, and a year after that the first all-petrol pumping appliance was put in service—actually a year before the first standard petrol bus came on the streets of London. Motor escape vans were introduced in 1906.

Among the most striking improvements consequent on mechanization has been the reduction of stations, due to the greater mobility of the petrol-driven engine. When the Council took over from the Board of Works, it found itself in possession of 55 stations, of which only 24 were eventually retained, the remainder being either out-of-date, or too small. There followed a programme of rebuilding and discarding, and by 1911 55 new stations were in use, making a total of 83. Fourteen years later, the number had been reduced to 62.

Scientific organization has gone hand in hand with mechanization. The general policy of the Brigade may be summarized by saying that in selecting the sites for stations the dual object is kept in view that engines and escapes should be able to arrive at the scene of any fire within a few minutes, and that at least a hundred men should be able to be concentrated in any specially dangerous area within a quarter of an hour. How these principles have been carried into effect is shown by the fact that only a very few and sparsely-inhabited districts in the administrative area are more than a mile from a station.

Getting quickly on the spot is facilitated by an elaborate network of fire alarms and telephones. The former are of much more recent origin than is generally realized, the first in London not having been installed until 1880. To-day, there are over 1,700; the number is being increased every year; and the goal aimed at is that it shall not be necessary to go more than a quarter of a mile from anywhere in the Brigade's area to call up a station. The alarms both receive and transmit messages, and a simple but ingenious system of numbering ensures that if a station receives two or more calls the officer in charge is automatically informed if they refer to the same fire or to outbreaks at more than one place.

The telephone system deserves an article to itself. Its heart

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is the sound-proofed control room at Headquarters, which serves both as the intelligence and communications centre of the whole Brigade. From a main switchboard occupying almost the whole of one side of the room, there go private lines—all in duplicate—to the six superintendent stations at Clapham, Whitefriars, New Cross, Whitechapel, Clerkenwell, and Manchester Square (off Oxford Street); to the Euston Divisional Station, the headquarters of the Northern Division; and the London Salvage Corps, Ambulance Headquarters, the County Hall, etc. Six exchange lines are also installed for administrative purposes, and the control room has its own self-contained emergency lighting service, for use in the contingency of failure of the normal supply. All sections of the Brigade are linked up by telephone: each station is connected with a superintendent's station, which is in turn connected by duplicate lines with Headquarters; as an additional safeguard, stations in adjoining districts are directly connected with each other; and every Post Office telephone exchange in the London area is connected with one or more stations. Furthermore, every theatre and music hall is required to be in direct telephonic communication with the nearest fire station; and hotels, hospitals and other public buildings and large business premises are encouraged to do the same. As a final factor in securing the quickest possible turn-out of the engines, special traffic control signals, linked with those at Lambeth Bridge, have been placed at each end of the headquarters building, and are worked from the watch room beneath the control room.

Just as the mechanization of London's buses has brought a number of standard types into being, so has it resulted in a diversified equipment in the Fire Brigade. In addition to the 59 pumps, there are 58 dual purpose appliances (i.e., escape-carrying engines) and 9 foam generators. Lorries, including 4 for carrying hose, turntable ladders, escape vans, and a canteen van are among the other mobile equipment, and there are just under 31,500 hydrants and 62 miles of hose.

The manufacture of this hose is a specialized job. It is made in two sizes, of $2\frac{3}{4}$ and $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter, and is handwoven

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LONDON FIRE BRIGADE, 1938

Latest Type: Stream-Lined Totally-Enclosed Pump

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from the best flax and lined with rubber. There are two standard lengths, of 50 and 100 ft., respectively. Rubber has two advantages for the purpose; it not only prevents leakage, but also reduces friction, with the result that the effective pressure is increased by about 20 per cent. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the maximum water flow is either 800 to 1,480 gallons of water a minute, according to whether single or double hydrants are being used. In the case of the hydrants provided by the City Corporation, of which there are about 830, the maximum flow is 1,280 gallons. All hydrants are inspected every two months.

The most recent developments have been in connection with streamlined, enclosed engines. The first of these was delivered about two years ago, and since then all new pumps have been built with enclosed bodies. The very latest type goes further by being a dual-purpose vehicle, carrying a crew of five, and a 50-ft. escape that can be quickly released from inside by the driver. This escape, it should be noted, is of steel, and represents the first instance of departure from wood, which had hitherto been exclusively used for the purpose, but is now in process of giving place to metal. The chassis is equipped with the standard turbine pump, giving an output of 700 gallons of water a minute at 150 lbs. pressure. There is also a first-aid equipment, with a pump coupled to a hose reel and fed from a 45-gallon tank.

Last year saw the delivery of another new appliance in the shape of a 100-ft. Morris-Magirus steel turntable ladder. This apparatus has numerous features of special interest. It is mounted on a Dennis chassis, can be used either for life-saving or as a water tower, and is equipped with a fire pump placed amidships with an output of 500 gallons a minute. The ladder itself is composed of four telescopic sections, and elevation, extension, and turning are by gearing driven off the engine. In order to prevent the ladder being extended to a degree of elevation beyond the self-supporting limit, there is an automatic stopping device, and loud-speaking telephones enable the officer in charge to talk with the fireman at the top of the ladder.

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Only a quarter of a minute is needed to reach a height of 100 ft.

Reference has already been made to the greater efficiency resulting from mechanization. This has been accompanied by a reorganization of working conditions. Until 1920, all members of the Brigade were required to be available for duty over the whole of the twenty-four hours, but in that year, after first discussing the suggestion for an eight-hour working day, the London County Council decided on the institution of a two-shift system for firemen and sub-officers. On the introduction of this system, it was found that the use of mechanical traction made it possible to close 15 stations, without departing from the basic requirements of the Brigade, that engines and other necessary appliances shall be on the scene of any fire within five minutes, and that at least a hundred men shall be on the spot within a quarter of an hour. It is particularly noteworthy that the introduction of the two-shift system necessitated the employment of only 610 additional men, a much smaller number than would have been required if the reorganization had not enabled these 15 stations to be closed.

Reference must be made to the Brigade's river fleet. The floats represent an interesting diversity of motive power, using steam, fast and slow-running paraffin engines, and Diesel engines. Of the two steam-driven craft, one uses coal and the other oil fuel.

The relatively brief period since the beginning of mechanization has been characterized by a high degree of originality and inventiveness. Here it may be said that the all-enclosed motor pump described above was the first of its kind to be built in any country, and that its combination of features, which also include oxygen breathing apparatus and a device for playing out the hose quickly, represents a considerable advance on all previous fire-fighting appliances.

The Brigade was also the first in Great Britain to be supplied with a heavy oil-driven fire engine. This has six cylinders, develops 100 brake-horse-power at 1,775 r.p.m., and can deliver up to 930 gallons of water a minute. The vehicle, fully loaded, can develop a speed of 40 miles within 31 seconds of starting,

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and accelerate from 10 to 40 miles an hour in 26 seconds. The compression-ignition engine is particularly suitable for fire-fighting, since the heavy oil makes for cooler running—a valuable feature in long-duration pumping.

A few statistics in conclusion. The uniformed staff of the Brigade consists of 2,128 officers and men, and there are 193 members employed in the administrative, technical, clerical and workshops staff. There are 62 stations, of which 3 are on the River, and in addition to the 58 dual-purpose appliances, there are 59 pumps, 11 breathing apparatus, 20 escape vans, 15 turn-table ladders, 5 tenders, 19 lorries, of which 4 are for carrying hose and 1 is for breakdown purposes, 9 foam generators, 18 cars, and a canteen van. Last year, the Brigade received a total of 10,606 calls. No fewer than 4,121 were false alarms, due either to such causes as electrical faults, or what is officially termed a malicious call, made by fire alarm or telephone. But a false alarm sets the machinery of the Brigade at work, and the fact that about two calls in every five are not in respect of actual fires indicates both the unnecessary strain that is imposed on the Brigade, and the nature of the organization that must respond to every alarm, however baseless or trivial.

The writer wishes to express his indebtedness to Commander Firebrace, Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade, and to the Sun Fire Office, for their assistance in the compilation of this article.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON MECHANIZATION.

By "TABMOW."

THE writer can lay claim, perhaps, to a fairly wide experience of cavalry tactics and organization, but he has been out of the picture for a number of years. He is probably, therefore, inclined to be reactionary, and certainly deficient in up-to-date information. In case he should appear to be criticising destructively, he wishes to make it clear that he is convinced of the necessity for mechanizing a large part, at any rate, of the British cavalry. His object in committing the following observations to paper is to indicate a few subjects for thought and discussion and certain direction, in which improvement in design or organization may perhaps be desirable.

How will a mechanized unit cope with that most unpleasant job of the Advanced Point? One has always been sorry for the two or three men sent forward with no other object, if the truth be told, than to draw fire and persuade the enemy to disclose his trap prematurely. Yet somehow or another they did not, in cavalry operations in the Great War, seem to suffer excessive casualties. The reasons probably are, that they presented to a rather excited enemy two or three moving targets with a good deal of air space below and around them, and that, when shot at, they decamped almost instantaneously at speed, either to one or both flanks, or straight back the way they had come, manœuvres in which they could usually count on their horses for the most willing co-operation. What, in such everyday situations will be the experience of the crew of the single light tank or armoured scout carrier, with its inanimate motive power? The writer of "Morale" in the summer number of the Journal says that the light tank is meat for the enemy anti-tank gunner in

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certain conditions. Will the armoured scout carrier be much less edible? If so, surely each troop should have one? Again, the leader of a squadron of 120 sabres operating on a single road, when he sent forward an advanced point of three men, was exposing to the risk of an ambush only one fortieth of his strength. The light tank squadron commander with five troops of three tanks, plus three tanks and an armoured scout carrier on headquarters, cannot employ less than one nineteenth. Then, too, there is one principle of cavalry dispositions (perhaps only one) which for many years has never been disputed—the nearest unit to the enemy must not be a single man. The reasons for this are too well known to need repetition. Does the single vehicle advanced point conform to this principle? Is one of the crew to get out and run back? Or should a motor-cyclist accompany the vehicle? Or should the advanced point consist entirely of motor-cyclists with pillion riders, as suggested by Major Yeates? To the writer it seems that this problem will not be satisfactorily solved until there appears a one or two man vehicle, cheap (because many will be required), offering a very narrow front to the enemy, and very easy to turn round. These requirements seem to preclude armour. Perhaps the riders should be armoured.

Another problem of minor tactics occurs in connection with Reconnaissance. When an advanced section or a patrol comes up against an enemy in position, it should, as we all know, immediately reconnoitre to a flank while continuing to keep the adversary under observation. In horsed cavalry a small party, often consisting only of the commander and a horse holder, moves out by a concealed route, perhaps threading its way through a wood or down a watercourse. It goes as far as possible mounted, but the reconnaissance often has to be completed on foot, or on hands and knees. It is essentially an affair of stealth, and one for which a broad vehicle is quite unsuitable. In mechanized units it will have to be done on foot from the start. In the matter of speed, this may not make a great deal of difference. The discovery of a covered route for the mounted party is often a slow business; and the dismounted men, less visible, may be

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able to take a more direct route, and to decide upon it with less delay. But from the psychological point of view, the absence of a quick get-away will surely affect the determination of all but the bravest men. The author of "Morale," already referred to, has dealt in some detail with this aspect, but there is one point on which he did not enlarge. In order to speed up these very local and very frequent reconnaissances, and particularly as regards the get-away, is it not important that every cavalryman should be sounder than ever in wind and limb? How is this to be achieved when he spends much of his time in peace either in or under a motor vehicle? It can be done of course, but its not so easy as when he rode a horse, walked on his feet for part of each hour of a march leading it, and incidentally, not seldom had to run after it.

To some of us the decision to mechanize the Divisional Cavalry has been rather a surprise. Except for reconnaissance far out to a flank (a task for which armoured cars seem particularly suitable), horsed cavalry can provide all the mobility which marching infantry formations require for their protection. The word "marching" is used advisedly, because the reason for mechanizing the divisional cavalry is, of course, that it is expected that infantry formations will do much of their moving by motor. Whether this expectation is well founded or not, it is not within the scope of this article to discuss; and the writer will content himself with remarking that, in the various wars of the present day, we do not get the impression that operations have been much more fluid than in the past. But it is certain that sooner or later the infantry will have to get on to their feet, and probable that they will have to remain on them for considerable periods of time. And then, however much regulations may urge that divisional cavalry should not be frittered away on minor tasks, there is sure to be a demand, often justifiable, for small detachments. These can be provided more easily and more economically by horsed cavalry, with their great power of dispersion, than by the mechanized variety. Some continental armies, it is understood, are meeting the difficulty by the use of horse trucks. Why have we discarded this idea?

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Finally, there is the rather larger question of Organization. Before the Great War the artillery of a division (infantry) was organized in three eighteen-pounder brigades and one howitzer brigade. That the latter brigade would ever operate as such was admitted to be unlikely in the extreme. The principal reason for its existence was, it is believed, the simplification of ammunition supply. The war was not many months old before tactical considerations prevailed, and a reorganization took place. A somewhat analogous situation seems to exist in the cavalry to-day. From the tactical point of view, every unit and sub-unit, down to the troop, should be capable of the three functions of finding, holding, and hitting. How does our cavalry organization answer to this requirement? Taking first the armoured car, its power of hitting is negligible, and of holding doubtful, except perhaps on a chain of defiles. It is, in consequence, not easy to imagine situations in which it would be sound to employ an armoured car regiment as a tactical unit, without additions or subtractions. In the mobile division, the inclusion of two motor battalions is an admission that the mechanized cavalry brigades are deficient in holding power. And in the light tank units themselves, the fact that the divisional cavalry regiments are to be liberally endowed with armoured scout carriers leads one to suspect that the light tank is not a good reconnaissance vehicle, and that the squadrons of brigaded regiments, which will need continual reconnaissance for their own security as well as for other purposes, but which have one scout carrier only, will find themselves short of finding power. It seems, therefore, that consideration of training and administration have been allowed to over-ride tactical requirements. In the present stage of experiment and transition, this may well be right. But it is not out of place to point out that, in operations, the result will be frequent dislocation, by detachments and attachments, of the official organization, and, consequently, more exacting demands on staff work, including the duties in that respect of regimental and squadron headquarters.

However, whether or not there is room for improvement in these matters, they are of minor importance compared with two

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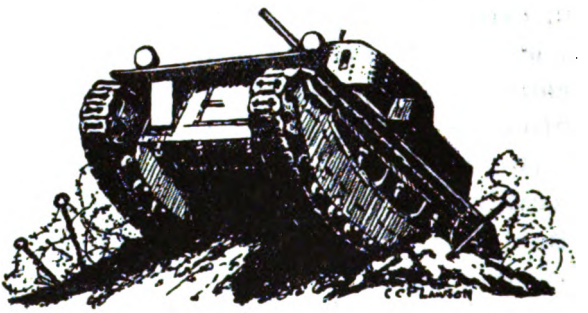
facts. The cavalry is undergoing a great transformation which, however regrettable from the point of view of tradition and sentiment, will ensure its retaining its place in the modern army. And in this process all ranks are acquiescing loyally and even enthusiastically. For this the writer and many of his contemporaries are profoundly and admiringly grateful to the present-day cavalryman.



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GERMANY OF TO-DAY.

By Captain F. C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

Having recently visited Germany at the invitation of the President of the International Congress for Bloodstock Breeding and Racing, Herr Christian Weber, it might interest readers of the Cavalry Journal to describe Munich, and the prevailing conditions, particularly in view of the quite distorted facts which are being circulated about Germany by a certain section of the English press.

The world of sport, particularly that centred round the equine element is ever the best medium for cohesion, liaison, and understanding between nations.

It is an accepted fact that there is an automatic camaraderie between horsemen unknown in any other sphere: in fact two riders of different nationality will in spite of the disadvantage of a language bar, instinctively feel a bond of friendship. One has only to regard the competitors of the various nationalities in the collecting ring of any horse show, continental or British, to realize this fact.

The Congress which synchronized with the principal Munich race meeting, which includes the Brown Ribbon of Germany, and their Concours Hippique, extended over a week's duration. This was a veritable gala week of functions and banquets on the termination of which the writer and his wife remained on in this old-world capital of Bavaria in order to appreciate it under normal conditions at their leisure.

Munich holds a unique position in the history of Germany, ancient and modern, and with the immediate proximity of the snow-capped Bavarian Alps, and, with the Iser flowing with its characteristic rapidity through its very heart, from a picturesque

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point of view München must be difficult to surpass not only in Germany but in any other country.

Munich saw the creation of the National Socialist movement and the original activities of Herr Hitler; thus it is of absorbing interest as the historical city in modern Germany.

For the British soldier too, Munich has particularly interesting associations, what a connecting link with the past indeed to have one of the first Battle Honours emblazoned on any standard, guidon, or colour, gained not so far from Munich, at Blenheim! The battlefield will be located on the German maps under the name of Höchstadt by which this victory of Marlborough's is, on the continent, universally known.

British cavalry patrols had indeed reconnoitred the approaches to Munich with a view to its siege which had to be abandoned owing to lack of cannon in those early 18th century days.

The site of another battle, that of Hohenlinden, immortalized by Campbell in his poem which every schoolboy knows, is less than 15 miles from Munich :—

"But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly."

Poetic license has here been used with a vengeance on the topographical features of this Bavarian terrain to describe this terrific clash of arms between the French under that *beau sabreur* Moreau and the Austrians, for the nearest point to the banks of the Iser, which is, however, a particularly rapid flowing river, must be some 15 miles distant.

The first impressions one obtained of Germany and the general conditions remained with one throughout the visit but in a consolidated form.

It appeared from all sides to be a very prosperous country, everywhere the landscape of wheat fields and cultivation to the highest degree met one's gaze. As it was harvest time the people were busily working at the harvest and one noted with pleasure the number of horses employed and their excellent condition.

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There was not an acre of arable land derelict. Herr Hitler has achieved wonders in getting his people back to the land and there is no ridiculous invasion of the cities, or towns, by the country people. The farmer's son must be a farmer and he must keep the farm stocked and cultivated, he is not allowed to sell it. All people must work at the trades and callings which their fathers had before them, the cobbler's son is a cobbler, but, there is nothing to prevent him expanding his business, likewise saddlers and carpenters. Thus craftsmanship flourishes. There is no unemployment in Germany and there are no slums in Munich, approach the city by any of the roads one travels through well-planned suburbs. Artisans are accommodated in well-built houses, or in flats, for the housing problem has been carefully studied. There was no squalor to be seen anywhere.

It is of interest to note that no building is permitted to be erected which will clash with the existing architecture, or atmosphere, of the place. We well know how the charm of Berkeley Square or Park Lane has been lost by the erection of modern buildings.

One noted that some big buildings in the course of construction were derelict for shortage of labour, the harvest having claimed all hands.

The inhabitants were exceedingly polite and were very ready to help the stranger. There appeared to be no shortage of food whatsoever and the prices were most reasonable in the restaurants; everywhere cleanliness prevailed.

At home I was given incorrect information about travelling in Germany and I had qualms about the rate of charging for baggage which was "due to the German regulations." I was charged something like 8s. 6d. for excess luggage at Liverpool Street but on our return journey from Munich I was not charged anything for luggage. Other travellers have had the same experiences. The German custom officials were exceedingly courteous, likewise in the examination of money for one is not permitted to leave Germany with more than 10 marks per person.

The inhabitants of Munich lead a very industrious and a simple life, after the day's work the tradesman forsakes his suit

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for Bavarian dress of Tyrolese character, i.e., leather shorts with their accompanying braces of harness like calibre, a green hat, and stockings. In this kit they proceed to the beer gardens where they drink their long tankards of Munich beer and listen to music.

The cinemas are not patronized to any extent but the opera forms a great attraction. During the gala week, in view no doubt of the Congress and the races, a decided horse atmosphere was included in the programme by some dozen horses appearing on the stage and giving a fine exhibition of the "Piaffer."

There are two racecourses, one at Theresienwiese which is in a park in the city, and the other is situated at Riem some kilometres outside. Racing is very popular and there are 35 days devoted to "gallopsport" in the year. Trotting races—sulky—appear in every race card, they attract the shop-keeping community who take shares in the purchase of a trotter, in some cases there may be 3 or 4 shares in the proprietorship—a butcher, a baker, and a grocer, the horse being driven by one of his owners. I saw no "bookies" but the totalisator is well-patronized; the "tote" also functions for the "concours-hippique."

The Army and the Supplementary Forces.

As in pre-war Germany the army stands in very high prestige and many privileges are extended to the profession of arms. Soldiers, sailors, and airmen in uniform get reduced prices for theatres, entertainments, at race meetings, on the railways, and in trams. If such facilities were extended by the various managements in England our regular army might receive a fillip in recruiting.

As one read the various theatre bills which in every case notified this reduction for troops one ironically recalled Rudyard Kipling's lines—

"I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!"

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The officers of the Regular Army are particularly smart and invariably wore uniform at all civil functions, race meetings, and at the opera, which had the effect of adding colour and dignity to the assembly. Oberst (Colonel) Ritter Von Mann, the Commandant of Munich, was always present to greet one, and thoughtfully arranged for escorts at the races and at the various functions.

Monocles were very conspicuous but moustaches a rarity. Officers carried a short sword, or dirk, of bayonet-like dimensions in a richly embossed silver scabbard with a tassel which was slung by silver lace slings from a belt under the tunic.

Owing to the tropical-like heat a number of the officers donned white tunics at the races, the rank and identity of the regiment being displayed on the very decorative shoulder-straps. Overalls even for cavalry were of a loose cut but were strapped underneath the instep. Cavalry and mounted officers of other branches wore a neckless pattern spur screwed to the heels of their Wellington's thus facilitating the wearer to dance without the encumbrance of the swan neck. The cut of the field grey tunics is very smart, with breast pockets similar to ours. The facings have different colours to denote the various arms and like the majority of European armies yellow denotes cavalry.

The buttons are plain silver gilt, in Imperial Germany the buttons were crested with the crown and in the case of the Bavarian regiments, the lion of Bavaria. War medals or decorations are worn for ceremonial parades but on other occasions the ribbons suffice as in the British army. One noted the sky blue Olympic Games medal ribbon bearing its miniature eagle and swastika, which was won in the Concours-hippique events, amongst the war ribbons. This ribbon will be noticed in the reproduced photograph of the German army team at the International Horse Show, London, and in the case of Rittmeister von Barnekow it will be seen between his Iron Cross and war medal ribbons. Rittmeister it might be stated means Captain of Cavalry and that Hauptmann indicates a Captain of Infantry or Artillery. All officers are now commissioned from the ranks and in the case of cavalry candidates they have to graduate from the Cavalry

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School, Hanover, as Lichberfelde—the Sandhurst of Germany—does not now exist.

Over the right breast pocket the emblem of National Socialist Germany, i.e., the eagle surmounting the swastika, is embroidered.

In the Air Force the wings are not worn in such spread-out fashion but in the form of a bird in flight.

One also noted an emblem in the shape of St. George within a wreath, which was suspended from the left breast-pocket in gold, silver, or bronze denoting grades of proficiency in a very severe test in horsemanship.

Now with regard to the Black Shirts who are the Führer's personal bodyguard; they are the S.S. troops—Schutz Staffel—the National Socialist political party, which functions in the rôle of militia and police. They display a symbolical sign of runic character ϟϟ on their flags in white on a black background—this sign also appears in print in front of the rank of S.S. officers.

The uniform of this highly efficient organization is, as one can imagine, black, it is very smart and cut on the lines of a British officer's khaki jacket and it is worn with a white collar and black tie. This force possesses a distinctive cap badge, that of a skull and cross bones in silver, very similar to the 17th Lancers famous emblem, but without the motto "Or Glory." An armlet with a swastika is worn round the left arm and the Sam Brown belt is universal; black field boots complete the outfit.

The Brown Shirts—the Sturm Abteilung—or S.A. troops, who wear khaki are also a political organization into which the young men are regimented, drilled, and employed in the labour camps prior to their compulsory military service.

The Hitler Youth is an organization which might be likened to the Boy Scouts particularly in regard to kit but they are possibly of a more military character, one saw them marching behind their band in the streets of Munich and they all looked the picture of health.

With regard to the German Army uniform the past 20 years or so does not appear to have made any very noticeable change,

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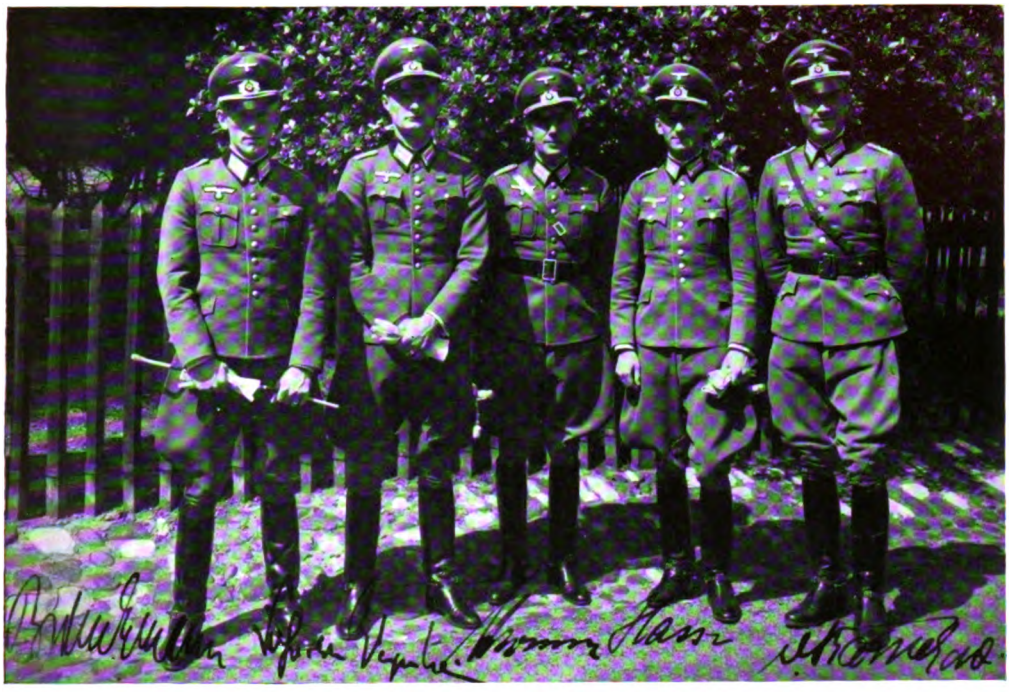

THE GERMAN ARMY JUMPING TEAM. OLYMPIA 1937

GENERAL RITTER VON SCHOBERT
Commander of the 7th Army Corps with his Staff. Munich

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neither does there appear to be any alterations in equipment. Steel helmets have ousted the pickelhaube for parade and field training, during war days these Roman shaped helmets which are definitely weightier than our own Chinese pattern " tin hat " did not appear to be so universally used and one recalls a German order which was discovered showing that they were handed over in the light of trench stores to the relieving regiment. Riding boots are worn by all mounted men which are certainly more practical than puttees for mounted work.

With regard to saddlery the same type of bit is used with the elongated S cheek piece, similar to our review order pattern for officers, which is not so practical, nor serviceable, as our reversible regulation bit. Swingle-trees are much in evidence for harnessing the teams to limbers and waggons. The physique of the troops was excellent and they were of tall stature owing to the fact that they were all recruited in Bavaria, in fact the height of the inhabitants, men and women, in Munich was most remarkable. The Mounting of the Guard at the Feldherrnhalle where a plaque is erected to the followers of the Führer, who lost their lives on the 9th November, 1923, is a daily attraction for visitors to Munich. Here one will witness the guard, furnished by the Black Shirts, carrying out the " Gänsemarsch," or " Goose Step," when mounting and in the relief of sentries.

It was towards the Feldherrnhalle which Herr Hitler, in company with General Ludendorff, marched at the head of some 7,000 Nazis to proclaim the National Government, only to be greeted with a hail of bullets from the State police posted on the steps of this memorial which was erected to commemorate the former achievements of German arms.

The Führer himself fell wounded but the brave old victor of Tannenberg strode on in his frock coat oblivious of danger; it is believed that had he but worn his uniform and medals fire would not have been opened. Those followers who were killed, actually sixteen, all lie buried in separate coffin-shaped tombs beneath an Ionic-pillared " Ehrentempeln," which is now regarded as a national shrine, and which is situated on the " Königsplatz," S.S. troops provide sentries at this tomb. On

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the anniversary parade on the 9th November the names of the 16 fallen are called out to be answered by the Hitler Youth as being present.

It is of interest to watch the inhabitants of Munich pass by the memorial at the Feldherrnhalle religiously giving the Nazi salute, even the children are taught to pay homage.

Munich boasts an exceedingly fine army museum which to a large extent is devoted to the feats and actions of Bavarian troops who have always been renowned for ther fighting qualities.

The armour preserved must almost constitute a world's record, vast galleries are devoted to this superb collection of knights, and men-at-arms, which line the corridors in a veritable forest of lances. Then come relics from the wars of Gustavus Adolphus including a silver medal struck to commemorate his battles which in antiquity as a war medal is senior to that Cromwell struck for Dunbar. Frederick the Great's period is duly illustrated by figures in the various uniforms, by pictures, and trophies of war. As a historical record of uniforms and accoutrements of the 18th Century the museum to the historian, from a point of view of research, is quite invaluable.

Writing in the CAVALRY JOURNAL in the July number of 1931, Major H. Fitz M. Stacke, M.C., stated in his most interesting article on "The Missing Cavalry Battle Honour, Elixem, 1705," that the Germans had preserved accurate studies of Bavarian cavalrymen at the time of Marlborough's wars in contrast to ourselves who had preserved but little in the way of accurate information regarding details of uniform and that it was "almost usual to see Marlborough's soldiers depicted inaccurately as wearing uniforms of 30 or 40 years later." Major Stacke referred to his researches in Berlin and in order to illustrate his article reproduced four excellent black and white drawings from Anton Hoffman's work "Das Heer des Blaun Königs" showing officers and troopers belonging to the Bavarian Cuirassiers.

Rooms are allotted to the Austro-Prussian War and a very considerable gallery to the Franco-Prussian War. All the colours carried through this campaign by the Bavarian regiments

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are preserved, in every case they are decorated with the 1870 medal from which floats a long ribbon bearing the clasps for the engagements in which the respective colour was present. One noted the following bars—Worth, Beaumont, Sedan, Orleans, Gravelotte, and Paris on one of these colours, all of which invariably terminated with Paris.

The Great War years receive their proportionate allotment, there is a good record of British uniform which includes figures of our R.F.C., an infantryman, a Cameron Highlander, etc. The badges, buttons, and medals of the British Army are displayed and tabulated from the V.C. downwards. Of documents picked up on the battlefield the most interesting was that of a somewhat stained parchment certificate awarded for gallantry to a Royal Inniskilling Fusilier whose name had been obliterated from exposure, but that of Major-General Hickie the 16th Irish Divisional G.O.C. was intact. The green shamrock in the left hand top corner made it most conspicuous amongst the other relics.

The plans and replicas of trenches before Ypres and at Loos were particularly interesting for one whose regiment was so often opposed to the Bavarian troops in these sectors of the front.

Throughout the museum the same infinite care to portray the uniforms and accoutrements has been maintained and when cavalrymen are represented they are exhibited on stuffed horses in order to truthfully display the horse furniture of the period. The badges, buttons, "czapka" plates, and gorgets are likewise displayed in order.

A collection of regimental mess silver and trophies belonging to a cavalry regiment would attract anyone who had belonged to a disbanded or amalgamated regiment, and they recalled collections in the Royal United Service Institution. Silver statuettes of mounted men, a fine silver model of a horse, the prize for a cross-country race, numerous cups, and a small picture which no doubt had some regimental anecdote attached to it, depicted subalterns in the riding school with one of the ride taking a toss!

Regarding this collection one almost felt they were the

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trophies of a British regiment so typical were they of our mess atmosphere.

The Army museum with its Wren-like dome gazes down upon the grave of the unknown soldier of the Bavarian army in the Great War. This forms one of the pilgrimages for all visitors to Munich and many wreaths are placed on the recumbent figure cut out in marble which lies over this impressive tomb—those from the British Legion, Northern Area, and now from a disbanded Irish regiment in the 2nd Leinsters, show the respect that one time opponents have for the fallen of Bavaria.

The House of German Art which was opened last year contains a collection of paintings and sculpture which would be difficult to surpass, the Führer has taken a deep interest in this exhibition. In one of the war subjects one suspects he is portrayed in the rôle of battalion runner, a vast expanse of shell pitted and waterlogged terrain typical of Passchendaele, is depicted showing a lone figure wending its solitary way along a duckboard track from the front line with a few shell bursts to keep him company in the desolation. It is called "The Runner." Adolf Hitler served in the trenches in Flanders with the 16th Bavarian Reserve Regiment and was a battalion runner. At Wytschaete in December, 1914, he was awarded the 2nd Class Order of the Iron Cross for bravery under fire, in 1916 he was wounded by shrapnel in the thigh. During the offensive of 1918 he was awarded the 1st Class Order of the Iron Cross for ambushing a French outpost. October, 1918, found him once more fighting opposite British troops in Flanders where he became a gas casualty south of Ypres.

Racing and Show Jumping.

The Brown Ribbon of Germany which is a race for 3 year olds and upwards, of 2,400 metres distance is worth 70,000 marks to the winner. This year it was of particularly international character, France was represented by 3 runners and supplied the winner in Antonym, Switzerland by 2; England, one (the Aga Khan's Dardanelles II); Hungary, one; Germany 9; and, it is of interest to record a runner from Czechoslovakia in

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Alcazar, which in view of the political situation shows how far the horse and the world of sport are removed from politics. This race is contested over the beautifully laid out course at Riem and on the same day there is an International Steeplechase for officers in uniform, a type of race which has long been established in France.

Apart from the attraction, what an incentive to the fostering of international liaison and camaraderie if such a steeplechase was instituted by the Stewards of our National Hunt Committee to be run at one of the Sandown meetings.

The Munich " concours-hippique " is held on alternate days during race week, the principal jumping competition being designated the Brown Ribbon of Jumping which is purely of International Military character.

It was of interest to see Delfis, the Roumanian horse, so well-known at Olympia as the winner of the military high jump in 1937 performing at Munich with remarkable élan for his now 13 years. Delfis tied for 2nd place, the winner being the German mare Nordrud ridden by the Commandant of the S.S. Equitation School, Standartenführer Fegelein. This equitation school is a very compact establishment with riding schools, stables, and a club for the benefit of the officers and members, for everything is done to cultivate horsemanship in Germany.

The Germans are essentially a horse-loving nation, one has only to regard the condition and turn-out of their horses whether working at the harvest, in traffic, in the gun teams, or harnessed to those colossal brewery waggons to realize this pleasing fact. the word " pherdepflege "—care of the horse, is in continual use.

In the riding schools one noticed some very appropriate passages from Xenophon written on the walls, one was also intrigued with the statement which appeared over the main entrance that " It is unsporting to expect too much from the horse and too little from the rider."

The largest riding school with dimensions equivalent to Olympia contained a pukka water jump.

The type of horse which prevails in their army to-day is essentially a weight carrier, the horses which one saw were bred

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in the Hanoverian and Westphalian studs with a slight sprinkling of Irish horses. They were all big-framed horses with plenty of bone and substance, boasting depth through the heart, and invariably they carried a good intelligent head with a nice length of rein let into sloping shoulders. One might remark on the Hanoverian bred "Swank" the hero of the record high jump at Olympia (7 feet 6¼ inches) in 1937, and again the winner last June, with his inseparable companion Donald Beard. "Swank," however, shows more quality than the horses one saw performing in Munich. The Germans have proved that this weight carrying type can be trained to be as handy and useful over a course of formidable and trappy obstacles in the jumping arena as he can be on manœuvres and they will undoubtedly retain their cavalry in view of the East Prussian terrain which is ideal for exploiting the characteristics of the *arme blanche*.

It is of interest to note that "Docking" is about to be prohibited in Germany and that an embargo will be placed on all docked horses to prevent them being imported into the country.

With Germany's strength in cavalry and in horseflesh the mechanization of the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards at Edinburgh the other day, particularly in case of Ligonier's Horse, a regiment with traditions extending over 250 years is to be deplored. In June the muster roll of horses on the strength of the Army numbered a meagre 5,000.

During the last decade the horse census in England shows a decline of three-quarters of a million horses.

Oxen are employed considerably on the German farms, and and they are shod with half shoes.

A dog tax of 20 marks (£1) is levied per annum on every dog, this certainly has eliminated the nondescript mongrel which is so very conspicuous elsewhere on the continent, particularly in France. Besides the well-known German breeds one saw occasionally Scottish Terriers, Airedales, and wire-haired terriers.

The International Congress for Bloodstock Breeding and Racing.

One now turns to the Congress which was constituted, as its title would suggest, on an international basis, in 1936, under

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the Presidency of the founder Herr Christian Weber, who is quite indefatigable in his activities for racing, the welfare of the horse, and horsemanship, with a delegate from each country. There were representatives from America, Czechoslovakia, England, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Roumania, and Switzerland.

The objects of this admirable organization are to foster the breeding of the thoroughbred horse by obtaining international collaboration between breeders, owners, and the representatives of the racing authorities in the various countries. By interchanging visits between countries in order to see the various studs and to attend race meetings.

(At the previous assembly of the Congress, which was held in Paris, the stud belonging to Mons. Martinez de Hoz, where Clairevoyant and Mon Talisman, were standing, and also that belonging to the Aga Khan at Marly-la-Ville, were visited by the delegates.)

To obtain reductions in rail charges and tariffs to and from countries for horses with engagements and for thoroughbred mares for mating. To establish international agreements between railway and shipping companies in order to ensure the speediest journey. To expedite customs formalities and veterinary examinations at all the frontiers. To promote international races, and races for amateur riders and to grant special facilities in the way of travelling concessions for owners, trainers, etc. It should here be stated that the Munich Racing Association defrayed the total cost of transport from the German frontiers and return for foreign horses running at Munich.

The Congress is at present endeavouring to bring about the revival of horse racing at the Olympic Games and it is hoped that a race of particular international character will materialize.

In order to circumvent the difficulties arising owing to the language problem, the Congress maintains a highly efficient staff of interpreters who instantly translate all questions and discussions and a record in the shape of a most invaluable journal, translated into three languages is published.

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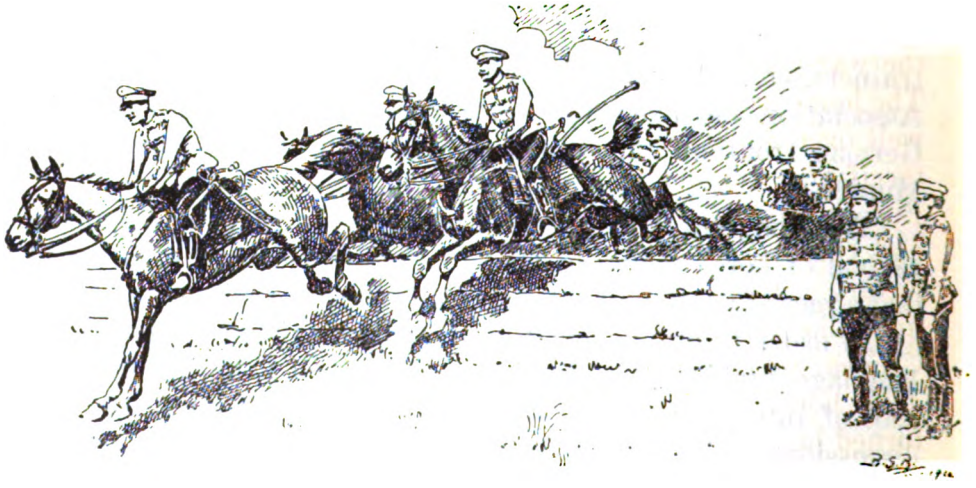
All speeches delivered by those invited to address the Congress are previously translated into German, French, and English.

Sir Frederick Hobday read a most interesting paper on Veterinary subjects, which, for the benefit of his listeners, he illustrated with a cinema.

The 6th Session of the Congress is scheduled to take place in Budapest in May, 1939.

One sincerely hopes that ere long England, the traditional home of the thoroughbred, will extend a welcome and hospitality to this splendid organization which not only fosters bloodstock breeding and racing but creates the best international feelings of goodwill and camaraderie.

Whilst a section of the English press was publishing most prejudicial reports against Germany, mainly due to non-Aryan influence, the President of the Congress was entertaining the representatives from Czechoslovakia, France, and England, together with the other foreign representatives in the most hospitable manner. During the writer's sojourn in Munich, General Sir Ian Hamilton, passed through the city on his way to visit Herr Hitler at Berchtesgaden, a visit which created the most favourable impressions and one which was keenly appreciated.



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SOME CAVALRY HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.
Member of the Society of Army Historical Research.

The new title of the Cavalry Journal, amplified, as the Editor has reminded us, by the addition of "Horsed and Mechanized" to denote the present transitional stage through which cavalry is passing, has no doubt stimulated many trains of thought upon the probable effect of such changes upon cavalry customs, privileges, traditions, associations, etc. The change from "oats and hay" to "oil and petrol" has already caused the disappearance of one much-valued distinction, associated with the battle of Dettingen (1743), viz: the extra Drum Horse of the 3rd Hussars. The very distinctive badge of the 15th Hussars, reversed "Bourbon Flags" disappeared many years ago.* How many more will disappear in the future it is not possible to forecast. These notes are merely intended to show some of the distinctions, etc., enjoyed by the cavalry arm and to record the gallant deeds with which they are associated.

The Horse

As it is the horse which makes the most obvious disappearance in this transmogrification, perhaps a brief note on the history of the war-horse is the most appropriate opening for the subject. The horse has been the servant of man in military operations for well over 3,000 years, and in the case of our own service his terrifying thunder of hoofs not only shook the battlefields of Europe, India, Asia and Africa, but also the hearts of our foes and thereby contributed in no small measure to the ultimate victory. In the past a cavalryman, daunted by the task before him, like the great charges at Warburg, Talavera and in the Crimea, was swept along in the melee by his charger who, like Job's horse, "mocked at fear and was not affrighted, neither turned he back from the sword."

* This Badge still figures on the Leopard skins of the Officers and was worn at the Jubilee of King George V. and at the last Coronation.—Editor.

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The earliest Biblical reference to the horse's military service is in Genesis, 50, 9. When Joseph went to bury his father, Israel, he was accompanied by Pharoah's "horsemen and chariots," and everyone is familiar with the account of these same horsemen and chariots being lost in the Red Sea when pursuing the Israelites when they escaped from Egypt. The ancient Greeks first employed horses for drawing their war-chariots and riding was considered among them something of an adventure for they used neither saddles nor stirrups. Some antiquarians are of opinion that they learnt the art of riding from the Amazons.

In her early days Rome pinned her faith mainly upon her infantry, and it was not until Julius Caesar was opposed by well-mounted Gauls that cavalry began to take a prominent part in Roman military operations. When Alaric the Goth swept down and sacked Rome with his masses of cavalry and Attilla the Hun ravaged Italy with his hordes of mounted men, the Romans learnt their lesson from bitter experience and cavalry became to be increasingly employed by them.

One of the noblest achievements of the war horse occurred in A.D. 732 when, at Poictiers, he stood between the sweeping tide of Mohammedanism and Christianity and effectively drove it back. Within a century from the coming of Mahomet in A.D. 610 the Saracens, fired by his teaching, spread their empire from the deserts of Arabia right into France, and this was done on their light Eastern chargers. But at Poictiers Charles Martel had heavier chargers which overthrew their lighter adversaries, and the as yet unconquered Saracen leader, Abderrahman, met his "Waterloo." So crushing was his defeat that he did not stop running until he was well out of Europe. The Frankish war horse had saved Christianity in Europe.

During the Age of Chivalry the combatants were completely encased in protective armour, weighing anything up to 400 pounds. This required a very powerful horse to carry it, and consequently our cavalry horses were something like Percherons. On the introduction of firearms, armour increased in weight and so still more powerful horses were required, such as the Shire

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class. Good battle pictures of the period usually show this class. But armour-piercing bullets caused armour to be discarded to a large extent, thus permitting lighter and more active horses to be employed. The success of Cromwell's cavalry, which was practically armourless, sounded the death knell of heavy horses for cavalry purposes.

The English thoroughbred, crossed with other breeds, formed the foundation of the cavalry horses of a number of countries, including our own, of course. They were imported into North America about 1750 and were used by the aristocracy of the Southern Colonies for hunting and racing, and it was from this source that the rebels were supplied during the War of Independence. Frederick the Great also favoured this type of horse.

All down the ages the horse has been the cavalryman's ally, carrying him in battle and sometimes warning him of danger, like Job's horse, which " smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting." No doubt " the captains " will have to shout louder now in order to be heard above the noise of machinery.

Origin of Cavalry Regiments

This aspect of the subject has already been touched upon.* Suffice it to say here that internal security rather than external foreign aggression has been the chief cause for bringing most of our present cavalry regiments into being. The army was born in revolt and thrived upon rebellions during the first sixty years of its existence. Some regiments, of course, enjoy a more interesting origin than others, but nothing more than a brief note of them need be made here to enable readers to obtain a proper background for what follows.†

The various Troops of *The Life Guards* were raised between 1658 and 1660 and the *Royal Horse Guards* were raised in 1661. Among the regiments raised by James II to meet Monmouth's Rebellion in 1685 were some regiments of Horse which, until the amalgamations of 1922, were the *1st to 6th Dragoon Guards.*

* See " Cavalry Journal " for July, 1936, pages 358-369.

† The titles prior to the amalgamations in 1922 are given to assist identification.

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The *7th Dragoon Guards* were raised by William III in 1688 at the time of the Glorious Revolution.

The *1st The Royal Dragoons* date from 1661 when a Troop of Horse was raised for Tangier whilst *The Royal Scots Greys* (*2nd Dragoons*) were founded upon the "Companies of Dragoons" raised by Charles II in 1678 to suppress the Covenanters in Scotland. The *3rd and 4th Hussars* were raised for Monmouth's Rebellion in 1685 and the *5th Lancers* and *The Inniskillings* (*6th Dragoons*) were formed from the defenders of Enniskellen in 1689. The *7th Hussars* were raised in Scotland in 1689 to suppress the Jacobites, and the *8th Hussars* were raised in Ireland in 1693 to take the place of other regiments sent to Holland.

When George I came to the throne 1714 the Jacobites prepared for a revolution in England. To counter this a number of regiments were raised in 1715, and among them were the *9th Lancers*, *10th and 11th Hussars*, *12th Lancers*, *13th and 14th Hussars*.

Our first complete regiments of Light Dragoons were raised in 1759, of which the 15th Hussars and 16th and 17th Lancers now remain. *The 18th, 19th and 20th Hussars and the 21st Lancers* were all raised in 1858 at the time of the Indian Mutiny.*

Precedence

The precedence of the various arms of the Service, as well as of regiments and corps among themselves, is regarded as one of the "mysteries" of the army. The matter, however, ceases to be a mystery, as far as regimental precedence is concerned, when the two main considerations, viz: date of raising and date of coming upon the English Establishment, are applied to each case. But even so there are a few special instances which have left a permanent mark upon the Cavalry.

The earliest full-dress order concerning precedence, in which all regiments then existing were included, is dated 26th August, 1712. In this the arms are placed in the following order:—

1st. The Horse—including the Household Cavalry.
2nd. The Dragoons.
3rd. The Foot.

* There was a previous 19th, raised in 1781 and disbanded in 1821. It had a very distinguished record for service in India and America.

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This order has been observed ever since that date and probably was before it. The Light Dragoons created a brief disturbance in that they were numbered 1st, 2nd and 3rd Light Dragoons in the Army Lists of 1767, 1768 and 1769, instead of carrying on the numbering after the 14th Dragoons. They thus created a new branch within the Cavalry arm. In the 1770 Army List, however, they are numbered 15th, 16th and 17th Light Dragoons, respectively, which numbers they still retain, either as Hussars or Lancers.

At the time of the above-mentioned order The Life Guards were organised as independent Troops of Horse Guards and they did not become Regiments of Life Guards until 1788. Further, our Dragoon Guards were Horse Regiments then, and, irrespective of their date of raising, took precedence of Dragoons.

Originally Dragoons were in the nature of mounted infantry, horses being used solely for the purpose of securing greater mobility. Our oldest Dragoon Regiment started life as a Troop of Horse in 1661 at Tangier. In 1680 three more Troops were added, but when all four came home in 1683 they were converted to Dragoons, and, together with two newly-raised Troops of Dragoons, were regimented under the Colonelcy of John Churchill, later the great Duke of Marlborough. Gradually dragoons were employed as cavalry proper and their dual role is reflected in a Royal Warrant of 30th October, 1684, dealing with their precedence: they had precedence both as Horse and Foot; as Horse in the Field and as Foot in garrison.

Another curious case is that of the 3rd and 4th Hussars, in that the Commission of John Berkeley, first Colonel of the 4th Hussars is dated 17th July, 1685, whereas that of the Duke of Somerset, first Colonel of the 3rd Hussars is dated a fortnight later, viz: 2nd August, 1685. The mystery is explained by the fact that five Independent Troops were raised early in July, 1685, and were attached to The Royal Dragoons. After Sedgemoor four of these formed the nucleus of Somerset's regiment, who obtained its seniority from them.

In her closing years, Queen Anne had leanings towards Jacobitism, and when the disbandments after the War of the Spanish

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Succession took place regiments which favoured the Protestant Succession were singled out invidiously for disbandment. It was in such circumstances that Pepper's Dragoons were ordered to be disbanded, but the Queen's sudden death thwarted the designs of her Jacobite advisers, and when George I came to the throne he ordered it to be restored to the Establishment and "to have, hold and enjoy its former rank as if the same had not been broken, notwithstanding any former order, direction or instruction to the contrary." Pepper's is now the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars and still retains its original precedence.

Another unusual case is that of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers. It was disbanded in 1799 for insubordination, but instead of the regiments junior to it being re-numbered, as was the custom in those days, its place was left blank, so that when its disbandment was cancelled in 1858 the new 5th re-occupied the position which had been empty for fifty-nine years, and assumed its original precedence.

For some years the 3rd and 4th Hussars took precedence above The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons), but in 1712 the Earl of Stair, then Colonel of the Greys, made a first-class shindy about it before a Board of General Officers from whom he received no satisfaction. He contended that his regiment had always been senior to these others. He took the matter to the Queen, who ordered that The Greys should have precedence above the other two regiments, where it has since remained.

A matter of precedence has had a very vital effect upon the history of The Life Guards. As mentioned above this regiment started life as a number of Independent Troops, grouped loosely to form His Majesty's Horse Guards. The 1st, or King's, troop was raised in 1658, when Charles II was in exile, so also was the 2nd, or Duke of York's Troop. The 3rd, or Duke of Albemarle's Troop, was formed in 1659 as Albemarle's Life Guard, when he was George Monk, Commander-in-Chief of the Commonwealth forces. When Albemarle died in 1670 his Troop was taken over by the Queen and it thus became the 2nd, or Queen's Troop, displacing the Duke of York's, which became the 3rd. Two troops had to be disbanded in 1746 and, in accordance

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with custom, the 3rd and 4th had to suffer. But because Albemarle's Troop had been elevated in 1670 it escaped being "broke" and in 1788 was re-organized as the 2nd Life Guards, thus preserving direct continuity with the Commonwealth army.

"Widdowsmen"

Before leaving matters connected with the origin of cavalry regiments there is a term used in some of the Royal Warrants authorizing their raising, which perhaps needs a word of explanation. In the warrant for raising the 9th to 14th Dragoons in 1715 it is stated that each of the six Troops will consist of "One sergeant, two corporals, one drummer, one hautbois and thirty private Dragoons, including the *widdows* men in each Troop."

These "widdows men" were not enlisted soldiers, but they represented a certain number of men whose pay was put into a fund from which widdows of the regiment were made grants. In practice it was a widdows' pension fund.

Regimental Titles

In the matter of Regimental Titles the Cavalry is unique in that it is the only arm that has numbers therein. The infantry had numbers in their titles from 1751 until 1881, being abolished at the latter date and territorial designations substituted.*

Identification would have been very difficult in the Cavalry if numbers had not been retained, because up to the time of the 1922 amalgamations the following titles existed in which the number of the regiment is the sole distinctive feature, except in the case of the 15th.

4th Queen's Own Hussars.
7th Queen's Own Hussars.
13th Hussars.
20th Hussars.
14th King's Hussars.
15th The King's Hussars.

In the following instances distinction is obtained only by use of the secondary portion of the titles as well as the Numbers:—

* Although Territorial designations had been used since 1782, together with numbers, in most cases.

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10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own).
18th Royal Hussars (Queen Mary's Own).
19th Royal Hussars (Queen Alexandra's Own).
17th Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own).
21st Lancers (Empress of India's).

It is quite clear from the above examples that Numbers had to be retained in Cavalry Regimental titles.

Up to the middle of the 18th Century there was no officially regulated system for identifying individual regiments, beyond the use of their Colonel's names, except in a few special cases. This was due to the fact that the Colonels owned their regiments. In this connection the French title of "Colonel Proprietaire" expressed his association with his regiment more exactly than our "Colonel." The earliest Royal Warrant to allot Numbers to regiments was a Clothing Warrant dated 1st July, 1751. As this document is one of the milestones in the history of regiments the titles given therein and those they bore in 1922 are shown below:

1751	1922
1st or King's Dragoon Guards	1st King's Dragoon Guards
2nd or Queen's Dragoon Guards	The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards)
3rd Dragoon Guards	3rd Dragoon Guards (Prince of Wales's)
1st Horse	4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards
2nd Horse	5th Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte of Wales's)
3rd Horse, or Carabiniers	The Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards)
4th Horse	7th Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal's)
1st or Royal Dragoons	1st The Royal Dragoons
2nd or Royal North British Dragoons	The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons)
3rd or King's Own Regiment of Dragoons	3rd The King's Own Hussars
4th Dragoons	4th Queen's Own Hussars
5th or Royal Irish Dragoons	5th Royal Irish Lancers
6th or The Inniskilling Dragoons	The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons)
7th or Queen's Regiment of Dragoons	7th Queen's Own Hussars
8th Dragoons	8th King's Royal Irish Hussars
9th Dragoons	9th Queen's Royal Lancers
10th Dragoons	10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own)
11th Dragoons	11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own)
12th Dragoons	12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's)
13th Dragoons	13th Hussars
14th Dragoons	14th King's Hussars

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The remaining Cavalry regiments were raised after the date of this warrant.

Very few regiments of the line can boast of having been "Royal" Regiments throughout their entire history, but such a distinction is enjoyed by three of the cavalry who have been "Royal" from the time they were raised. They are:—

1st King's Dragoon Guards ..	Raised in 1685 as The Queen's Regiment of Horse. There was no Queen Consort when King George I came to the throne in 1714, so the Regiment became The King's Regiment of Horse.
The Royal Scots Greys ..	Formed in 1681 as The Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons.
3rd The King's Own Hussars	Raised in 1685 as The Queen Consort's Regiment of Dragoons in recognition of the Services of the Duke of Somerset, its first Colonel, who, as Lord Lieutenant of Somerset, commanded the County Militia during Monmouth's Rebellion.

By 1922 all cavalry regiments had been granted Royal titles, with the exception of the 13th and 20th Hussars who were "Nobody's Own." In a few cases the grants had been made in recognition of war service, such as:—

The Queen's Bays	At the time of the 1715 Rebellion in Scotland this Regiment was the 3rd Horse, and for its services, it is said* it was granted the title of "The Prince of Wales's Own Royal Regiment of Horse."
The Carabiniers	Said to have been granted by William I in 1691 for services in Ireland.*
19th Hussars	Granted "Princess of Wales's Own" in recognition of its distinguished service in Egypt and the Sudan in 1885—vide General Order 85, 1885.

The title of The Carabiniers is a curiosity in that "Carabiniers" were a type of light horsemen, intermediate between Horse and Dragoons and the regiment which was honoured by this title was a Horse Regiment, or heavy cavalry. It was, however, equipped as a Carabinier Regiment for William's campaign in Ireland, and although it was later re-equipped as Horse it retained its light horse title. Nor is this the only

* This is traditional. I have never been able to confirm it by any recognised official authority, e.g., Royal Warrant.

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peculiarity associated with this regiment. In 1851 it was again converted to Light Cavalry, from which circumstance it obtained its blue light cavalry uniform, and which it continued to wear up to 1922.

Playing of Hymns

As far as we are aware the custom of regimental bands playing hymns at night is confined solely to two cavalry regiments—the 10th Hussars and the 12th Lancers. The origin of the custom has not been satisfactorily established in either case, and the traditional reasons usually given appear to be the less likely.

In the 10th Hussars it was a custom to play "As pants the heart for cooling streams" and "Thy will be done" immediately before Last Post every night. After this, the Regimental March, God bless the Prince of Wales and God Save the King were played. In these days, however, these tunes are played on Sunday nights and special nights only. The Regimental history by Colonel R. S. Liddell throws no light on the origin of the custom: it merely states it was initiated in 1866 by Colonel V. Baker. The traditional reason is that the custom perpetuates "the lost squadron," that is, the squadron which was lost in the quicksands of the Cabul River in 1879.* But as it was introduced thirteen years prior to this incident the tradition has no foundation in fact.

The custom of playing hymns in the 12th Lancers is much older than that in the 10th. The hymns played are The Sicilian Vespers, An evening hymn, and the hymn which was the former Russian National Anthem. After these God Bless the Prince of Wales and God save the King are played. These also were formerly played every night, but now only three times a week. As to the origin of the custom, there are two versions. In 1794 a detachment of the 12th landed at Civita Veccheia in Italy where its good conduct came to the notice of Pope Pius VI who ordered gold medals to be presented to the officers to mark His Holiness's high esteem. He also presented them with the hymns just mentioned† which have been played ever since. The other version

* This tragic incident is fully described in Liddell's history.
† According to Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Hobson in "Some XII Royal Lancers."

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is that during the Peninsular war some of the 12th robbed a monastery, taking therefrom a large quantity of bottled wine. When news of this affair came to Wellington's ears, it is said that he imposed as a penalty the playing of these hymns every night. Neither version seems to be quite satisfactory: nevertheless, whatever its origin, the custom is still carried on.

Regimental Badges

With a few exceptions regimental badges are British in character or are in commemoration of some active service, such as the Sphinx for Egypt, Tiger for India, etc. The exceptions are in cavalry regiments where three badges of foreign character will be found.

The late Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards in 1898 and the Austrian Eagle was adopted as the badge of the regiment just afterwards. It was worn up to 1915, when another badge was approved. A few months ago, however, the eagle was restored to the regiment.

When the late Prince Consort came to England in 1840 for his marriage to Queen Victoria, the 11th Light Dragoons provided an escort for His Royal Highness from Dover to Canterbury. In commemoration of this service the 11th were converted to Hussars with the title "11th (or Prince Albert's Own) Hussars"; the Prince became Colonel of the Regiment and one of his personal badges, as Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in Germany, was adopted by the regiment.

In 1798 the title of the 14th Hussars was the "14th, or Duchess of York's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons" in honour of H.R.H. Princess Frederica, Duchess of York, who became Princess Royal of Prussia. At the same time the "Prussian Eagle" badge was adopted and was worn up to 1915, when it was withdrawn. In 1931, however, the Eagle badge was restored.

The Eagle worn by The Royal Scots Greys is a copy of the Eagle on the standard captured from the French 105th Line Regiment at Waterloo, and is, therefore, not one of the exceptions to the general rule.

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The badge of the 7th Dragoon Guards is somewhat unique in that it is the Coronet of Her late Majesty the Empress and Queen Frederick of Germany and Prussia as Princess Royal of Great Britain. Her Majesty was mother of the Kaiser, now in exile.

A famous as well as an unique badge in the British service was that of the cross reversed French flags, at one time worn by the 15th Hussars, in commemoration of their great exploit at Emsdorff, on 16th July, 1760, one year after their raising. These flags were white and bore the fleur-de-lis, from which they were called the "Bourbon Flags."

Moustaches.

At one time the wearing of moustaches by British soldiers was confined entirely to the Household Cavalry and Hussars. The original purpose of the military moustache was to give the warrior a ferocious appearance and were first worn with this object by the Hungarian Hussars. These moustaches appear to have been of the ragged, bristling "walrus" type, and in their native, unkempt state needed little encouragement to add a note of frightfulness to an already fierce expression. So effective were these moustaches in daunting foes, that when hussars were introduced into the French Army, every hussar had to cultivate one. If an unfortunate hussar could not raise any hair at all, or could only manage a moustache below the recognised "offensive" standard, he had to paint one on his face. This was usually done with boot blacking put on rather thickly, which, in the summer heat, caused great pain to the soldier when it began to crack and draw up his skin when drying.

In the British service moustaches came in gradually about the beginning of the 19th century, the fashion growing apace after Waterloo, no doubt due to contact with continental troops in Paris during the occupation. In 1830, however, an order was issued forbidding moustachios to be worn by other than Household Cavalry and Hussars. This order was issued on 2nd August, 1830, and on the 24th of the same month, the Officer Commanding the 2nd or Royal North British Dragoons (now The Greys) sub-

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mitted a request to Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief, for permission for his regiment to continue wearing moustaches. There is some quiet humour in the Adjutant-General's reply, dated Horse Guards, 27th August, 1830, for one paragraph reads:—

> "Lord Hill is persuaded that the distinguished character of the Royal North British Dragoons can derive no additional weight from the wearing of Mustachios."

In a postscript to his letter the Adjutant-General seems to have considered the matter from the national aspect but still without finding anything to support the application of the forbears of The Greys, for it reads:—

> "P.S. Could the mustachio have been considered in any degree a National Distinction, Lord Hill might have been induced to recommend the continuance of it by the Royal North British Dragoons, but as the case is quite the contrary, his Lordship sees no ground on which he could approach His Majesty on the subject."

After that The Greys had to scrape their upper lips. In 1839, however, they renewed their request, but Lord Hill was still Commander-in-Chief and John Macdonald was still Adjutant-General, and the answer was the same as eight years previously.

With the coming of the Crimean War in 1854, with all its attendant disadvantages from the point of view of health, the wearing of moustaches by all ranks become optional. In the words of the Horse Guards Circular Memorandum dated 21st July, 1854, that "A large part of the army being employed in Turkey, where it has been found beneficial to keep the upper lip unshaven and allow the moustache to grow, the General Commanding-in-Chief is pleased to authorize that practice in the army generally. The wearing of the moustache is to be optional with all ranks."

This order deprived the Household Cavalry and Hussars of the distinction, which had been theirs since 1830, of being the only moustached regiments in the Army.

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Origin of Battle Honours.

There is no direct evidence that the credit for the regular grant of battle honours goes to a cavalryman, but the circumstances point that way. Colonel George Augustus Eliott raised the 15th Hussars in 1759, the first complete Light Dragoon regiment to be raised. At that time, and for many years afterwards, it was popularly known as Eliott's Light Dragoons. In the following year it distinguished itself at Emsdorff and in 1768 the Royal Warrant for clothing authorized the regiment to bear "Emsdorff" upon its guidons. This is the earliest instance of a battle honour, in the form of the name of a battle, being granted.

The next grant was for the defence of Gibraltar during 1779-83 and it is significant that Eliott was in command of "The Rock" at the time. It is thought that as he had always been something of a courtier, Eliott was able to make the suggestion in the right quarter and thus secured the inauguration of the system, which has continued down to the present time.

The practice of granting battle honours to regiments would appear to have originated in the British service, because the French did not grant any before 1792 (for Valmy and Jammapes) and the Germans before 1808 (for Coldberg, 1807). The first grant made by the Hon. East India Company was in 1826 for the First Burmese War, 1824-26.

The earliest service, chronologically, to be commemorated in the British service is "Tangier, 1662-80," an honour which The Royal Dragoons share with The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey).

No Sergeants in the Household Cavalry.

In the 17th and 18th centuries the Regiments of Horse did not have sergeants, only corporals. The Household Cavalry, being heavy cavalry, was generally grouped with the Horse. All of our Dragoon Guards were raised as Horse: the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd were converted to Dragoons, with the title of Dragoon Guards, in 1746, and the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th followed the same course in 1788. On conversion sergeants were placed upon their

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establishment. But the Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards have retained their original status and therefore do not have sergeants.

Victoria Cross.

To the cavalry belonged the only person to be recommended for the V.C. both as a sailor and as a soldier. Midshipman Evelyn Wood served in the Naval Brigade during the Crimean War and for his gallantry was recommended for the then newly-instituted Victoria Cross. Immediately after, however, he transferred to the 13th Light Dragoons, in consequence of which he did not receive the much-coveted decoration. He went to India and volunteered for service with the 3rd Light Cavalry and was accordingly lent to that corps for the campaign. On 19th October, 1858, he attacked, almost single-handed, a body of rebels and routed them. Later in the day he rescued a native soldier from a band of robbers who were carrying him off to hang him in a nearby jungle. For these distinguished services he was again recommended for the V.C. and on this occasion was awarded it.

Oates' Sunday.

Another great feat of bravery by a cavalryman, but this time overshadowed with tragedy, was the heroic self-sacrifice made by Captain Laurence Edward Grace Oates of The Inniskillings. The story of Oates' epic heroism on the 17th March, 1912, his birthday, during Captain Scott's expedition to the Antarctic, how he walked out to his death in order to give his comrades a better chance of living through their great ordeal, is well-known, but the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards have taken steps to ensure that it will live in perpetuity by instituting "Oates' Sunday."

On this day a commemoration service is held in order that the message of Oates' gallant conduct may be brought home to the young members of the regiment. This year the address at the service was given by Admiral Sir Edward R. G. R. Evans, K.C.B., D.S.O., LL.D., now famous as "Evans of the Broke," who, as a young Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, was Captain Scott's second-in-command. The closing words of his address

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are worth recalling. "All of these men," he said, "left the youth of their nation example and inspiration which was virtually a message, a dying appeal, to play the game, and play it like men, but in the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, you must draw your inspiration from that very gallant gentleman of your own regiment—Captain Laurence Edward Grace Oates."

Goldstick and Silverstick.

The Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels of the Household Cavalry have the exclusive honour of performing the duties of Goldstick-in-Waiting and Silverstick-in-Waiting, respectively. These appointments orginated in 1528 as a consequence of a conspiracy against the life of Henry VIII. As the king's person was in danger it was ordered that one of the Captains of The Life Guard should wait next to His Majesty's person before all others, carrying in his hand an ebony staff with a gold head (the gold stick) engraved with His Majesty's cypher and crown, and another principal officer carrying an ebony staff with a silver head (the silver stick) to be near to the captain to relieve him occasionally. They were to be in attendance on the king's person whenever he walked, from his rising to his going to bed, except in the Royal Bedchamber. In the course of time these duties have descended to the present regiments of the Household Cavalry, but the Royal Horse Guards did not participate in them until 1820, when the Duke of Wellington was its Colonel.

The Colonels of the regiments* perform the duties of Goldstick in turn, a month at a time, and the Lieutenant-Colonels take duty similarly. In State ceremonies they will be found either immediately on the right hand or behind the Sovereign, according to circumstances.

A Cavalry Colonel Becomes a King.

To the 5th Dragoon Guards falls the unique honour of having one of their colonels elected king of a new State. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg had a double association with this regi-

* At present the Earl of Athlone, The Life Guards and Lord Birdwood, the Royal Horse Guards.

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ment, for in 1804 it had conferred upon it the title of "The Princess Charlotte of Wales's" in honour of H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of the then Prince of Wales. In May, 1816, Prince Leopold was married to Princess Charlotte.

On 2nd May, 1816, his wedding day, the Prince was created a General in the British service and on the 24th of the same month a Field-Marshal. In October, 1816, the Colonelcy of the 5th Dragoon Guards became vacant by the death of General Thomas Bland and Prince Leopold was appointed to succeed him.

In 1830 he was nominated as King of Greece, but refused to accept the position. In April of the following year, he was elected first king of the new Belgium and became its Sovereign, upon which he ceased to be Colonel of the 5th. In the concluding sentence of his letter to Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, when bidding farewell to his regiment, he said that he "has always felt pride in being one of their number, and can never cease to feel the truest interest in whatever can affect their name as a corps, or their welfare and happiness as individuals; and with heartfelt wishes for the uninterrupted prosperity and perfection of both" he reluctantly bid them, Farewell.

The association of the 5th with the Royal House of Belgium was renewed when his late Majesty, King Albert, grandson of Leopold, was appointed to the Colonelcy-in-Chief in 1915. He has been succeeded by his son, King Leopold III, who visited the regiment at Colchester on 18th November, 1937.

Dress Distinctions

The light cavalry blue of the Carabiniers has already been mentioned, but perhaps a more obvious departure from the normal is the bearskin cap of The Royal Scots Greys. The normal headdress of Dragoons is a metal helmet, but The Greys wear bearskin caps which, according to tradition, commemorates their capture of great numbers of French Grenadiers at the battle of Ramillies in 1706.

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Another distinction of The Greys is that one of their number wears the only white bearskin in the service, to whit the kettle-drummer.

Empire Builders.

British soldiers have given their names to numerous towns throughout our Dominions, such as Wellington in New Zealand and Harrismith in South Africa. To the pre-war generation of cavalrymen who served at the Cape the port of Durban in Natal will be familiar, but perhaps they did not realize that this town was named after a distinguished cavalry officer. Sir Benjamin D'Urban entered the 2nd Dragoon Guards in 1793 and served in, successively, the 29th and 20th Dragoons and 25th Light Dragoons. He had a gift for administration and was Quartermaster-General to the Portuguese Army during the Peninsular War. In 1820 he became Colonial Administrator in the West Indies and his success here led to his appointment as Governor of Cape Colony in 1834. Whilst there he took a kindly interest in the British settlers at Port Natal, who re-named the place Durban, as a mark of their gratitude.

Another cavalryman who gained distinction as a Colonial pioneer was Colonel Wm. Light of the 4th Light Dragoons. He was first a midshipman in the Royal Navy, but joined the 4th in 1808 and served with distinction through the Peninsula, being one of Wellington's A.D.C.s. He afterwards became the first Surveyor-General of South Australia and founded Adelaide. "Light Square" in this city perpetuates his name and work.

Extra Drum Horse and Kettle Drummer.

At the commencement of this article mention has been made of the fact that the 3rd Hussars have lost the additional drum horse, which, with a kettle drummer, were granted in recognition of their distinguished services at Dettingen. This is the only instance that we have met in the British service, of an increase in the establishment of a man and a horse being permitted as an honorary distinction to a regiment. Although the drum horse has gone the additional kettle drummer remains.

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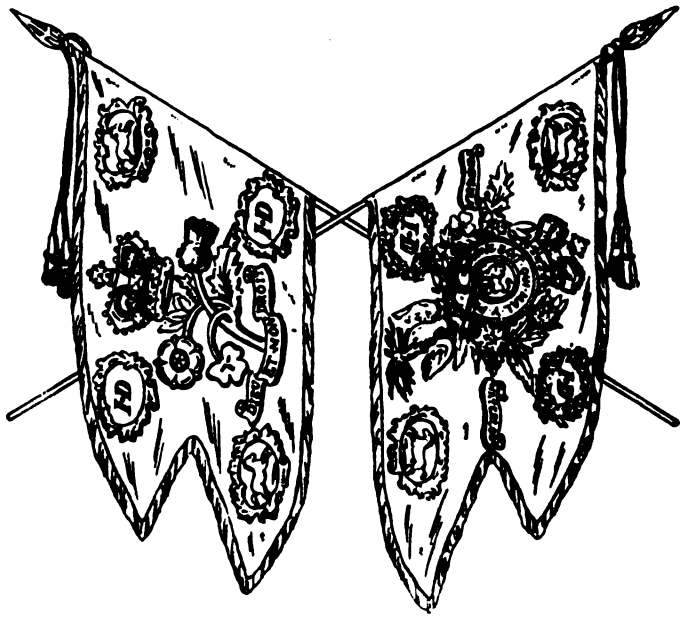
Such are some of the distinctions of our Cavalry regiments and whatever may happen to them in the future they cannot lose their glorious past.

The Carabiniers Reveille.

The Cavalry seem to have a leaning towards musical distinctions, but whilst the 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers play their hymns at night the Carabiniers start the day with the sounding of a special reveille. The official reveille is first played upon the trumpet and this is immediately followed by a short tuneful air played upon six cornets. The identity of the tune has not been definitely established but it is thought to be of Bavarian origin, probably "Ach du Liebe Augustine."

This special reveille was introduced into the regiment in 1895 by Lieutenant-Colonel T. C. Porter on assuming command. Up to 1922 it was played every morning but since the amalgamation with the 3rd Dragoon Guards it is played only three days a week in barracks but every day when in camp.



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FROM AN INDIAN NEWSPAPER.

How "Bois Russell" won the Derby!

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16-17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4.

"THE greatest achievement of Bois Russell, the French horse that won this year's Derby, is the fact that at the start of the race it somehow slumped, and for long time remained about 1½ mile behind the forerunners. To pick up that distance and to win is a feat that has no parallel in racing history.

"When the tape went up Bois Russell was flabbergasted, and did not know what to do. That was probably due to the strange surroundings. This was the second race the horse was running. He took so long to get used to the surroundings that the other horses ran ahead of him without serious competition.

"After a sturdy crack from the whip Bois Russell was more amazing than the wind. He bounded forward at such amazing pace that people on the course thought it was like a bullet making for its target. The inclement weather, instead of damping him, encouraged him. Mud, rain, wind, added to his energy: The middle runners began to lag behind him as if they were cab horses. Then came the turn of the forerunners. Pasch, who stood place, was passed first, as if he was a nonentity. The fight with Scottish Union was thrilling but not exerting. It happened within a split minute. The two horses were noses parallel; then suddenly Bois Russell came to the forefront. After that Bois Russell ran with full grace and confidence. Without slackening speed, he bounded forward and reached the post leaving his successor four lengths behind. . . .

"Mr. Beatty evidently knew his horse perfectly well. He was perfectly sure of Bois Russell's performance in bad weather. He was continually visiting meteorologists asking them what sort of weather would befall Derby Day, secretly wishing that it was bad. He said a day before the race "If it is fine, then my horse will stand second. If it rains, good god, he will be the winner."

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P.S.C.

By Michael Cobb.

The Colonel picked up his cap.

"Then that's settled," he said.

The Adjutant nodded briskly.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Squadrons will move out to camp independently and they should all be settled in by tomorrow evening."

"Right. And, by the way, there's one other thing. That guest night out in camp at the end of the week, what day is it again?"

"Friday, sir," replied the Adjutant.

"Yes, that's it. Well I think we ought to ask that fellow Jackson to dine that night."

"Jackson?" said the Adjutant without conviction.

"Yes, Jackson," said the Colonel. "You know, he's on the staff of the Brigade over at . . . . ."

"Oh yes, sir, Jackson, of course."

The Colonel paused with his hand on the door handle.

"Yes. He's been very useful to us with schemes and so on. Anyway, I think it would be only civil to ask him, so you might make a note of it, will you?"

"Very good, sir," said the Adjutant, "I'll arrange it."

Thus it came about that Major Jackson sitting in his office received a polite card stating that Lieut.-Colonel Soan, D.S.O., and the Officers of the Light Blue Royal Hussars (Queen Astoria's own Royal Regiment) requested the pleasure of the company of Major Jackson to dinner on the following Friday at 8 o'clock at their camp at Heathgate. Major Jackson replied in suitable terms accepting this kind invitation which made him

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realize that his military activities in assisting that distinguished regiment had been duly appreciated.

* * * *

Any normal person if asked to dine out at a place called Heathgate Camp, which everybody knows is on the hill just the other side of Heathstone-on-Sea, would start out about a quarter of an hour earlier than necessary and drive through the town. After that, a simple enquiry from a policeman or a postman or some pedestrian would set him on the right road to his destination.

Such normal people might even take the trouble to look at the map to see where the camp really was.

Not so Major Jackson.

Major Jackson was a highly trained Staff Officer.

At the time of the arrival of the invitation he had been very busy in his office telephoning to one of his fellow-graduates at Divisional Headquarters, concerning a droll circumstance in which during an exercise, some officer had sited his machine guns in a manner grossly at variance with the regulations.

"And the best part of the joke, Jackson was saying, "the cream of the jest is that the Chief Umpire said it didn't matter, because they could still shoot from where he had put them."

This diverting circumstance so amused them that only the very strongest sense of duty made it possible for them both to continue their morning's work. The expert at Division went back to his papers and Jackson, replacing the receiver, applied himself to his correspondence.

The first thing he had opened had been the invitation of the Light Blue Hussars, and at once he became the trained Staff Officer. His face set inscrutably, his lips closed like the jaws of a trap, while in his eye there glittered that steely look which is the hall mark of Great Commanders. He made an entry in his diary, then stretching out a long and capable finger, he pressed one of a row of buttons twice.

He had not long to wait.

As if by magic, and certainly as quickly, there appeared a uniformed attendant, no less a person in fact than Serjeant

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Wilberforce, the second senior clerk at Brigade Headquarters. Jackson was like that. "Quiet efficiency breeds organization," was his watchword. One ring for the Chief Clerk, two for the Second Senior Clerk, and so on. By this means there could be no mistake.

"You rang, sir?" inquired Serjeant Wilberforce, more as a statement than as a question.

Major Jackson nodded briskly. "Words waste time," was another of his slogans. He had of course many others.

"Bring me a folded copy of the gridded Ordnance Survey Map 99, one inch to one mile, and also, on a slip of paper, the map reference of Heathgate Camp." He ordered sharply.

Serjeant Wilberforce withdrew.

Presently he returned with the map and the slip of paper.

Major Jackson took them with a curt word of thanks—subordinates appreciate courtesy—and fastened them together with the invitation.

Then placing the package in a drawer against the day, or rather the evening when it would be required, he applied himself to writing a learned paper on "The probable effect on the landing of Julius Cæsar in Britain of a company of tanks in the hands of the opposing forces, having due regard to the possible development in Armoured Fighting Vehicles during the next fifty years which points to the probability of the present weapons of warfare becoming obsolete."

* * * *

Major Jackson had his bath prepared for him according to his written instructions, put on his mess kit, great coat and hat, then taking up the package which had lain unopened on his dressing table since that afternoon, he split it up into its component parts and spread the documents on the table in front of him.

The invitation was for that evening. A brief glance at the calendar, a swift cross check with his diary and the incontrovertible fact that he was dining with the Light Blue Royal Hussars (Queen Astoria's Own Royal Regiment) that evening was definitely established. On the open map in front of him,

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he had no difficulty in locating the map reference G.1098 which appeared to him to lie in the middle of a swampy piece of ground not far from the sea.

"Eleven miles as the crow flies," he muttered. "But then I am not a crow," he reflected remembering Sir Redvers Buller's campaign in South Africa. "Say fifteen miles. Half an hour."

A glance at his watch told him that he had seven minutes to spare—time wasted can seldom be regained; just enough to glance at the new pamphlet: "The incidence of faulty trigger pressing amongst modern Continental armies," which he had received that very day.

Finally fortified by this comforting document Major Jackson went downstairs, entered his car and drove off to keep his appointment. As the needle of his speedometer reached the thirty mark, a neighbouring clock struck the half hour.

"Fifteen miles, thirty minutes," he reflected.

* * * * *

At five minutes to eight Major Jackson stopped his car. At this point according to his map, and to his compass he should turn to the left. His compass, newly checked—compasses need frequent checking—pointed unerringly to the left. A slight sea mist obscured his vision, but undaunted he ignored it. He should turn to the left, and to the left he turned.

For some distance the car ran over smooth turf. An unexpected break in the mist showed him to his right a long low monticule surmounted by gigantic numbers. The stop butts of a rifle range, his trained eye told him. "Camps should never be sited on rifle ranges," he reflected with a smile . . . How like the dear old Blue Hussars to do that, to put their camp in an unauthorized place. Good fellows, all of them, but inclined to be rather slap-dash. Presently the grass seemed to become sparser, or as he himself would have put it, the incidence of shingle more prevalent, and he changed down into third.

Eventually the prevalence of shingle became absolute. He changed into second, then first, and then came to an abrupt stop. Although the wheels of his car still revolved he did not appear to be advancing. Some trick of the mist he reflected, and yet . . . .

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He got out of his car and looked round it. Trick of the mist or not, the back axle was completely embedded in loose shingle. The car would neither advance or retire, resisting all Major Jackson's efforts to move it by burrowing deeper into the ground.

But Major Jackson was not the man to be daunted by such a trivial mishap.

Setting his hat firmly on his head, he strode resolutely forward, and was soon swallowed up by the fog.

* * * * *

Major Jackson did not dine with the Light Blue Royal Hussars (Queen Astoria's Own Royal Regiment) that night.

They waited for him a quarter of an hour and then gave him up.

Still, when the Colonel discovered from Major Jackson that the entire blame for this misadventure was attributable to Serjeant Wilberforce, who had inadvertently given Major Jackson the wrong map reference, he decided that he must be asked to dinner again when the Regiment got back to barracks.

"Jackson?" said the Adjutant without conviction.

"Yes. He's been very useful to us with schemes and so on. Anyway I think it would be only civil to ask him, so you might make a note of it will you?"

"Very good, sir," said the Adjutant. "I'll arrange it."

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CRISIS IN THE CAVALRY.

By Reginald Hargreaves.

" En l'armée on croit les expériences d'être dangereuses,
. . . à moins qu'ils ont du succès."—Guibert.

This does not set out to be a disquisition upon the problem of the cavalryman and his future, which has been agitating military circles almost since the moment when the 'Cease Fire' sounded in the November of 1918. We are all familiar with the arguments of those perfervid apostles in boiler suits who insist that, under modern conditions of warfare, the man on the horse is an anachronism, to be banished from present-day armies without further waste of time. Doubtless we are equally alive to the unassailable contention that " mechanization " must be regarded as an amplification of, rather than as a substitute for, the *arme blanche*; that the obligations of reconnaissance and " screening," which are the essence of dispersion, can never be adequately carried out by the man in the armoured vehicle, since, in his steel box, like the crab in its shell, he exhibits a perfect example of highly-vulnerable concentration.

All this constitutes the gravamen of a problem which is still in the process of orientation, and upon which the last word has by no manner of means been spoken. At the same time it serves to remind us of another crisis in the career of the cavalryman, equally serious and far-reaching in its implications, and, by analogy, not at all dissimilar to the situation with which the military quidnuncs of to-day continue to find themselves confronted.

Cavalry's original function, of course, had been to overwhelm, by the sheer weight and impetus of its attack, the serried

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ranks of the Infantry drawn up to oppose it; and, prior to the heyday of the archer, the ponderous, slow-moving, but majestically efficient assault of the steel-clad men a-horse must have been, as the modern soldier would put it, "money for jam." The horseman's reply to the growing proficiency of the archer's missile action was to increase the resistance, and therefore the weight, of his armoured battle-harness, incidentally, appreciably slowing down the rate of his advance in the process.

The arrival of gunpowder and the weapons of (relative!) precision which were its outcome only served to give emphasis to the problem originally adumbrated by the straight-shooting archer. Cavalry was still primarily concerned with "shock" action in mass, the mounted man still "charged home"; although as time went on the Horse tried to steal a little of the Infantry's thunder by advancing in successive lines, discharging their pistols into the enemy ranks and thereafter wheeling and trotting to the rear to reload and repeat the process; the sword only being brought into action as a last resource. It was a compromise between 'shock' and 'fire' action which, excellent enough in theory, suffered from its failure to make allowance for the inalienable frailty of human nature. For, having discharged his piece and trotted off to the rear, the average friable trooper exhibited a really very understandable reluctance to speed-up the process of priming so that he might again hasten into the thick of the 'fray. By the third or fourth time round, the business of reloading, as may well be imagined, "took an unconscionable time a-doing"!

Now, as one worthy but *très regulaire* senior put it to the present writer during the tardy progress of the late 'Big Scrap,' "war is the death of all decent soldiering"; therefore the paradox may be permitted that since the whole of Europe, from the Norman Conquest of England to the first quarter of the 18th century, had been engaged in one long, scarcely-interrupted war, it followed that practically no spare time had been allowed it in which to sit back and think out how to fight properly! New inventions had come to the soldier's hand "not in single spies but in battalions," but so preoccupied had he been

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with the strenuous practice of his calling that their influence upon the tactical employment of troops had never been granted an opportunity for thorough survey.

But during the short breathing space which followed the termination of what we may term the Marlborough wars, practically throughout the whole of Europe the military authorities at last found themselves endowed with an interval in which to envisage the problems which had been provoked by their experiences in the campaigns most recently concluded. Not the least of these was, in what manner could the cavalry of the future be most usefully employed? The traditional attack of armoured horse in mass—concentration—naturally enough continued to boast staunch advocates.* But these loyal partisans of time-hallowed usage were promptly challenged by the champions of dispersion; whose recommendation was a return to the universal employment of the Dragoon on those lines upon which he had originally been conceived.

Dragoons, as will be recalled, had originally been organized purely and simply as Mounted Infantry. During the struggle between Charles 1st and the Parliamentary forces, for example, the Dragoon regiments of the 'New Model' army of 1645 were organized in ten companies, each 100 strong. They were armed like infantry, and drilled like infantry; their junior officers were known, not as Cornets, but as Ensigns; and they obeyed, not a trumpet, but a drum. They were mounted, it is true, but on very inferior horses, which they regarded as no more than as a means of getting about; for they always fought on foot, dismounting nine men out of ten for 'fire action,' and linking the 'left' horses by the somewhat elementary process of throwing each animal's bridle over the head of the horse standing next to it in the ranks. In effect, the original Dragoon functioned in much the same manner as modern 'motorized' infantry; and for any sort or kind of mounted action he was entirely without training or capacity.

* Marlborough was in himself a man of serene and equable temper; but his experiences in the realm of diplomacy had so lowered his general faith in human nature that he sent his semi-armoured Horse into action wearing a breast plate only, just by way of discouraging any latent tendency on their part to turn their backs on the enemy!

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This was in 1645: but a century later we find that the Dragoon, save for the Light Companies—'Companies,' mark you—attached to certain Dragoon Guard regiments, had gradually reverted to the battle action of his 'Heavy' brethren. In effect, while both Dragoons and Dragoon Guards remained to essay 'shock' action when the occasion for it arose, in the cavalryman's sense no alternative to the obligation of charging home existed.

The scope of the Horse, as thus constituted, was obviously limited: if no amplification of the duties of the mounted branch to bridge the gap between the ponderosities of the 'Heavies' and the limited employment of the Light Companies of the Dragoon Guards, could be legislated for, then the cavalryman would have to face up to the grim conclusion that his usefulness was strictly limited, and subject, moreover, to a swiftly-growing deterioration, as the perfection of hostile action by means of improved weapons of precision continued to increase.

It was a first-class crisis, in which the worth, the dignity, the authority, and the pride of place the cavalryman had hitherto enjoyed faced a challenge to which some really constructive solution must be found, if relegation to the background was not to be his ungrateful and humiliating portion. The answer, taking the traditional form of compromise, was the inauguration of a number of regiments of Light Dragoons whose obligations, embracing, so far as was possible, the best of both worlds, supplied a connecting-link between the restricted 'shock' action of the 'Heavies' and the powerful but insufficiently mobile 'fire' action of the infantry.

II.

Since the problem, so far as Europe was concerned, was almost universal, it may sufficiently serve our purpose to investigate the manner in which the early British Light Dragoon regiments came into being, evolved their particular character, and laid the foundations for the training of the Light Horse which remains, and one may safely aver, will continue to remain, axiomatic in principle so long as the usefulness of a body capable

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of reconnaissance and 'screening,' (in addition to possessing mobility and the capacity for either 'fire' or 'shock' action as occasion demands), remains a desideratum to those to whom the world's future military destinies are entrusted.*

The fiat having gone forth, during the mid-decade of the 18th century, Royal Warrants were issued for the inauguration of a number of regiments of Light Dragoons, the execution of which were entrusted to a little band of enthusiasts, of a relatively younger school, who had already shown themselves, not only soldiers of mark, but men susceptible of new ideas and capable, once they had assimilated them, of carrying them into speedy translation.

Amongst others to whom these Warrants were entrusted may be cited Colonels Eliott†, Burgoyne‡ and Hale§—stout soldiers all, of wide military experience, yet not of such advanced age as to have acquired an outlook so inflexible as to be unappreciative of novel methods and new ideas.

From the very outset, indeed, there was a refreshing note of originality about the manner in which they set themselves to the raising of their respective regiments; a glimpse of which is afforded by the wording of a brace of recruiting appeals, for which Burgoyne and Hale were individually responsible. The effort of the first-named ran as follows:

> "Think of all the advantages that will be yours by joining in with His Majesty's 16th Light Dragoons! You will be mounted on the finest horses in the world, with superb clothing and the richest accoutrements; your pay and privileges are equal to two guineas a week‖; you are everywhere respected; your society is courted; you are admired by the Fair, which, together with the chance of getting switched

* It must be admitted that, up to the middle of the 18th century, Great Britain, in military matters, had always been a little behind the times. When it came to a realisation of the necessity for Light Cavalry, however, she exhibited an enterprise as alert as, in many ways, it was bleakly astonishing.

† More colloquially known as "Old Cock o' the Rock," the brilliant defender of Gibraltar, subsequently ennobled as Lord Heathfield.

‡ "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne, a dashing Cavalry Brigadier, and the gallant leader of the vanquished British force at Saratoga.

§ "Fighting John," a youthful veteran of Cape Breton and Louisberg, who brought England the news of Quebec's submission and of Wolfe's untimely death.

‖ An imaginatively generous estimate, this.

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to a buxom widow, or of brushing with a rich heiress, renders the situation truly envious and desirable. Young men out of employment or uncomfortable: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken on the flood, leads on to fortune.—Nick in instantly and ENLIST!"

A thoroughly 'matey' appeal, one submits, and embodying a Shakespearian quotation typical of that doughty wearer of the King's scarlet, from whose pen—God wot!—the soldiery of Washington's army suffered considerably more than they ever did from his sword!

Not that Colonel Hale's little effusion is to be dismissed as lacking in individuality, even if it does lack something of "Gentleman Johnny's" literary flourish:—

"Wanted, for the ranks of the 18th* Light Dragoons: Brisk lads, light and straight, and by no means gummy; not under 5 feet 5½ inches, and over 5 feet 9 inches in height. Liberal bounty, good uniform, generous pay. Step lively, lads, and come in while there is time!"

Whether it was due to some subtly irresistible quality of appeal in these advertisements, or whether at the time of their appearance there existed a superabundance of "brisk lads, light and straight, and by no means gummy," not averse to the chance of "brushing with a rich heiress," or even being "switched to a buxom widow," the fact remains that, in each and every instance, something under a month saw the ranks of the new Light Dragoon regiments filled to the limit of their authorized establishments.†

Comprised initially of 4 Troops of 3 Sergeants, 3 Corporals, 2 Drummers, and 67 Private men, the total was very shortly afterwards increased by an additional 2 Troops of the same strength. Over and above the establishment of 678 rank and file, the regiments included 22 Officers, one of whom functioned as a Surgeon.

* A stop-gap Corps, raised by Lord Aberdour, temporarily usurped the number 17, which upon its disbandment, was very rightly taken over by Hale's "'Death or Glory' Boys."

† The unit raised by Eliott was recruited very largely from amongst the London "snips," then on strike; but "Eliott's Tailors," as they came to be known, gave a magnificent account of themselves from the first. Reviewed by the Sovereign on their return from service abroad, their C.O. was loud in his praise of the manner in which the regiment had charged at the battle of Emsdorff. "Charge!" chuckled the King; "your 'Tailors' charge? Of course they can charge; think of their experience!"

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This, roughly, may be taken as a standard for the whole of the Light Dragoon formations with which the various armies of Europe were soon to become populous. A precedent for this particular establishment had been created, it may be recalled, by the raising of an experimental regiment of Light Dragoons—" in imitation of the Hussars of the Eastern European countries "—by the Duke of Kingston, during the Stuart Rebellion of the 45; and with the experiences gained with this earlier corps to act as guide, a method of equipping and training the new units already existed, at least in embryo.

In the matter of uniform, King's scarlet was adopted as the coat colour by all three regiments; with facings on lapel and turned-back cuffs in varying hues for the respective formations. (The white lace of the 17th, it may be noted, was distinguished by a black edge, a sign of commemorative mourning for the death of Wolfe, as was the regimental badge—a skull and cross bones, with beneath them the motto " — or Glory.") White breeches, waistcoats of the colour of the regimental facings, boot stockings, a watering, or forage, cap, gloves, a stable " frock," high knee boots, and a helmet of stout ' jacked ' leather, garnished with a horse-hair-crested comb, rather resembling the head-dress of the Roman legionaires, with a caped cloak to go over all, formed the principal items of the trooper's wardrobe; which was supplied him at his Colonel's expense. But such jubilation as the recruit may have experienced in his possession of so smart and attractive a turn-out was doubtless somewhat tempered by his discovery that coat, waistcoat and breeches were expected to last him for two, and his helmet, boots and cloak no less than four, years.

His pay—so optimistically referred to in " Gentlemen Johnny's " recruiting advertisement—totalled £13 14s. 10d. *per annum*; made up as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
" Subsistence " (5d. a day nominal) ...	9	2	0
" Arrears " (2d. a day nominal) ...	3	1	0
" Grass money "	1	11	10

Out of this modest annual increment, however, the soldier

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had to make allowance for the cost of various articles of equipment, such as shirts, stockings, shoes, stocks, leather breeches, brushes and buckles. These, which he was expected not only to provide, but to maintain, at his own expense, ran away with a little over £4 7s. 0d. annually.*

The armament finally decided upon consisted of a sword, a 12 inch bayonet, pair of pistols, and a carbine 2 feet 5 inches long in the barrel. This weapon was attached to a swivel which ran up the shoulder belt, to facilitate firing from the saddle; and when at rest, swinging from the right hip, had its muzzle supported in a small 'bucket,' little more than a small socket, affixed to the off-side stirrup-iron. In addition to the above, each man carried a cartridge belt to hold 24 rounds. With this equipment he was considered as armed against all contingencies, either a-foot or a-horse; the lance, save in Poland and on the Eastern border-line of the Balkans, at that time having fallen completely out of favour.

Instructions were issued that all ranks should be mounted on "light horses of the nag or hunter kind, of various colours, with swish or nick't tails,"† standing from 14.3 to 15.1; for the charger was not expected to carry so heavy a load nor such cumbrous saddlery as his compeer in the "Heavies." With the introduction of Trumpeters, in 1764, who were clad in coats of the colour of the facings of their respective regiments, turned up with scarlet, it became the practice always to mount them upon white chargers; an additional aid to their swift identification, consisting of a distinctive headdress in the shape of a plumed cocked hat. Farriers also wore an individual uniform of darkest blue, with a conical fur cap, ornamented with a metal plate displaying an embossed horse shoe.

Parades moved, initially, to beat of drum, of which there

* A note in a contemporary Order Book gives some idea of the prices then prevailing," ... the men may wear leather breeches about their work, but white Russia linen ones are recommended as they last as long, and only cost 2/6. Shirts, however, were relatively costly at 6/10; shoes cost 6/- a pair, stockings 2/10, brushes 5d. to 6d., a 'black ball'—the old substitute for blacking —1/-, a black stock 8d., a stock-buckle 6d., and knee buckles 8d. Short black gaiters, for work in stables and about quarters, could be obtained as cheaply as 3/8 a pair.

† The "Heavies" were the only Horse to indulge in full-tailed mounts; the Light Dragoons at one time carrying the docking of their chargers to such a point that little more than a shaving-brush-like stump was all they possessed to wag!

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were seven principal and easily-distinguishable signals of command. Of the drill movements, which were numerous and involved, considerations of space forbid the setting-down of more than an indication. Broadly speaking, each squadron was told off into half squadrons, then into three divisions, then into half ranks, then into fours, and finally into files; fours in those days meaning four men of one rank abreast. 'Evolutions,' solemnly conducted by the Colonel in person, started with the squadron drawn up in three ranks, at open order, that is to say, with a distance equal to half the squadron between each rank. Then each rank was told off by half rank, third of rank, and fours; which done, the word was given, "Officers, take your posts for exercise!" This signified that the officers were to fall out to their front, and take post ten paces in rear of the Commanding Officer, facing towards the regiment. In other words, the regiment was required to go through the coming movements without troop or squadron leaders. Then the caution was given, "Take care to perform your evolutions!" and the exercise began.

Briefly, the first two evolutions consisted in the doubling of the depth of the column. "The left half-ranks reined back and passaged to the right until they covered the right half-ranks; and the original formation having been restored by more passaging, the right half-ranks did likewise."* This was followed by the conversion of three ranks into two. Then came further variations of wheeling, and wheeling about by half-ranks, thirds of ranks. and fours; each movement being executed to the halt on a fixed pivot, so that throughout all these intricate manœuvres the regiment practically never moved off its ground.

A good deal of time, of course, was given to dismounted drill. Only two men per squadron were detailed as horse-holders, linking-reins, especially carried for the purpose, enabling them to cope (more or less!), with the swarm of animals left on their hands; while on receiving the word "squadron, have a care to march forward!" the balance of the rank and file formed up in front, infantry fashion, and for the time being were called,

* The above details have been gleaned from Hinde's "Discipline of the Light Horse," a rare work, published in 1778, and exceedingly hard to come by, and from an Appendix to the "History of the 17th Lancers," by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue, K.C.V.O., LL.D., D.Litt.

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drilled, and generally regarded, as a battalion. As Sir John Fortescue points out, it is probable that the present-day march past the Inspecting Officer on foot has its origin in the slow 'march by' which brought the Light Dragoon's dismounted drill to a close.

As has been said, these evolutions were originally performed to beat of drum. It was not until 1764 that Trumpeters were substituted for the original Drummers, one performer to each Troop. When dismounted, these Trumpeters formed a "band of musick," consisting of two French horns, two clarionets, and two bassoons; an extraordinary combination suggestive of the very worst excesses of Tin-Pan-Alley, but in which, none-the-less, we may discern the chrysalis of the present-day regimental band. Over and above the Trumpeters, the various regiments rejoiced in the possession of a Fifer who, when, on the line of march, the Trumpeters had blown themselves breathless, would take up the wilting aria in an ear-piercing solo.

Originally, there had been no more than six standardized cavalry trumpet calls, used both for parade purposes and for signalling in the field. To these a few others were now added, while their identification was rendered easier by multiplying their variety of tone, a result achieved by adding characteristic blasts from the bugle horn and the French horn. The following table demonstrates something of the manner in which the respective calls were varied.

Butte Sella*	Stable Call.—Trumpet. Boot and Saddle.—Trumpet.
Monte Cavallo	Horse and away.—Trumpet. Sometimes bugle horn; used also for evening stables.
Tucquet	March.—Trumpet. Water.—Trumpet.
Auquet	Setting watch, or tap-to.—Trumpet. Used also for morning stables.

* One of the earliest known trumpet calls, obviously of Italian origin, which survives to-day, in the British Cavalry, in a corrupted form, as "Boot and Saddle." It was not until 1779 that trumpet and bugle calls were finally codified and standardized in their present form, a work undertaken by that rising young musician, Josef Haydn.

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Tucquet	The Call.—Trumpet.
(A different combination.)	Parade or Assembly. Repair to Arlarum Post.—Bugle horn.
Alla Standarda	Standard Call.—Trumpet. Used for fetching and lodging Standards; also for drawing and returning swords.
	Preparations for firing.—Trumpet.
	Cease firing.—Trumpet.
	Form Squadrons; form the line.—Bugle horn.
	Advance.—Trumpet.
Carga	Charge or attack.—Trumpet.
	Retreat.—French horns.
	Trot, gallop, front form.—Trumpet.
	Rally.—Bugle horn.
	Non - Commissioned Officers' Call. —Trumpet.

The Quick March on foot.—the fife.

The Slow March on foot.—the band of musick.

With the adoption of these various calls, the Light Dragoon may fairly be said, not only to have been launched upon his career, but to have achieved that admirable equipoise between the 'Heavy' cavalryman and the Infantryman pure and simple, for which his originators had designed him. Mobile, capable of both 'fire' and 'shock' action as occasion demanded, equally at home a-horse or a-foot, with carbine or with sabre, his ubiquity and all-round usefulness was so patent that an honoured place was assured him in every army in the world, for so long as horsemen should continue to form a part of them. Sometimes, as military fashions changed, he appeared momentarily disguised as a Lancer or Hussar; but whatever his designation or the temporary additional bric-à-brac with which he armed himself, his functions have remained as unaltered as they have always been faithfully fulfilled.

And now if, as some aver, the conditions of modern warfare have brought his usefulness in the field to a summary end, he will still survive in spirit, embodied in that magnificent, world-wide

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tradition of which we, his descendants, are the proud inheritors. Let us look back to him, then, with admiration and warm gratitude, rejoicing in the splendid example of soldierly achievement and selfless service of which he was so true and indomitable an exemplar. Let us look back at him across the centuries with a little glow of pride and envy as, careful of the Regulations which decreed that "the Light Dragoon is always to appear clean, and dressed in a soldier-like manner in the streets, his skirts tucked back, his boots clean, and a black stock, but no powder, save on Sundays, when he shall have a white stock and be *well* powdered,"—he takes his walks abroad, with or without a "buxom widow" or a "rich young heiress" on his arm, for all time the perfect pattern of what a conscientious Light Cavalryman should ever strive to be!

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THE ADEN TROOP EMBARKS.

By H. JAY.

IN these days of disbandment or transfiguration of mounted corps it was a welcome change to come across some old correspondence dealing with an episode in the birth of a (horsed) cavalry unit. The fact that the life story of the Aden Troop is now closed does not detract from the interest of its genesis.

This little sidelight only deals with the transport of the Troop from "Kurrachee" to Aden and gives an interesting view of the problems and customs of those times. John Jacob was then "Lt.-Colonel and Political Superintendent in Upper Scinde" or alternatively, when he wanted his letter to carry more weight, the "Acting Commissioner in Scinde." As he had raised the Aden Troop people jumped to the conclusion that it was part of his "Sind Irregular Horse" and so the men could be treated like mere soldiers. But this is anticipating.

Proceedings began, as they so often do, by an estimated strength return on which the Assistant Commissariat General at Karachi got busy. He had been told by the Bombay Government that he was to arrange "boat tonnage" when he got this strength. So he wrote to the Port Officer, giving him the numbers, to ask what boats would be supplied and how the men and animals would be stowed. Though he probably did what he could the Port Officer's reply was hardly helpful.

"I have the honour to inform you that boats from 400 to 500 candies* are procurable here for the conveyance of the troops of Scinde Horse from this to Aden. and that the average costs for

* A "candy" was 20 maunds. The ordinary market maund was then about 23 lbs., but it was possible that the shipping maund was 80, making a "candy" of 1,600 lbs., 640 lbs. less than the modern ton.

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the boats on this service will be Rs3 annas 8 per candy and that they will be about thirty days on the voyage.

" 15 Candies are allowed by Government for each horse but I cannot inform you at present until the boats are actually engaged, what number of horses can be put in each boat, for it will much depend upon their construction but I think it will take 8 or 9 boats to take the number of horses and men specified in Lieut.-Colonel Jacob's letter.

" I am unable to give you a separate statement of what it will actually cost to take these men and horses to Aden because I am not aware of what accommodation they are allowed by Government but Rs3 annas 8 per candy will be the charge and I can supply you with 3,000 Candies in a fortnight or three weeks warning."

So all was going well until the Troop arrived in Karachi when the officer in charge, who signed himself " Henry Moore, Ensign, Lt. of Aden Police," threw a spanner into the works (even one's writing has become mechanized) in the true John Jacob manner by refusing to go in country craft. He said :

" . . . I have referred the subject of embarking the Aden Troop Irregular Horse in native craft for Aden, to Government, and shall await their further instructions before embarking the Troop in Country Boats."

Major W. B. Salmon, the unfortunate " Assist. Commissary General, Sind Division," referred the matter to Bombay saying :

" . . . I applied for Boat Tonnage to the Port Officer for the conveyance hence to Aden of the Detachment of the S.I. Horse. . . As your Orders to obtain Port Tonnage were imperative, I do not feel myself called upon on the authority of Ensign Moore's letter to recall my application to the Port Officer and I therefore solicit the favour of your early instructions on this point."

Salmon also sent a copy of Moore's letter to John Jacob to see what the latter thought. The " Commissioner in Sinde ", this was an important letter, then clarified the situation by making the confusion worse confounded and adding a few sarcastic remarks. This he did on the 20th of February, 1856.

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". . . I have the honour to inform you that the Troop in question is no longer a detachment of the Sind Irregular Horse, but a distinct body of Silladar Horse raised for Service at Aden.

" The troop is not a Military but a Civil body of men. The case as regards it is wholly a special and isolated one, and the arrangements regarding it therefore I do not conceive, come under any of the general regulations of the Service.

" I would therefore suggest that your office makes such necessary arrangements regarding provisions, water, etc., in communication with the officer commanding the Troop as may appear to be best adapted for carrying out the object of Government, which is to land at Aden a Troop of Horse fit for immediate Service.

" I would further beg to observe that the Services of this Troop were urgently required by Government, and it seems to me, that Government will be surprised that this Troop should have been formed, mounted, armed, equipped, clothed, accoutred and fully equipped in every way, should have marched some three hundred and fifty miles, and arrived at Kurrachee in perfect order in less time than it has taken to provide tonnage for its transport.

" It is important that there should be as little delay as possible, but it seems to me more so that the men and horses of the Troop should arrive in Aden in a perfectly efficient state. I have therefore written strongly to recommend to Government that the Troop be conveyed to Aden on board a transport ship from Kurrachee."

Jacob was a power in the land and Salmon saw trouble ahead so he sent off an immediate letter to Bombay to cover himself.

" . . . regarding the delay in providing tonnage, I beg to state that I applied for Boat Tonnage immediately I received your letter directing me to do so; but you will perceive from the concluding para: of that Officer's Communication that he has recommended to Government, that the Troop be conveyed hence to Aden by a transport ship.

" These conflicting orders are I beg to observe, very embarrassing—I trust therefore that I may be furnished with some

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explicit instructions as to the mode of Transport of the Detachment, as I really am at a loss to know how to act in the matter."

In the meanwhile John Jacob began to feel qualms about the delay and on the 24th of February, four days after his letter saying he had asked Government for a transport ship, he wrote to Salmon as follows:

"I have the honour to inform you that the required tonnage having been actually taken up, I am of opinion that the Aden Troop should embark and proceed to its destination without further delay."

With two different sets of instructions from an important official who was not, in any way, his "higher authority," Salmon was in a quandary. Bombay was not being very helpful, letters took days and the matter was urgent. So he made up his own mind and told his immediate and distant superior that:

"As before brought to notice the conflicting opinions as to the mode of conveyance for the Detachment is the cause of much embarrassment to me, and I am therefore obliged to act up to the best of my judgment and accordingly purpose that unless I receive positive intimation between this and the few days that will elapse in preparing for the embarkation of the Troop of the engagement and despatch of a ship from Bombay to Kurrachee for its transport to Aden (as recommended to Government by Col. Jacob) I shall permit the Detachment to proceed by the boats which the Port Officer reports to be in readiness; but in the event of my receiving intelligence of the actual departure of the transport from the Presidency before this Communication can reach you I shall in that case recall the demand for Boat Tonnage as the payment for demurrage on account of Country Craft will not I apprehend amount to anything like what the cost of sending a ship from Bombay and of her return trip there unemployed would come to."

The punctuation of those days demanded good lungs! However, that was on the 27th of February and on the 7th March he heard from Bombay, in a letter also dated the 27th of February,

"intimating that a square rigged vessel was to be engaged at the Presidency for the conveyance of the Detachment Irregular

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Horse hence to Aden and to inform you that on receipt thereof I in accordance with the determination expressed in my letter No. 717 of 27th ultimo informed the Port Officer that the boat tonnage taken up for the Detachment might under the circumstances be discharged."

The ship duly arrived, in fact two of them turned up, but Salmon's troubles were not over as someone in Bombay had blundered.

". . . I have the honour to report that in consequence of the Deputy-Commissary General having sent up only 188 water casks in the Transports about to convey the Aden Troop of Irregular Horse hence to its destination instead of some 500 Casks, as his previous correspondence led me to expect; I was obliged to re-entertain the extra Coopers from 8th to 12th instant inclusive to get the number of Casks to complete in readiness, in order that the vessels might not be delayed here."

800 casks of water were required and Salmon had originally "entertained", as we still do, the 3 Coopers to prepare 300 of them; now he had to prepare 312 more. The casks were hogsheads which had contained porter or beer for issue to British troops. Karachi alone dealt with about 24,000 hogsheads a year so they knew how to drink beer in those days.

After this all went well and it must have been with a sigh of relief that the harried Major Salmon sent off this last letter. It is dated the 21st of April, 1856, just over two months after the Irregular Troop had arrived at Karachi.

"I have the honour to report the departure yesterday and this day respectively of the Transports "Julia" and "Futtay Allum" to Aden with the Detachment Irregular Horse."

Stalwart to the end, he still refused to admit that the Aden Troop had an identity of its own; as far as he was concerned it was still a detachment of one of John Jacob's Irregular Horse Regiments.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The July "Army Quarterly" contains the Bertrand Stewart Prize Essay by Major H. C. S. Minchin, 2nd/12th Frontier Force Regiment, on the subject of the contributions of the Dominions and Colonies of the British Empire to Imperial Defence. In his views Dominion co-operation can be relied on fully so far as pure defence is concerned, but not further than that, and that at present there is, and perhaps can in the nature of things be, no definite policy as to the exact form such co-operation should take. He suggests that each Dominion should make itself responsible as from the outbreak of any war, and prepare itself in time of peace, for the naval safeguarding of some definite section of our Imperial trade routes and of our sea-borne traffic along it. Brigadier B. L. Montgomery writes interestingly about the encounter battle, and considers the first essential to build up quickly a base safe against ground and A.F.V. attack, so as to permit of rapid issue of instructions for a sound battle plan and its speedy execution; while at the same time everything must be done to impede and confuse the action of the enemy. Mr. R. Rax pleads for a better appreciation and utilization of the possibilities of anti-aircraft gun defence, and Captain F. M. V. Tregear in another well-written paper discusses the new Russian tactics of dropping troops in the enemy's back areas by parachute.

The "Fighting Forces" for August has as its leading feature an anonymous paper combating with a good number of cogent arguments the slogan "The bomber will always get through." The author's view is that the bomber's value has in post-war years been over-stressed in our R.A.F. circles, because

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of its value as a general utility machine for Imperial defence, and that modern methods of ground and air defence have much diminished its former utility. There are also descriptions of the combined exercise at Slapton Sands. and of the recent 2nd Division road exercise, and a paper on the conduct of recruiting marches, full of novel suggestions for popularizing them—all three anonymous. Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Burne begins a new series of military history for promotion articles on the last stage of the American Civil War with an account of the battle of the Wilderness.

The July "Royal Artillery Journal" also contains an account by Lieutenant-Colonel Burne of "the horrible bloudie and unheard-of siege of Ostend" by the Spaniards during the war against the Dutch at the beginning of the 17th century, which is full of amusing and useful points. There is a second historical article by Lieutenant-Colonel O. G. Body, on the New Model Army of our Civil War. Captain H. J. A. Thicknesse's second prize-winning essay on the war-time expansion of our artillery, with its inevitable extension of duties and responsibilities of warrant officers and N.C.Os., suggests the establishment in peace-time of an "under-officer" class earmarked primarily for wagon line duty in war, when they would be given commissions, and he outlines suggestions for selecting and training these "under-officers," who should be hand picked, and that as early in the service as possible.

"The Tank" for July maintains its normal high standard of varied interest with articles on the employment of tank brigades, the functions of the army, tanks in the attack, and A.F.V. designs. The editorial proposal to amalgamate the mechanized cavalry and the Royal Tank Corps into one completely new arm, composed of new units without any link with the traditions of the past, has already aroused considerable attention and discussion, and no doubt much more will be heard of it. As regards the other principal articles, that on the tank brigade is too full of useful and valuable matter for any brief summary to do

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justice to it; the importance of flexibility, initiative, control of speed, and use of ground in all operations of whatever nature stand out from the mass of detail with which it abounds. The paper on the functions of the British Army admirably summarises the historical development of our land forces from Lord Cardwell to Mr. Hore Belisha, and of the purposes for which they have been shaped, and the successive forms they have taken to fulfil those purposes. The paper on attack throws doubt on the theory that new anti-tank methods have deprived the tank of its value as an offensive weapon, and that on tank design advocates due attention to the moral and psychological effect of new machines, both on their own crews and on the enemy, as well as to mere engineering efficiency.

The "R.A.S.C. Quarterly" for May has two interesting articles on petrol supply in war and the maintenance from the air of a mobile force in desert country. The first of these concentrates primarily on the holding of the necessary stocks of fuel for the Army in time of peace; it advocates the building of bulk storage installations with a rapid turnover of their contents by agreement with the great oil companies, and mechanical arrangements for decanting into the four gallon tins which have been adopted as the standard form of container for war and despatching overseas to any theatre of operations as required. The second article, while emphasizing that the maintenance of ground troops from the air must always be an abnormal rather than a routine method, shows that the operation should normally be quite a feasible one, and gives useful hints as to how it ought to be carried out.

The two most interesting features of the July "United Services Institution of India Journal" are the papers by Major G. E. Wheeler, on "Russia in the East," in which he pleads for less suspicion and better mutual knowledge, understanding and sympathy between the Soviet Republic and Britain, if past frictions and disagreements are to be avoided in future; and by Lieutenant-Colonel O. G. Body, in which he discusses in a critical

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though not hostile spirit the views on the conduct of the encounter battle recently put forward by Brigadier Montgomery.

The best of an excellent batch of articles in "Canadian Defence Quarterly" for July are perhaps those on the United States defence policy by Mr. G. Nórlin, and on defence problems of the Pacific coast by Colonel H. F. Letson. The former strongly advocates full American adhesion to the League of Nations and to participation in sanctions against any aggressor; the latter stresses the value of the Canadian Defence Force as the cheapest form of efficient national insurance and pleads for its encouragement and assistance by every possible means.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

The "Revue de Cavalerie" for May/June, for a change, contains little to interest British readers, at least the great majority of them. An account by Commander de Langle de Cary (a reminder of the French Third Army of August, 1914) makes some observations concerning the work of a Divisional Reconnaissance Unit in the French manœuvres of 1937. The task set to this unit (mechanized) was to ascertain whether a Division, advancing southwards and expecting to encounter opposition, should move to the west or to the east of an obstacle formed by forests, something after the nature of the advance of the B.E.F. to the west and east of the Forest of Mormal in August, 1914; but in this case the enemy was in front not in rear of the force!

The problem was, on the whole, successfully solved and the mechanized unit proved adequate for the task. The chief lessons derived from the exercise may be summed up as follows: (1) The normal home training areas for this type of unit is far too restrained in extent to permit of really valuable results being obtained; one of the chief reasons is, really, the fact that the distances are too small for the difficulties in the way of petrol supply being experienced. It would appear that in the case of the smaller vehicles employed in reconnaissance little fast tank lorries, conveying up to 120 gallons of spirit might prove most valuable. Secondly, in exercises of this type the reconnaissance unit should be given some idea of what its further and subsequent missions might be. It is not enough to start off a unit of this class without any thought of what the next step or next advance might be. In small training areas this state of affairs is too prevalent. (2) The repair workshops for mechanized vehicles must move about as little as possible, if it be desired that they do really good work in a short space of time. (3) Light lorries carrying machine guns should give way to more handy vehicles. This is most urgent where their use is to be foreseen in

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narrow country lanes, since traffic congestion nearly always ensues from their use, particularly if a turn about should be made. Side-cars with a crew of two men were employed by one special section in place of small lorries with admirable results. This section was made up of 13 side-cars—three for headquarters and five per group; two of the latter, by a simple adaptation, were used solely for the conveyance of the guns. (4) Anti-tank guns carried in vehicles and then unloaded for use were highly productive of traffic congestion. (5) Motor-cyclist riflemen proved most useful.

A brief anonymous summary gives an account of the two Peninsular battles that are readily confused: Albuhera where Soult attacked Marshal Beresford on May 16th, 1811, and after nearly defeating him, was himself forced to withdraw. The other is Albufera, close by Valencia, where much fighting took place before Blake and the Spaniards were driven into the town and where they surrendered on January 9th, 1812. This surrender was unquestionably a great success for the French, although its effects were not too long-lived. The point of the article is to show that the action of Albufera was really fought on December 26th, 1811. The article is based on a close study of the various authorities. But one is surprised to see no mention of Oman's admirable account of Albuhera in his great work on the Peninsular War.

The United States "Cavalry Journal" for May-June. The opening article is another study by Major Edwin E. Schwien, 2nd Cavalry, entitled "Did they know how?" The theme is the failure of the French High Command to mass some cavalry corps on their left wing in August, 1914, when they should have been prepared to employ large masses of horsemen on that flank. The article is a companion to that published in this Journal on the subject of the faulty use made of cavalry by the German High Command. The latter seems to have aroused considerable attention in the U.S.A.

These studies are attractive. Yet we must confess that these speculations are apt to lead to sterile results. In the case of the

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previous article it was remarked in these columns that it might have been a most complicated task for the Germans to concentrate such a large number of horsemen in the vicinity of Aachen. Had the Germans been prepared to violate Dutch as well as Belgian neutrality, the task might have been simpler. In view of the fact that they had to deal with two fortresses, Liége and Namur, would it have been possible for them to pass through this very narrow channel to the south of Aachen all the artillery and infantry necessary for the capture of these two fortresses, in case of their resistance *à outrance*, as well as this mass of horsemen. Without access to the data on which the German march tables were based, it would be dangerous to generalize as to how far they could have concentrated such a mass of cavalry on their right wing. This may be retrospective, but as both articles form one whole and a prelude to certain conclusions, it is as well to consider the matter very broadly.

Now for the French. Here Major Schwien stands on firmer ground. Yet again the snag is serious. It is easy to condemn Plan XVII on which the French mobilized. But if we cast our eyes back a few years from 1914 and consider the conditions in which General Joffre became chief of the French war council, we must allow that Plan XVII is perhaps not quite so worthy of abuse as it is usually held to be. Bad it unquestionably was; but far worse was the tactical doctrine which caused some hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen to be thrown away on a hopeless offensive. Joffre had been appointed to succeed General Michel because the latter envisaged a plan of campaign based on the probable violation of Belgian neutrality by the Germans and also insisted on nominating his own subordinate commanders. He was dismissed and Joffre was appointed in his stead on the understanding that he would do as he was told. And he was told that the neutrality of Belgium must be regarded as to be expected. He also accepted the appointments prescribed by authority. Hence Plan XVII—faulty it certainly was and based on bad information and premises: else why should the French have ventured into the horrible Ardennes country to attack?

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The truth is, as was pointed out as far back as 1830 by Clausewitz that war is not made *in vacuo*; it is not a matter of making war as a perfect piece of work; war has to be made to suit conditions of national policy and a given national political situation. This was translated by Moltke as strategy, "as a system of expedients." Or as Lord Kitchener put it so tersely in early 1915, "We have to make war not as we ought, but as we can." And this fundamental fact should never be forgotten in this sort of speculative theorizing. If that be admitted then we can follow Major Schwien in both his articles with more relish and less afterthought. Major Schwien shows that the French Command could have mobilized the cavalry divisions into five corps south of the Ardennes. These would have moved to the Meuse between Namur and Liége. From that area the French cavalry corps would have fallen back westwards, delaying the German advance through Belgium. The Fifth Army (French—the B.E.F. is too small to be mentioned) could then advance northwards and assail the German First, Second and Third Armies, on the left (southern) flank. It is all perfectly logical and well argued. It is all astonishingly clever and attractive.

This might be called Case II: that is the French get the better of it. In the last of Major Schwien's studies, which we shall call Case I, the Germans by using all their cavalry on their right flank won the Battle of the Marne and captured Paris. May we expect Case III in which both belligerents will place their entire cavalry masses facing one another on that flank.

We will quote from Major Schwien's closing paragraph: "The rapid denouement of the Spanish situation has been due in no small part to the exploitation operations of the insurgent horse cavalry. Horse cavalry is becoming more and more important in the Chinese theatre. With less practical knowledge of war than any other world power, it is only here in the United States that we hear of the demise of horse cavalry!"

Major Schwien's study is followed by an anonymous article entitled "Cavalry: a requisite" (to be continued), which is based on somewhat similar reasoning to Major Schwien's; that is a

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study of the World War is made which is to show that cavalry is a necessary part of any army to exploit a success. The writer goes through every phase of the war in detail showing a clear knowledge of all its main features. Next, Colonel Albert E. Phillips takes us to a more practical consideration of how packs should be loaded on horses, illustrated by anatomical and other diagrams: a most useful study.

The number of July/August opens with a good article on "Mechanized Cavalry takes the Field." This was a march of 700 miles carried out by the 7th Cavalry Brigade in three days and one night in May, 1938. An observation squadron took part. The march took the form of a tactical exercise and was designed to test the entire mechanical apparatus of the Brigade. Reconnaissances were carried out. The 10th Infantry Brigade at one point put up an "accordian defence" with a full anti-tank equipment. Maintenance on such a march formed a particular item for study. The march is held to have been a complete success. There was one fatal accident; otherwise casualties in personnel were nil; two cars broke down on the last day and were towed home.

The anonymous writer of "Cavalry: a Requisite" completes his study. From a survey of the World War he deduces that during its many campaigns, decisive results were obtained on six fronts. "The Germans lost their African Colonies. The Japanese in Asia were completely successful. The Germans and Austrians defeated Roumania. Italy decisively defeated the Austrians. The British decisively defeated the Turks in Asia Minor and the Allies decisively defeated the Germans and Bulgarians on the Balkan Front. In five of these six campaigns cavalry took a direct decisive part and swung the pendulum towards victory." Whereas Ludendorff is quoted: "In the March, 1918, offensive. I felt seriously handicapped by lack of cavalry." The inference is obvious.

The German military press contains nothing of interest to cavalry readers. It is entirely absorbed in historical study and a strong leaning to aerial problems; it also devotes much study to heavily armoured tanks.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Official History of the Canadian Forces in the Great War, 1914-1919." General Series, Volume I. From the outbreak of war to the formation of the Canadian Corps. August, 1914—September, 1915. By Colonel A. Fortescue Duguid, D.S.O., B.Sc., R.C.A. Director of the Historical Section General Staff. Published by authority of the Minister of National Defence. (J. O. Patenaude, I.S.O., Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, Ottawa, 1938.)

"To the student of humanity as well as to the student of military history, the study of the effort put forth by Canada in the War of 1914-18 offers a wide and interesting field. There is exemplified the response of a young country, as yet imperfectly knit by bonds of mutual danger, of joint interest or of common origin, to an external impulse. There can be followed, each in its varying phases, the formation, the campaigning and the disbandment of an army raised and sent overseas as the outward expression of a profound reaction: the genesis, action and dissolution of a highly organized body to meet unusual and complicated conditions, in many ways a parallel to the history of other exceptional and specialized living entities.

The impulse was sudden, for the outbreak of war came as a surprise to the community at large; the reaction was immediate on the part of those susceptible to the call of the blood or appreciation of the gravity of the crisis; some inherited the instincts of fighting ancestors, others the dispositions of loyal patriots of past generations, and in some imagination replaced tradition."

Although the volumes under review deal only with the first year of war this extract from the compiler's preface is as good a description of his book as could be written.

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Throughout the book the compiler is scrupulously fair in his comments and does not shirk various controversial subjects—political or otherwise.

It is but natural that the actions of the dynamic and explosive Minister of Militia, Sir Sam Hughes, enter largely into the book and Colonel Fortescue Duguid suggests that his efforts sometimes proved more of a hindrance than a help. The first of such is the Minister's orders on the method of enrolment sent direct to 226 commanders of Militia units instead of through " the proper channel."

There is an amusing story of Sir Sam's short and stormy interview with Lord Kitchener : on the point at issue the Canadian minister was right—and he won. On other points the minister lost : his championship of the Ross rifle was one. The compiler gives a very full and complete history of this weapon from its appearance in 1901 until its final withdrawal from the 1st Canadian Division in June, 1915. It is remarkable that although some thousands of Canadians had, during the Second Battle of Ypres, thrown away their Ross rifles and re-armed themselves with the short Lee-Enfields dropped by British casualties, yet Sir Sam still pressed for the retention of the Ross in the C.E.F. Again, the Oliver Equipment, when " improved " was claimed by the minister to be better than the British web pattern but the compiler quotes a depressing report on the " Improved Oliver "; part of this equipment was the " Macadam shovel," a combined shovel and body-shield invented by the minister's lady secretary.

The 1st Canadian Division was assembled at Valcartier Camp, P.Q., the first detachment arriving on August 10th. Organization and training continued with what the compiler refers to as " the hectic alternating processes of shaking up and shaking down " and eventually, on October 3rd, a convoy of thirty-one transports containing the first Canadian contingent started on its 2,504 miles' journey across the Atlantic. Owing to enemy submarine activity Plymouth was substituted for Southampton as the port of disembarkation and here Lieutenant-General Edwin Alderson welcomed his new command who were

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also " greeted with cheers, cigarettes, kisses, drinks, and presentation copies of the New Testament. There was much delay in disembarkation the horses being the worst sufferers, more dying in port than on the voyage: their casualties were about 1.13 per cent.

The winter on Salisbury Plain is described as " unavailing misery " and it is recorded that men asked for stables to be built for their horses before huts for themselves.

During the winter the Canadian Cavalry Brigade was formed but it was not destined to be employed mounted during the period covered by these volumes.

On February 11th, 1915, the first transports carrying the 1st Canadian Division arrived at St. Nazaire and the long story of gallant achievement begins.

First attached for instruction to the 4th and 6th British Divisions, next in the line during the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, which for the Canadians " amounted to nothing more than a valuable tactical exercise with troops," and so to Ypres.

The outstanding feature of the Canadians' resistance at the Second Battle of Ypres, their first and perhaps their most glorious action, is the initiative and resource displayed by brigadiers, regimental officers and men. One interesting fact recorded is the movement of two counter-attacking battalions along No Man's Land, across the enemy's front and 1,000 yards from it, covered by mounted patrols of the Divisional Cavalry, the 19th Alberta Dragoons.

After the battle, among other most necessary reinforcements received, was the Canadian Cavalry Brigade which, storing its horses with Yeomanry regiments in England, crossed to France to be attached to the 1st Canadian Division as " Seely's Detachment."

The story of the Division's employment at Festubert and Givenchy in May and June makes grim reading; that of the map issued for these operations, hopelessly inaccurate and printed upside down, is almost beyond belief. It is a pity that the compiler has not included a specimen of it if only for purposes of record.

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As soon as the 1st Canadian Division crossed to Europe a 2nd was formed which followed the 1st to England in May and June; the experiment of Salisbury Plain was not repeated and the Division was quartered at Shorncliffe until it crossed to France in mid-September, where it joined the 1st to form the Canadian Corps.

This excellent history is of great interest to soldier or civilian. It is in two volumes; the first contains the letterpress and some maps inset, whilst the second has appendices and some larger maps. The maps are very good and clear and are the work of Captain J. I. P. Neal, R.C.E. A first-class index completes the work. W.W.S.

"The Men Who Defend Us." By Commander Russell Grenfell. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) 9s.

Commander Grenfell's book will arouse in Service readers feelings of mingled disgust and delight—disgust at the shabby and shady treatment meted out to officers and men in the matter of pay and terms of service—delight at so smashing and unanswerable an exposure of it. Most of us have a hazy idea that the fighting forces are usually "done down" by the Treasury in financial matters at every possible opportunity; but few, until they have perused this brilliant and devastating exposition of the scandal, will have realized how far-reaching and unjust the process has been for many a long year, and still is. There can be little doubt, when one compares the constant attempts on the part of the Treasury to cut Service pay, or prevent it rising even when a rise has been long overdue—as it is now—that my Lords have always unduly favoured the Civil Service—to which of course they themselves belong—at the expense of the Navy, Army and Air Force, who are forbidden by Service law to make their grievances public and so are at the mercy of their Lordships and their underlings. Commander Grenfell gives many glaring instances of such favouritism and nepotism on the part of the Treasury—too numerous, unfortunately, even to mention here; also he does not, however, confine himself to criticism, but makes concrete proposals for just and reasonable scales of pay

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and terms of service, which it is to be feared will fall only on ears wilfully deaf. After reading this book one ceases to wonder why the fighting services are short of officers and men, and why the quality of the new entrants is declining. One can only hope that after any future war the politicians responsible for paying fighting men on the lowest scale of unskilled labourers, and their officers at rates at which the small fry of the Civil Service would turn up scornful noses, will refrain from abusing and vilifying them because they have not swiftly achieved cheap, spectacular, and complete victory over their enemies.

"Red Planes Fly East." By Piotr Pavlenko. (Routledge.) 8s. 6d. net.

This book should be read as a forecast of possible conditions in the aerial warfare of the near future, rather than as a work of fiction. As a novel, it has certain characteristic Russian defects, such as unnecessary length, a certain lack of form, and more dialogue than is necessary. But as a contribution to the literature of the subject, and a picture of the development of the Soviet Air Force, the book is important. Recent events in the East have also invested it with special topical interest, and it will take its place among the records of a people who are daily making history, at a period when history is so very much in the making. Whether or not Russia regards war with Japan as inevitable, Pavlenko gives us a vivid and detailed picture of the manner in which such a campaign would develop, in addition to a most arresting record of the new colonization of Siberia, whose immense natural resources are now being exploited on scientific lines. V.S.

"The Red Army." By Erich Wollenberg. (Secker & Warburg.) 10s.6d.

The author of this book, which has been translated from the German, is described as having served in the Red Army for a number of years, which on the face of it would seem to argue a certain sympathy with the existing Russian regime. But he makes it abundantly clear that he is, in fact, hostile to the

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present administration, and the volume cannot therefore be regarded as an unbiassed study. M. Wollenberg's account of the post-1917 campaigns of intervention is of interest, and readers may draw a parallel with the present war in Spain; in 1918 five-sixths of Russia had been invaded, and the territory under Soviet control was restricted to a roughly square area, bounded by Archangel, Kiev, the Caspian, and Kazan, all of which were in enemy occupation. By 1920, Kiev had actually changed its form of government for the twentieth time since the Revolution. Readers of this journal will be specially interested to the reference to Pilsudski's underestimate of the value of cavalry, but the book as a whole must be read with the reservation that it is far from being an objective study. V.S.

"Sword, Lance, and Bayonet." By C. F. Foulkes and E. C. Hopkinson. (Cambridge University Press.) 15s.

It seems extraordinary that there existed before the publication of this book no work dealing authoritatively and comprehensively with the various types of *arme blanche* used by the British Army, and the authors have therefore filled a real gap in our records, for which they are certainly entitled to the grateful thanks of all students of our military history and regimental historians. Not even their encyclopædic knowledge of the subject has enabled them to make their story quite complete, for there are certain items on which nothing in the way of certainty does or probably ever will exist. But it is a very full and fascinating one, and the various illustrations and sketches add to its fascination. The sword is now, even for cavalry, a weapon of ceremonial only, and before long it may pass entirely from the army even for that purpose, as the lance has already passed. The bayonet too may suffer the same fate in the lifetime of many of us. It is good therefore to have this record of beautiful and historic weapons before they are entirely superseded and become mere museum curiosities, and for cavalrymen, whose regiments were the last home of the sword, it should have a peculiar appeal.

E.W.S.

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"The Clouds Remember." By Leonard Bridgeman. (Gale & Polden.) 10s. 6d.

This fully illustrated volume gives pictures and details of all the aircraft used by the British Royal Flying Corps and Royal Air Force up to the end of the Great War. There is a pleasing introduction, and a commentary on each type of machine illustrated, written by Squadron-Leader Oliver Stewart. Though of course mainly of interest to Royal Air Force readers, the book will come as a timely reminder to many others of what our fighting airmen achieved in the Great War and the great difficulties under which they laboured.

"History of the Guides, 1846—1922." (Gale & Polden.)

This history of perhaps the most famous corps in the Indian Army is the work of no single hand but has been compiled as a labour of love by a number of present or former Guides officers. If unity of treatment and readability have thereby inevitably suffered somewhat, the story itself is one that not even the most unskilful workmanship could mar, and the volume, alike in form and contents, is a worthy memorial to a great and justly honoured regiment.

Everyone at all acquainted with our Indian military history knows the high lights of the tale—the raising of the corps during the second Punjab war; its great march to the siege of Delhi and its part in the blockade and the storm of the city; the early operations on the North-West frontier at Ambeyla, the Kohat Pass and Jowaki; the heroic stand of the Residency Guard at Kabul at the time of the Cavagnari massacre; the defence of Sherpur; and the Chitral and Malakand campaigns. Less well-known are the regiment's exploits in the Great War, when the 1st Battalion fought in Mesopotamia and Palestine; the 2nd Battalion in Palestine, and the 3rd Battalion on the North-West frontier, and the cavalry in Mesopotamia and Persia, and in all theatres acquitted themselves in a manner fully worthy of their illustrious ancestors. All this is fully told at length, with a good equipment of illustrative maps and plans. There is a long list of appendices (roll of officers on establishment and attached.

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British and Indian rolls of honour, and details of organization) and two chapters are devoted to sports and pastimes and to a description of the home of the corps at Mardan. In short, this is a typical regimental history on modern and up-to-date lines, and an admirable specimen of its kind. E.W.S.

"Siege-Lady." By C. P. Hawkes and Marion Smethes. (Peter Davis, Ltd.) 8s. 6d.

The Lady of the Siege was Mrs. Dorothy Proctor, and the town besieged was Oporto, 1832-1834. As a matter of fact there is not very much about Mrs. Proctor, the book is an account of the civil war in Portugal a century ago. It is a platitude to say that history repeats itself, but in many respects the Portuguese civil war of 1832 had some resemblance to what is going on in Spain in this year of grace 1938.

There was the young Queen Maria da Gloria, who took no part in the war, it was her father, Dom Pedro, and her uncle, Dom Miguel, who struggled against each other for the mastery of Portugal.

Dom Pedro led the liberals, and Dom Miguel who had with him the church, the aristocracy and the army was the hope of the Absolutist party. Dom Pedro landed at Oporto from Brazil where he was besieged by his brother; and Mrs. Proctor, a fervent Pedroist, remained in the town during the siege. Dom Pedro eventually won the war, and Dom Miguel died in exile. England and France were whole-heartedly on the side of Dom Pedro, whilst Austria and Russia supported the Absolutists.

Both England and France were supposed to be neutral, but their neutrality was not very apparent. Boat loads of supplies and ammunition arrived in the Douro protected by the guns of the British fleet; whilst Dom Pedro's ships were manned and officered by British sailors. Regiments of British and French volunteers, eventually gained the victory for the Liberals. Then as now there were hundreds of ex-service men, only too anxious to join up and fight in the Peninsular. But I wonder if it was an ardent belief in democracy that induced so many Britishers to fight for the Liberals. The Douro to most people of these islands

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is almost as sacred a river as the Ganges is to the Hindoo, thus through the narrative pass the glorious names of Sandeman, Croft and Cockburn. Mrs. Proctor was the wife of one of the wine-shippers, and these gallant men remained in Oporto throughout the war, in order to preserve as far as possible, the supply of port so necessary to every true-hearted Englishman. I will to-night drink an extra glass of port to the glorious memory of the Proctors and their companions.

The book is well illustrated by one of the authors, and is indeed an excellent account of a campaign, which has for the most part been forgotten; but which is so important for all true sons of Britain, who appreciate that nectar which comes from the banks of the Douro. F.A.N.

"Somme Harvest." By Giles E. M. Eyre. (Jarrolds.) 10s. 6d.

I think it was Sir John Fortescue who said that one of the best accounts of the Peninsular War was written by a rifleman, and here we have an account of three months fighting in the last war also by a rifleman, Giles Eyre of the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Rifles.

There are not many accounts of the war written by the men in the ranks of the British Army, which is strange, considering the fact that they came from all classes, and most well educated.

Mr. Eyre has written an arresting book. In straightforward language describes his experiences, he does not avoid the horrors of the war, how could he? But what stands out in his narrative, is the great courage and endurance of his companions (who are all mentioned by their real names), their discipline and their *esprit-de-corps*, their marvellous cheerfulness and their comradeship, it is indeed a splendid story. What a fine battalion the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Rifles must have been, and it is indeed sad to read how one by one these very gallant gentlemen vanished in the holocaust of the Somme, Mr. Eyre the only one of his platoon to survive as a prisoner of war. I defy anyone to read this book without a lump in the throat, and a feeling of the greatest admiration for the British Army. The 60th Rifles must be proud of this record; all who take an

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interest in the achievements of British soldiers should read this book, which at any rate will have an honoured place in my bookshelf. I sincerely hope that Mr. Eyre will write a companion volume, describing his experences as a Prisoner of War, I will look forward to it. F.A.N.

"Transport and Sport in the Great War Period." By Captain A. O. Temple Clarke. (Published by Quality Press, Ltd.) 7s. 6d.

A somewhat misleading title for a book which is largely devoted to personal reminiscences of brother officers, men, horses and mules of the H.T.

Four chapters are devoted to the work at an advanced H.T. Depot, others deal with the organization of the H.T. Divisional Train, rations for men and horses, and other details of importance to those interested in the subject.

It seems a great pity, however, that the author has not given us a detailed account of the ceaseless hard work of the section officers and drivers, something about the wonderful organization required for the endless columns of transport moving up night after night; the system of "gates" left for the sections to fit in, at a given hour at the rendezvous, not forgetting the shelling to which the roads were subjected every night.

This would have given a better idea of the work of the H.T., of which, as the author says, "There was a complete lack of knowledge by the other branches of the Service," and fill in what has always been a hiatus in the history of the Great War.

The chapters on "Closing Down" give a good picture of trials and extra work placed on those officers of the Territorial Army who were retained in France after the armistice. These had been previously reduced from the acting rank held during several years of war service, with the corresponding reduction of pay, a fact which fell very heavily on professional men, but was no doubt of considerable benefit to the "column dodgers" at home in consolidating their positions secured during the War. The book is illustrated by photographs. C.C.P.L.

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"Marlborough: His Life and Times." Volume Four. By the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C., C.H., M.P. (Harraps.) 25s. 0d.

Mr. Churchill's industry is stupendous. Between journalism, oratory, and politics, he contrives to find time to compile this immense work, of which the present is the concluding volume. Even if we allow for the fact that the writer has combined a biography with a history of the period, the length is excessive. The voluminous extracts from contemporary letters, invaluable as they are to the student, are given with too great lavishness for the general reader, who may well complain that he often cannot see the wood for the trees. Similarly, the record of courts, political, and military intrigues at home and abroad could have been made more interesting if it had been more compressed. On the other hand, the author might with advantage have given us the background represented by the life of the mass of the people, which is essential to the understanding of any epoch, even if it is too often disregarded by the historian. Perhaps Mr. Churchill will one day condense these four volumes into one of manageable length. If he does, he should remember that such expressive Americanisms as "all set" and "opened their mouths too wide" do violence to his distinguished literary style, and strike a somewhat jarring note. V.S.

"Manual of Horsemasterhip, Equitation and Animal Transport (1937)." By Command of the Army Council. 2s. 6d. nett.

Like all our military handbooks the Manual of Horsemanship, Equitation and Animal Transport bears the stamp of much careful thought. The language is simple and adequate and clear enough to be understood by "all ranks." Even if it cannot be fully digested by the last-joined trooper or driver it forms an excellent basis for instructional lectures from Officers and N.C.O.s. But of course it is only a *basis* for instruction as there are wide gaps which can only be filled in from personal and individual experience. For example: "Tell the class that you are now going to teach them how to make a horse step backwards or 'rein back' and tell them shortly the objects of the exercise." What a world of experience is required to make this

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point clear even to someone with experience of riding and how far from conveying its full signficance to the beginner.

It is a sad reflection that this sketchiness is the outcome of excessive mechanization but it shows the importance of selecting from each unit the enthusiastic horsemen and horsemasters to be entrusted with the completion of this instruction which has come now-a-days to be so rare as to be a highly specialized subject.

Nevertheless here are 256 pages full of instruction and not only is the whole range of riding, driving, horsemanship and horsemastership treated but there is also much useful information on loading pack saddles, picketing in the open, the care and fitting of saddlery and anti-gas measures. Nothing is omitted and the book which is published by His Majesty's Stationery Office can be bought from the head office in London or from any of its branches at Edinburgh, Manchester, Cardiff or Belfast. It can, moreover, be read with profit by any civilian. In fact the fact that it makes an excellent basis for lectures proves its worth to civilian riding masters.

May I in conclusion criticise one small item? One sponge (page 9) is recommended for "cleaning a horse's eyes, lips, nostrils and dock." I suggest that at least two should be used or at least that one should be kept specially for the eyes. Further, a folding hoof pick should be part of a driver's or trooper's personal equipment.

The illustrations, both the photographs and the line drawings, are well chosen, clear, informative and not without picturesque merit. An admirable book and well worth the insignificant sum charged. S.G.G.

"The Story of the Horse." By Major A. J. R. Lamb, D.S.O. (Maclehose.) 12s. 6d.

This author who also gave us "Horse Facts: a study of the points of the horse and Equine Mechanism" now writes a short history of the horse through the ages, realizing that although "the usefulness of the horse for war is decreasing yet the growing popularity of so many forms of riding shows that the horse and pony are entering on a time of even closer relationship with

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man." He might have added that hard times make it imperative for many young people to look after their own horses so that any knowledge which brings them into this closer relationship with them makes for that sympathetic understanding which means so much in comfort for horse and owner. A perusal of this admirable book, cannot fail to bring about this better understanding.

The evolution of the horse from the first uses to which he was put by man is chronicled in detail through the ages from the Palæolithic age when it would seem that the horse formed a staple article of food. Thence his history is traced through Neolithic man, who it seems first used him as a means of transport in some form, through the Dark Ages and the comparatively recent days of the Roman Empire to the Norman Conquest. Soon after this the importation of Arab horses began to influence our native breeds and one must assume that the steady improvement of our saddle horses set in as a result of the infusion of this Eastern blood. This improvement one gathers would have been quicker had there not been such a multiplicity of uses to which horses were put with the unfortunate result of mixing the breeds of horses used for racing, travel, sport, and the various forms of draught. It must be remembered that even the racehorse, although he was called a thoroughbred was really a mongrel till as recently as 1913 when the General Stud Book was closed to outside entry, which is a point that might have been emphasized with advantage. Now it is to be hoped that the tendency to use the thoroughbred for every sort of riding, to the complete exclusion of any mixed breed, will steadily increase till the terms saddle-horse and thoroughbred will be synonymous.

The information in this interesting book covers an immense field but at no time does the reader feel that the space devoted to any item has been unduly curtailed while on the other hand no point has been laboured. Indeed the book is particularly well balanced when one considers the wide area covered. The cavalry horse and the race horse are traced for a hundred years as well as the heavy draught horse and the coach horse, in fact there is no aspect of the subject omitted.

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The illustrations consist of 28 well selected and well reproduced photographs and I would call the reader's special attention to the portrait of Bahram (p. 252) surely the most beautiful and one of the most outstanding performers ever bred. On the same picture by way of contrast there appears (drawn to scale) a picture of the Eohippus an early ancestor of the modern horse.

S.G.G.

"Side-Saddle." By Doreen Archer Houblon. (Country Life.) 12s. 6d.

This is a book by one of the finest horsewomen in the country and an able exponent of side-saddle riding. The author's main theme is to show that control from a side-saddle can be as efficacious as from a cross-saddle. It is the general belief amongst horsemen that even the whip, however expertly used on the off-side, can never be an efficient substitute for the cross-saddle rider's right leg, so that the author's contention comes as a complete novelty. In fact this author maintains that even the use of the whip is unnecessary except for an imperfectly trained horse. Let us quote one instance only, page 54:

> "To carry out a correct lateral movement to the left the rider may have to employ her whip on the off side (Plate 24); but, with a highly trained horse it is possible so to balance the use of the left rein with that of the right indirect rein of opposition behind the withers, that the former will lead the horse to the left and bend him in that direction, while the latter will move his quarters to the left in such a way that the bend of his head to the left from the poll is preserved, and the horse executes the movement correctly in every detail (Plate 25)."

While this instruction, which is typical of much of the letterpress, is a little difficult to follow, most horsemen will maintain that the desired lateral movement cannot be obtained by the aids described, however well trained the horse may be, if there is no right leg or whip to support the rein. It is indeed an axiom of riding that every rein indication must be accompanied by the appropriate leg indication.

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Nevertheless this is a valuable book and of great help to the side-saddle rider. It must be borne in mind that it is the only kind of riding open to many women. Falls are so much more serious for them than to men and many women are debarred from riding astride owing to their make and shape and to the lack of opportunity of learning when young. Indeed women are lucky to have this secure seat to adopt if the astride seat fails them.

"Side-Saddle" is full of useful information and must be a great help to all who from preference or necessity have adopted that form of riding. Indeed it is packed with wisdom useful to *all* horsemen and women whether side-saddle or astride. All the drawbacks (and they are many) of the side-saddle are tackled practically and will be greatly mitigated if the author's advice is followed. And if this enthusiast has perhaps gone rather far in minimizing these disabilities and in claiming a remedy for each, one can always forgive the enthusiast for aiming high.

The illustrations mostly from film strips are clear and instructive and Mr. Lyne's two pages of sketches show very effectively what one usually sees out hunting.

"The Owner Groom." Horse Management by Amateurs. By T. Howe. (Country Life.) 7s. 6d.

"The Owner Groom," an intriguing title, is a valuable elementary treatise on stable management with some elementary hints on riding. It should be read by everyone who wishes to take complete charge of his own horses and also by everyone who wishes to see his horses efficiently looked after by a groom. And then, to include everyone who would profit by the instruction it contains, it should be read by all who keep their horses at livery and even by those who have to do their riding on hirelings. There is sound instruction for all horsemen and women and the preface must awaken recollections in the breast of many who started with a stable in the care of the so-called "experienced" groom.

The horsy tradition so universal in most families thirty or forty years ago has almost disappeared so that horse lore is difficult to come by. When I say that Mrs. Howe's book supplies

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all the information necessary for efficient stable management I am aware that I am placing her book in a high category, but I do so deliberately, for throughout it is clearly written in simple language and those points which are so often matters of controversy are treated broadly with due consideration for the opinion of others. The author also wisely indicates where the case gets beyond the scope of the amateur and where the advice of the veterinary surgeon should be sought.

There are chapters not only on choosing and buying a horse but also on choosing a riding school. Manners of horse and man on the road and in the hunting field as well as suitable dress are also discussed. And as there is, on page 41, a reference to the "Old School," may I say that as one of this old school I find the reference to the veterinary surgeon as the "Vet" somewhat jarring and also such slang abbreviations as "Tack" for Saddlery while "Mucking out" seems unnecessarily—colloquial.

The chapters on stable management and nursing are the best in the book and show evidence of the difficulties which beset us all and with which the author tells us in her preface she had to contend; the horse-keeping public owes her a debt of gratitude for these chapters. Incidentally some of the information at the end of Chapter VII, items 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 really belong to these earlier chapters.

The only parts that come in for adverse criticism are the sketchy "Hints on More Advanced Riding" for it is here that the author shows herself somewhat out of her depth. This chapter might have been omitted with advantage as some of the hints are not correct and others evidently founded on instruction imperfectly understood. I will give two instances only. After saying that "The Passage" does not come within the province of the book the author proceeds to instruct her readers on the "Turns on Haunches." The aids for cantering with a certain leg leading are not correct.

The photographs with which the book is illustrated are excellent, clear and correct even to the opening of a gate with the whip instead of the hand, the latter being the method taught in so many pony clubs to-day. S.G.G.

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SPORTING NEWS

CAVALRY FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

SEASON 1937–1938.

RESULTS.

1st Round.

The Greys	(5)	*v.*	Life Guards	(1)
12th Lancers	(3)	*v.*	4th Hussars	(1)
10th Hussars	(3)	*v.*	3rd Hussars	(2)
	(after extra time)			
The Royals	(2)	*v.*	9th Lancers	(0)
K.D. Guards	(8)	*v.*	The Bays	(2)
5th Innis. D.G.	(4)	*v.*	R.H.G.	(1)

2nd Round.

15/19th Hussars	(6)	*v.*	4/7th D.G.	(0)
The Greys	(3)	*v.*	K.D. Guards	(0)
5th Innis. D.G.	(3)	*v.*	12th Lancers	(0)
10th Hussars	(3)	*v.*	The Royals	(1)
	(after a Draw, 3—3)			

Semi-Finals.

15/19th Hussars	(2)	*v.*	10th Hussars	(1)
5th Innis. D.G.	(3)	*v.*	The Greys	(1)
	(after a Draw, 3—3)			

Final.

5th Innis. D.G.	(2)	*v.*	15/19th Hussars	(1)

"C.I.H." POLO TOURNAMENT, SAUGOR (C.P.).

1ST ROUND—MARCH 23RD, 1938.

1ST GAME—"*Yilderim*" v. "*Panna.*"

In the opening match of this annual Equitation School Tournament, the "Yilderim" led by Colonel M. D. Vigors, defeated a local state side, "Panna", by 8 goals to 5. "Panna" receiving one goal on handicap.

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"Yilderim" were generally a deal quicker on to the ball and the more accurate strikers.

Colonel Vigors put on five goals off his own stick, most of which were scored from fine angled shots.

"Panna" were inclined to take the ball across the ground, and their No. 1 was let down badly by a small grey Arab.

The two young Raj Kumars hit the ball nicely and put in some good work.

Captain Caldecott was also seen to advantage on his useful bay pony, Roger, a recent winner of Light Weight Pony Classes in the Show Ring.

TEAMS.

"Panna"		*H'cap.*	versus	*"Yilderim"*		*H'cap.*
1.	M. K. Pushpendra Singh	(2)		1.	Mr. C. F. Johnston	(0)
2.	K. Mahesh Singh	(0)		2.	Mr. J. D. Butler	(1)
3.	Raja Br. Narendra Singh	(2)		3.	Col. M. D. Vigors	(3)
Bk.	Dfr. Noor Mohd	(0)		Bk.	Capt. H. D. Caldecott	(2)
		(4)				(6)

Umpires : Captain R. O. Critchley ; Captain N. G. Chaplin.

In the 2nd match a school side, the "Purists", met a 3rd Cavalry combination from Jubbulpore.

Receiving half a goal on the handicap, the "3rd Cavalry" added a further two by half time.

The last two chukkers were goalless, though the "Purists" were unlucky not to have had one or two to their credit during this period.

For the winners, Colonel J. C. Walker and Major R. S. Haslett were conspicuous for some useful work.

For the losers, Mr. K. P. Dhargalkar was responsible for many good movements and Mr. J. D. Crawford worked hard throughout.

TEAMS.

"3rd Cavalry"		*H'cap.*	versus	*"Purists"*		*H'cap.*
1.	Capt. C. C. Morrison	(0)		1.	Mr. K. Prithi Singh	(0)
2.	Major R. S. Haslett	(1)		2.	Mr. J. D. Crawford	(1)
3.	Lt.-Col. J. C. Walker	(2)		3.	Capt. D. C. Voelcker	(2)
Bk.	Mr. M. Iftikhar Khan	(1)		Bk.	Mr. K. P. Dhargalkar	(2)
		(4)				(5)

Umpires : Major-General G. F. H. Brooke, D.S.O., M.C. ; Captain R. O. Critchley.

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SEMI-FINAL—MARCH 25TH, 1938.

"Yilderim" v. "Raspberry Lodge."

"Yilderim"		versus	*"Raspberry Lodge"*	
		H'cap.		*H'cap.*
1.	Mr. C. F. Johnston	(0)	1. Mr. E. Habibullah	(1)
2.	Mr. J. D. Butler	(1)	2. Jem Baburac Tonde	(0)
3.	Col. M. D. Vigors	(3)	3. Capt. F. J. M. Nixon	(2)
Bk.	Capt. H. D. Caldecott	(2)	Bk. Mr. A. D. Drew	(1)
		(6)		(4)

In the first game of the semi-final "Yilderim" scored a decisive victory over "Raspberry Lodge" by 6 goals to 3, "Raspberry Lodge" receiving one goal on handicap.

"Yilderim" got away to a fast start and banged four goals through in the first chukker. "Raspberry Lodge" were sound asleep up till half time and were playing as four mildly disinterested units.

With 5—1 on the board against them they suddenly came to life, and within two minutes of play had reduced this margin by half. However, they failed to sustain their effort, and "Yilderim" replied with a sixth goal.

The last chukker was goalless.

The "Raspberry Lodge" forwards found Colonel Vigors and Captain Caldecott a bit too well mounted for them and the team as a whole lacked cohesion.

Umpires : Captain N. Chaplin; Major-General G. F. H. Brooke, D.S.O., M.C.

2ND GAME.

"Whipsnade"		versus	*"3rd Cavalry"*	
		H'cap.		*H'cap.*
1.	Mr. J. N. W. Hearn	(0)	1. Col. J. C. Walker	(2)
2.	Mr. J. O. Ingham	(1)	2. Capt. C. C. Morrison	(0)
3.	Mr. C. B. Bennett	(1)	3. Mr. M. Iftikhar Khan	(1)
Bk.	Mr. A. H. Wagstaff	(2)	Bk. Mr. J. W. R. Sheldon	(0)
		(4)		(3)

The "3rd Cavalry" had the misfortune to lose their No. 2, Major Haslett, before the game started. Mr. Sheldon, R.A., played as substitute.

The first chukker started slowly with some scrappy play, which ended in a score of "Whipsnade" (2), "3rd Cavalry" (1½), receiving half a goal on handicap.

The 2nd chukker was a real good one, with a great deal of up and down galloping and everyone on the ground hitting the ball well.

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True, there was one occasion with the ball in a hoof mark when each "Whipsnade" player had a chance to score in quick succession but failed to connect at all.

The "Whipsnade" ponies were running the opposition into the ground, and they were unlucky not to have had another goal or two. Score: "Whipsnade" (3), "3rd Cavalary" (2½).

After half time the pace eased off slightly, one goal coming to each side. To "Whipsnade" through a grand shot from Bennett's stick, which soared high over the goal posts. To the "3rd Cavalry" from a 30 yard penalty against Ingham. Score: 4—3½.

In the last chukker "Whipsnade" settled the issue by two goals, through Wagstaff and a nicely cut shot by Hearn.

This was the best match of the tournament, "Whipsnade" playing with any amount of dash and combining well.

The "3rd Cavalry" were obviously suffering from the effects of having to re-organise their side after the loss of Major Haslett.

FINAL—MARCH 27TH, 1938.

"Yilderim" v. "Whipsnade."

TEAMS.

"Yilderim"		*H'cap.*	versus	*"Whipsnade"*		*H'cap.*
1.	Mr. C. F. Johnston	(0)		1.	Mr. J. N. W. Hearn	(0)
2.	Mr. J. D. Butler	(1)		2.	Mr. J. O. Ingham	(1)
3.	Col. M. D. Vigors	(3)		3.	Mr. C. B. Bennett	(1)
Bk.	Capt. H. D. Caldecott	(2)		Bk.	Mr. A. H. Wagstaff	(2)
		(6)				(4)

The final of the "C.I.H." Polo Tournament resulted in a smashing victory for "Whipsnade" over "Yilderim" by 9 goals to 2.

The parable of the wise virgins might well be applied here when considering the big margin of seven goals. It is possible that "Yilderim" had used up most of their "lightning" at the Equitation School Dance the night before.

However, nothing can detract from the fact that "Whipsnade" were in capital form and played excellent polo.

Playing with great confidence and dash they rode all over their opponents and were pressing home attacks almost continuously.

Colonel Vigors put up a stern defence, like a rock, but a line rock, and was unable to stem the tide.

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It is invidious to single out any of the winning team, as all were in good form.

Wagstaff, however, may be congratulated on instilling his side with good tactics and for holding them well together in play.

Umpires : Captain F. J. M. Nixon ; Captain R. O. Critchley.

In the final of the Subsidiary Tournament "Raspberry Lodge" beat the "Purists" by $1\frac{1}{2}$ goals.

In this game it was probable that there were no wise virgins on the ground.

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